

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

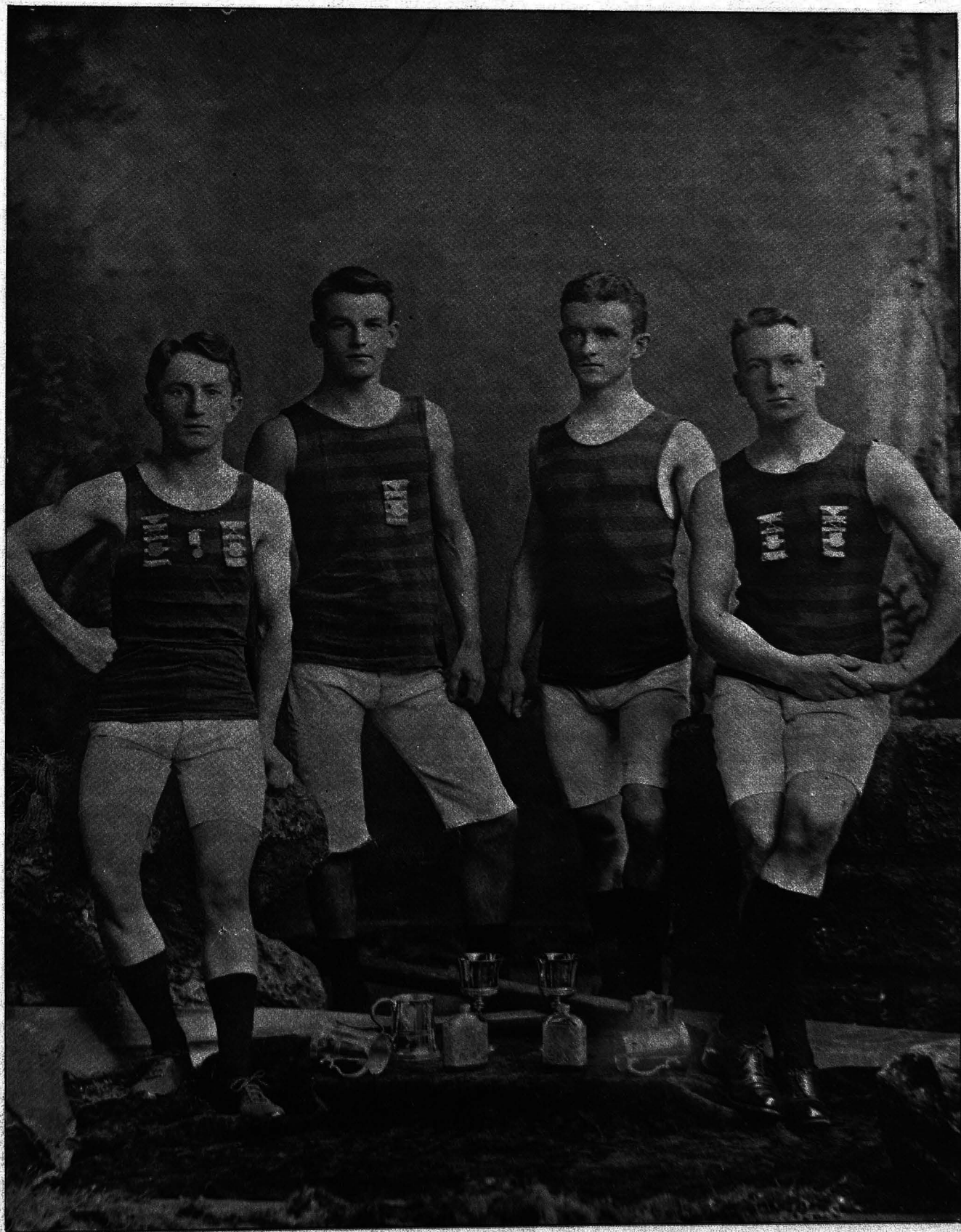
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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THE LEANDER CLUB CHAMPION CREW OF HAMILTON.

Farmer Bros., photo.

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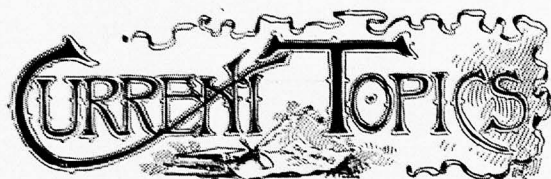
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2nd NOVEMBER, 1889.



This last year, according to the *Militia Gazette*, has been a most satisfactory one with regard to military matters all over the Dominion. Hamilton's Thirteenth Battalion has been distinguishing itself. At Washington its fine band won deserved praise. Toronto's Thanksgiving Day parade will afford another opportunity for testing its merits. The Queen City is justly proud of its projected drill hall, which, if the plans are adhered to, will be one of the finest in Canada. It is also looking forward to the establishment of its Cavalry School. London is not behind the sister cities of Ontario—its credit being well maintained by D Company of the Infantry School Corps, which, having vanquished C Company with the rifle, is about to engage in a like contest with C Battery, British Columbia. B Battery, Quebec, has had an enthusiastic and successful rifle meeting. Prince Edward Island's artillery men have also had their triumph; so have the island rifles. In Montreal Major Atkinson's contemplated cadet corps is inspiring the expectation of great things, which will doubtless be fulfilled. In fact the activity in militia circles all over the Dominion is healthy, fruitful and hopeful. Our volunteers have that spirit of self-reliance, which, with the generous patriotism which gladly sacrifices time and means to the demands of duty, has accomplished so much in the past, and is destined to have still grander triumphs in the future. "Taken all through," says our contemporary, in closing its review, "there has probably been greater progress made by the militia this year than in any other since the organization of the force."

These retrospects are always interesting. But, except for a comparatively brief period, they are virtually impossible. Sometime ago we had occasion to make inquiry about a very simple fact connected with the militia annals of this district, but though we spent some days in the quest, we could find no record of it. Every military district, every battalion, indeed, ought to have its historiographer. The military history of Canada is not lacking, we need scarcely say, in features of romance. Even the reports of the Departments abound in incidents of interest and value as evidence of our national growth. Those who would have a vivid conception of the change that has overtaken our military organization in a comparatively brief period should read Col. Robertson Ross's account of the "Reconnaissance of the North-West Provinces and Indian Territories" which he made in 1872. Having finished his annual training in the old provinces he proceeded by Lake Superior and the Dawson route to Manitoba, whence he crossed

the plains and mountains to the Pacific coast. He arrived at Victoria on the 28th of October, having accomplished the journey from Fort Garry in seventy days, of which fifty-one were occupied in actual travel—the distance by the route selected being nearly three thousand miles, of which more than two thousand miles were travelled on horseback. Some of his party saw "immense herds of buffalo," but the brisk trade carried on between the Indians and the whiskey smugglers was making sad havoc in their ranks. During his stay in British Columbia Col. Robertson Ross arranged for the organization of the militia in that young province, and it was mainly to his suggestions, based upon careful examination of the condition and needs of the country, that the formation of the North-West Mounted Police was due.

The following is the section of the North-West Territories Act to the repeal of which the present movement is directed: "Either the English or the French language may be used by any person in the debates of the Council or Legislative Assembly of the Territories and in the proceedings before the courts; and both those languages shall be used in the records and journals of the said Council or Assembly; and all ordinances made under the Act shall be printed in both those languages." According to the *Calgary Herald*, this section was introduced by Senator Girard, of Manitoba, into the Amended Act of 1877.

The failure to recognize the share of skilled workmen in the progress achieved in the industrial arts at our provincial and other exhibitions is a grievance of which the class left out in the cold has long had reason to complain. Prizes are, indeed, offered in abundance; but they are the prerogative of the manufacturer or dealer. The brain that planned and the hand that wrought the improvement are never taken into account, and only in the case of a rare coincidence is the credit allotted to him whose thought and toil deserve it. It is meet, of course, that the enterprise and foresight of those who invest their capital to advantage for themselves and their country should have due acknowledgment. But it is not fair that they should monopolize the whole honour. The workman should not be ignored. Even on the highest public grounds it is wise to show appreciation of his skill and industry. He has borne a part, at least, of the burden and heat of the day and ought not to be forgotten in the bestowal of honorary rewards. If medals and other prizes were awarded to efficient workmen for exhibits of their production, the effect would be to stimulate ingenuity and taste and painstaking, so that employers and the public would be the gainers as well as the prize-winners. This subject, to which the *Canadian Architect and Builder* opportunely called attention on the eve of the Toronto Exhibition, has of late been ventilated both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, as well as amongst our neighbours.

As an instance of this recognition of the rôle of the workman in a class of skilled labour with which, however meritorious his share in it, he is by name so rarely associated as to confirm the rule of negation, we may mention one of the most important undertakings of which the Canadian press has as yet assumed the responsibility—the reproduction of the "Œuvres de Champlain." On the title-page of the edition, which was brought out at Quebec in 1870, we are given to understand that it was published under the patronage of Laval

University, by (the late) Abbé C. H. Laverdière, M.A., Professor of History at that institution, and in the preface we learn that he was assisted by Abbé Verreau, Abbé Casgrain, M. J. C. Taché, and (the late) M. A. Gerin-Lajoie, and (the late) Abbés Ferland and Laplante. There are other points of interest mentioned in the preface which (apart from the exceptional character of the undertaking) make its publication memorable in the history of Canadian typography. For the present, however, we would simply cite, as an example of rare justice to the workman, the inscription which closes the last volume. It is this: "Noms des principaux ouvriers qui ont travaillé à cette seconde édition des Œuvres de Champlain—MM. Paul Dumas, chef d'atelier; Ignace Fortier, imprimeur; L.-Robert Dupont, compagnon imprimeur; Jacques Darveau, compositeur; Edouard Aubé, compositeur; Leggo et Cie., lithographes et phototypistes." And those who have made acquaintance with the work will appreciate the significance of that roll of honour.

OUR SCHOOL HISTORIES.

A paper on the study of Canadian history was read at the recent convention of teachers which met in this city. The essayist, Mr. Patterson, expressed the opinion that none of the text-books actually in use answered the requirements of our schools, and suggested that a committee should be entrusted with the task of compiling a work that would be acceptable in all the provinces. A motion to that effect was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Parsons, who claimed that existing text-books lacked interest, and the committee is to report at the next convention. It seems strange that such a grievance should have to be ventilated a third of a century after the establishment of our normal schools. If valid, it reflects no credit on either the profession or the educational authorities, and it is not complimentary to the publishers of the Dominion. But those on whom the implied reproach falls most heavily are the authors who, in the face of public apathy, have given their time and talents to the composition of school histories. We take it for granted that the gentlemen who brought the charge of inadequacy against the works of Drs. Bryce, Withrow, Miles, Hodgins, Messrs. Archer, Jeffers, Adam, Mrs. Roy, and the other writers of Canadian histories, carefully examined their books before they decided that they should be all swept out of existence. They would hardly pass such a sweeping censure on books that had been approved by our highest educational authorities without grave reason. Such being the case, Canada makes a poor figure before the rest of civilization. Here is a country of some five millions of people, with an educational system second to none, with as many universities and colleges as the United Kingdom, with historical societies in every province, and hundreds of earnest students engaged in historical research, and yet with all these advantages it has not a school history that is worthy of the confidence of teachers.

There is certainly no lack of material for a history of Canada at once accurate and readable. There is no part of the American continent which has had a more eventful, more romantic past. For more than a hundred years Canada was the stage of a struggle which, in its successive phases, abounds in much that is heroic, pathetic and picturesque. Nor is its later history destitute of the charm that surrounds great ideas taking form

in great deeds. Yet for our young people no person, it seems, has worthily related this story of a nation's birth and growth. It is hard to believe it. Young Canada is not devoid of patriotism. Somewhere the sons and daughters of the land must have caught the enthusiasm which finds expression in Mr. Lighthall's anthology. There is not one of the text-books already mentioned that does not contain, in more or less compendious form, a narrative of the main events in the two dispensations under which Canada has developed. No text-book can do much more. Take the most succinct of them, that of J. Frith Jeffers—it omits nothing of importance, and, in the hands of a good teacher, with a fairly full library at his command and that of his pupils, it might be made to serve every purpose of a school history. The other text-books are larger than Mr. Jeffers's Primer, and some of them are excellent manuals. It is not the writers of our histories that are at fault, so much as the stingy style in which they are printed. In our schools we have no such volumes as Eggleston's History of the United States and its People, with illustrations of the domestic and public life of every generation since the days of John Smith and Pocahontas. Every thing that typographic skill and the engraver's art can do to make a book attractive has been lavished on it. Let our Canadian text-books be presented in like garb (and some of them are well worthy of the distinction) and they will be found quite as interesting. But, when all is done, a great deal will depend on the teacher's knowledge, sympathy and tact. With a mere outline text-book the history of Canada may be made a most fascinating study, if the right impulse is applied, while the most animated pages, with all the wealth of illustration that our age affords, may become dull and dry if the teacher lacks the faculty of breathing life into them.

A NEEDED REFORM.

According to a circular issued some time ago by Dr. Rosebrugh, of Toronto, on behalf of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, it appears that a movement is on foot, with the co-operation of a number of religious bodies, to secure certain reforms in our system of prison management, as well as to provide some practical plan of help for convicts who have served their time. This agitation is not altogether new even in Canada. The method or absence of method in the disposal of criminals in our gaols has been again and again the subject of earnest appeals to those in authority—with what precise result we do not know. One thing is certain, there is still ample room for improvement, and if the Association succeeds in awakening the public conscience and those who have its power of attorney as to the enormity of huddling young and old, the comparatively guiltless and the hardened reprobate, the enemies of society and its victims, into one house of correction or detention, they shall have gained no small triumph. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that prison discipline, like other branches of civil polity, can only be dealt with fruitfully when it is regarded in the light of experience and scientific knowledge of human nature. The criminal who acts anomalously in the eye of the law or from the standpoint of ethics is as much a subject for careful scientific study as the lunatic whose thoughts and acts are out of harmony with the common sense of mankind. For a person who has never examined the statistics of crime and the data fur-

nished by experts in the treatment of criminals to deliver judgment on prison discipline is as rash as though a novice in mechanics undertook to pronounce *ex cathedra* on some complicated piece of machinery. Unhappily, the day has not yet arrived when appointments to the supervision of criminals are made solely on the ground of intellectual and moral capacity; and, therefore, outsiders whose only reason for interference is the plea of humanity and the public weal, consider themselves perfectly qualified to advise men who have spent a good part of their lives in actual contact with prisoners. The privilege of protest against wrong-doing or blundering in the administration of the *res publica* is, indeed, one of the boons of our system of government; and so long as grave mistakes are persisted in—especially, as in this case, when such mistakes affect the entire community—it is the duty of the citizens to call attention to them till they are rectified. The only danger is that, in the exercise of this liberty of agitation and appeal, the people's champions may arrogate to themselves not merely the suggestion of reforms, but the dictation of the *modus operandi*. Better, however, excess of zeal—even of zeal without knowledge—than the deadly stagnancy of apathy and indifference.

There is one point in connection with prison administration which cannot be too often or too emphatically urged upon the attention of those in power—the advisability of segregating the young from old and hardened offenders. For the neglect in Canada of this application of a principle which is as ancient as ethics there is no excuse whatever. No country in the world is so favourably situated as ours as to opportunities for the industrial training of young people whose native environment exposes them to temptation. It is, indeed, so rarely endowed in this respect that ultra-oceanic philanthropists have made it their chosen field for the hopeful distribution of those waifs and strays of London and other British cities who, if left to the influences amid which they were cast into the world, would be sure to swell the ranks of evil-doers. It has, indeed, always seemed to us somewhat anomalous that, while Canada should thus be made the stage of humanitarian effort, having its centre of operation beyond the sea, our own little arabs should be deprived of any of the benefits offered by our great cultivable areas and the constant demand for farm and other labour in new districts. Now should we not have, either in the North-West or in every province (for there is land to spare in them all) a grand training farm to which the children taken off our streets—in many cases to be solemnly apprenticed to older criminals—might be sent to learn agriculture? There is no reason why other occupations should not also be taught in such an establishment, which might, moreover, be so conducted that there would be no room for complaint from the ranks of honest industry. The object of such a farm-school would be not so much to reform criminals as to prevent the rising generation from lapsing into crime by removing its allurements. Year after year Dr. Barnardo and other workers in the same field send to Canada scores of young people, not of Canadian birth, to serve as farm hands or in other trades—in some cases to find homes in happy households, while our police magistrates are puzzled how to apply the law for the disposal of youthful offenders with the least shock to their own consciences. They know that in most cases, when they pronounce sentence of imprisonment, they are

simply banishing them—often for life—from every influence that would tend to save them from perdition. If the Prisoners' Aid Association would devote its efforts to the task of making for these young wards of Canadian society, born on our own soil, and having the first claim on our merciful regard, some provision of the kind which we have ventured to suggest, they would, we believe, be conferring a very real boon on Canada by diminishing the number of criminals and saving souls from the pit of ruin and moral death.

THE MADONNA'S ISLE.

Embosomed on the deep there lay
A green Elysian isle,
With curving shore and crystal bay
Whose waters glowed awhile,
Crimson and golden, as the day
Sent down a parting smile.

It seemed to sleep, a holy spot
Amid the sleepless sea,
Where guilt and grief might be forgot,
And man, from passion free,
Might cease the sole, black, sullyng blot
On God's fair earth to be.

There, like some phantom that we meet
In visions of the night,
The tenant of that calm retreat,
Arrayed in stainless white,
Strayed, lost in meditation sweet,
A virgin pure and bright:

Bright, as the dreams of childhood's sleep,
Which waft the soul to Heaven:
Pure, as the tears that angels weep
When man with God hath striven,
And sinned dread sins, perchance too deep,
Too dark to be forgiven!

She knelt, immaculately fair,
With love-illumined face,
And, like some lute, the voice of prayer
Breathed spells around the place,
Up floating through the summer air
To reach the throne of grace.

But hark! hoarse shouts her prayer arrest,
Her piteous face is pale!
For lo! to that green Eden-nest
A boat with sun-lit sail
Airily skims o'er ocean's breast,
Like sea-bird in the gale.

Its crew are rovers, bold and free,
Men stained with human gore,
And, when they marked with savage glee
The Presence on the shore,
They bounded madly o'er the sea
With lengthened sweep of oar.

Rude threats they mutter, as they row,
Against that hallowed one:
They scoff and jeer—they do not know
The Mother of God's Son.
Heaven shield their helpless prey, for oh!
Compassion they have none.

With eyes upraised, that maiden mild
In speechless woe implored
Quick succour from a sinless Child,
Her offspring, but her Lord:
It came—and shrieks of terror wild
Burst from the pirate horde!

Fiercely, Euroclydon awoke,
And lashed each angry wave,
Far-echoing peals of thunder spoke
In tones that shook the brave,
While shadowy depths asunder broke
In many a yawning grave.

Men struggled with unearthly might,
And gasped with gurgling breath,
And when the lightning in its flight
Glared on the wreck beneath,
Just God! it was a ghastly sight
To see their ghastly death!

The gentle Moon hath charms to still
The murmurs of the main,
As mothers, at their own sweet will,
Can soothe an infant's pain:
That night, she hushed them not until
That ruthless band was slain:

And when the billows' vengeful might
Had swept those sinners o'er,
Oh! calmly then her cloudless light
The gentle Moon did pour
Upon the Virgin, clothed in white,
Still kneeling on the shore!

GEO. MURRAY.



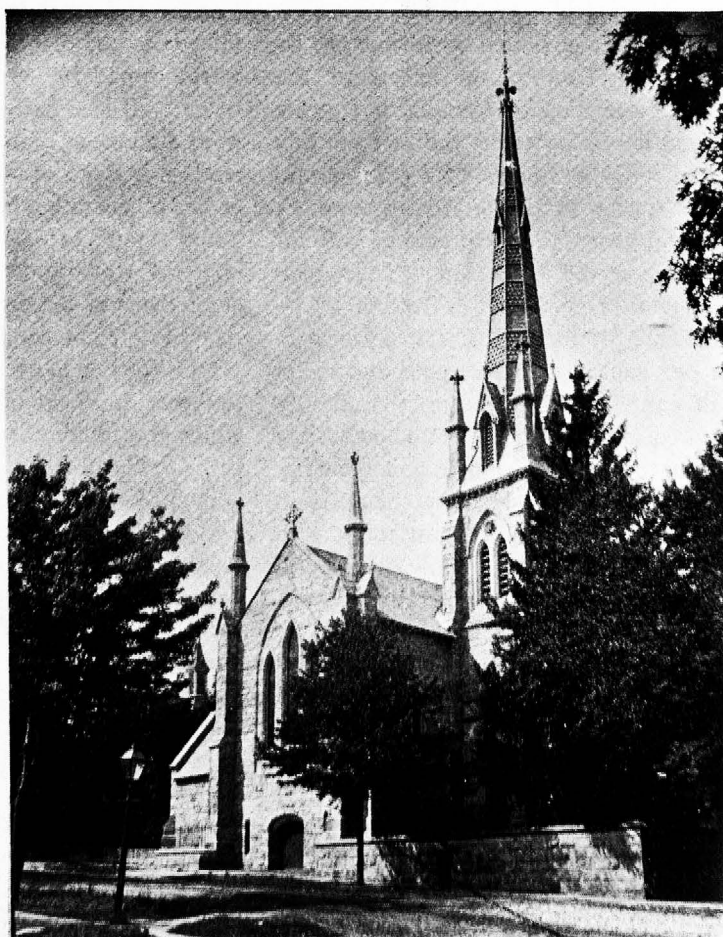
HON. J. M. GIBSON, HAMILTON.
Bruce, photo.



HON. W. E. SANFORD, HAMILTON.
J. B. Kitchen, photo.



THE POST OFFICE, HAMILTON.
W. Farmer, photo.



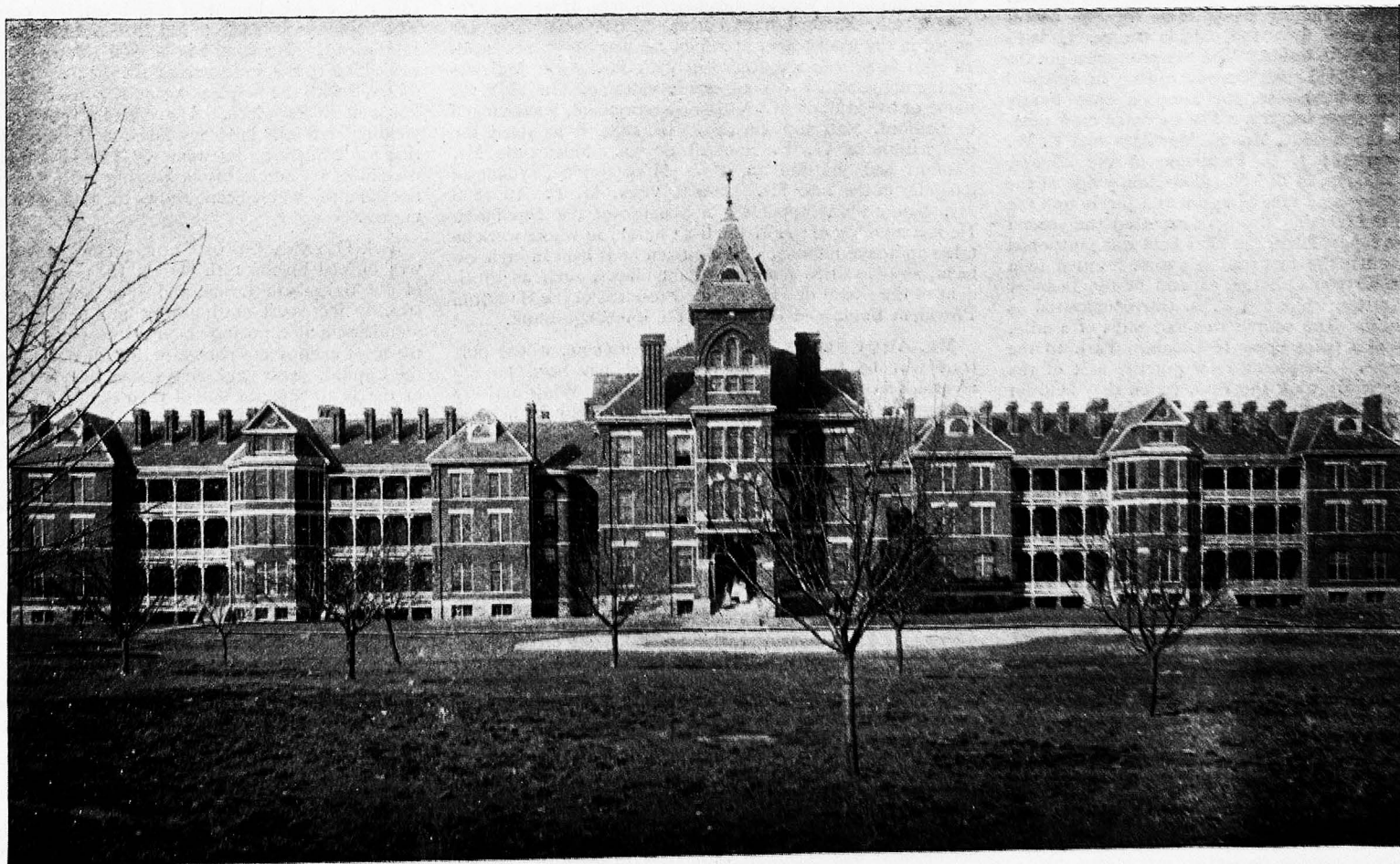
CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HAMILTON.
W. Farmer, photo.



ADAM BROWN, Esq., M.P., HAMILTON.
J. Fraser Bryce, photo.



WM. HENDRIE, Esq., HAMILTON.
J. B. Kitchen, photo.



NEW DEPARTMENT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM, HAMILTON.
W. Farmer, photo.



THE LEANDER CLUB CHAMPION CREW.—This fine group of aquatic heroes won their laurels towards the close of September, when the Leander Club gave a most enjoyable "at home" and held their annual regatta, which was most successful. Though the weather was rather chilly, there was quite a large attendance, including many ladies. Among those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stinson, Mrs. Frank MacKellan, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. H. McLaren, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, the Misses Hobson, the Misses Ridley, Miss Brown, Miss Fuller, Miss Baker, Miss Dunlop, the Misses Hamilton, Miss Lottridge, Miss Tremaine, of Buffalo, Miss Dewar, Miss Billings, Miss Robertson, Miss Walker, Miss Katie Mills, the Misses Martin, Miss Crerar, the Misses Young, the Misses Powis, and others. For those who found it to trying on the water, dancing and conversation furnished ample entertainment, the music being furnished by Robinson's orchestra. The four-oared race was got through with on Saturday, September 21. There were four heats, the first of which was won by Labatt's crew easily. The second heat resulted in an exciting race between Dewar's and Simpson's crews, the latter winning through superior steering by a few feet. Bowman's crew won the third heat. In the final the Simpson crew got the best of the send-off, and, although hard pressed, they succeeded in beating the Labatt crew. The winners are all young lads in their teens, who, however, row well together and give promise of developing into first-class oarsmen. The first heat of the fours was between:

J. Briggs, bow.	J. Molineux, bow.
R. Ferrie, No. 2.	T. Bruce, No. 2.
T. Davidson, No. 3.	W. Champ, No. 3.
R. H. Labatt, stroke.	M. Young, Jr., stroke.

Labatt's crew rowed in grand form, while Young's crew did some very ragged work. The former forged ahead and won easily by over three lengths. The second heat of the fours brought out:

B. Dewar, bow.	A. Heming, bow.
C. Acres, No. 2.	A. Jarvis, No. 2.
H. Gates, No. 3.	G. Heming, No. 3.
B. P. Dewar, stroke.	E. Simpson, stroke.

They caught the water together, the Simpson crew rowing a much faster stroke than the Dewar crew. It was nip and tuck all the way down, the Simpson crew crossing the line six feet in front, after one of the best races of the day. The third heat of the fours was between:

C. Klimes, bow.	R. Watson, bow.
C. Powis, No. 2.	R. Bull, No. 2.
W. Bowman, No. 3.	H. Champ, No. 3.
C. B. Bowman, stroke.	D. M. Cameron, stroke.

This was a good race for one-half the distance, and then the Bowman crew went to the front and won by four lengths. The three winning crews came together for the final. Simpson's crew drew the outside course, Labatt's next and Bowman's the inside. The Simpson crew got the best of the start, but Labatt's crew, rowing in splendid form, gave them a hard race, the Simpson crew finally winning by nearly three lengths. The Bowman crew nearly swamped at the finish. Mr. S. Mewburn and C. W. Tinling were starters; J. B. Patterson, of the *Herald*, referee, and J. Blakely, of the Nautilus Club, judge at the finish. In the pair-oared race Simpson and Jarvis won the first heat, while the Heming Brothers captured the second heat. Darkness supervening, the final heat was postponed till October 2, when the first trial at 5 p.m. resulted in a dead heat. Mr. Bryson Osborne, captain of the Leander Club, acted as starter, while Mr. R. B. Harris officiated as judge at the finish. The course was four-fifths of a mile, straightaway, from a point opposite Dundurn Park to the Leander boathouse. Simpson's crew got the best of the start, and immediately took the lead, which they held for about a third of the course, when the Hemings put on a spurt and took the lead. They kept in front until close to the finish, when Simpson put on a desperate spurt, closing up the gap rapidly and overhauling Heming right on the finishing line, which both crossed together. The Heming crew slowed up when near the finish, which undoubtedly lost them the race. The final heat was rowed on the afternoon of October 3. The race was a grand one. Mr. Geo. E. Martin was referee and starter, and Mr. John Blakeley, of the Nautilus club, judge at the finish. The contestants, Messrs. Arthur and Geo. Heming, and Messrs. E. Simpson and Arthur Jarvis, got a fair start, and Heming brothers having a little the best of it. Heming's crew soon had a noticeable advantage, which was maintained until within a hundred yards or so of the finish. Then Simpson's crew made a grand spurt and closed up the lead. The race was watched by quite a number of people, and many on the shore, as well as some of those in boats, felt sure that Simpson's crew had gone ahead and crossed the line first, but Mr. Blakeley, who was in the best position to judge, pronounced Heming's crew to be the winner, having crossed about three feet ahead of their opponents.

THE HON. JOHN MORRISON GIBSON, M. P., HAMILTON.—This gentleman, whose portrait may be seen on another page of this issue, was born in the county of Peel, Ontario, on New Year's Day, 1842, and is the son of the

late William Gibson, who came to Canada from Glamis, Forfarshire, Scotland. He was educated in Hamilton, under the care of Dr. Sangster, of the Central School, and graduated in University College, Toronto, in 1863, with high honours, including the Prince of Wales prize. He won the silver medal for classics and modern languages and a prize for Oriental languages. He began the study of law with a firm of which Mr. (now Judge) Burton was head, and took his LL. B. and a gold medal for proficiency in his legal studies. He was called to the Bar at Michaelmas, 1867, and after practising alone for a year, entered into partnership with Mr. Francis McKelcan, Q. C., with whom he has ever since been associated. During the Trent excitement in 1861 Mr. Gibson enlisted in the University Rifle Company, and, after graduating, joined the 13th Battalion. Having attended a military school, he obtained a commission in the same corps, with which, as lieutenant, he was present at Ridgeway in 1866. In October, 1876, he was gazetted as lieutenant-colonel. He accompanied the Wimbledon Team in 1874, 1875 and 1879, and won high distinction as a marksman, in this last year carrying off the Prince of Wales prize of £100 and a badge. In 1881 he commanded the team when it won the Kolapore Cup. He was at Creedmoor in 1876, and commanded the Canadian team which defeated the Americans at long range shooting in 1882. Col. Gibson is a member of the Council of the Dominion, and has been President of the Ontario Rifle Association. In educational affairs he has taken a deep interest, and has been chairman of the Hamilton School Board. He was in 1873 elected a member of the Senate of Toronto University, and has been Examiner in the Law Faculty. In 1879 he was elected to the Ontario Assembly over Mr. Hugh Murray, the Conservative candidate, and again, in 1883, over Mr. R. Martin, Q. C. In 1884 he was appointed Chairman of Standing Committees. He is now Provincial Secretary of Ontario. Mr. Gibson is a prominent member of the Masonic Order. He is Commander of the Provincial Consistory of the Scottish Rite, and a Past District Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. In October, 1869, he married Emily Anne, daughter of Ralph Birrell, merchant, of London, Ont. In 1876, his first wife having died, he married Caroline, second daughter of the late Hon. Adam Hope, Senator, who died in October, 1877. In May, 1881, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the late Judge Malloch, of Brockville, by whom he has two children, a son and a daughter.

THE HON. W. E. SANFORD, SENATOR.—This distinguished business man was born in New York in 1838, but while still a child, his parents having died, he came to live with his uncle, Mr. Richard Jackson, of Hamilton. Having received a liberal education in a New York academy, he entered the publishing firm of Farmer, Brace & Co., of New York. A change taking place in the establishment through the death of the senior partner, he returned to Canada, married Miss Jackson, only daughter of his friend, Mr. Edward Jackson, with whom and others he entered into partnership under the name of Anderson, Sanford & Co. This firm carried on one of the largest foundries in western Canada. Disheartened by the death of his accomplished wife after eighteen months of wedded happiness, Mr. Sanford retired from it, but soon after engaged in the wool trade, in which he was very successful. In 1861 he formed a partnership with Mr. Alex. McInnes for the manufacture of ready-made clothing. In 1871 the name of the firm, on Mr. McInnes's retirement, was changed to Sanford, Vail and Bickley. In 1884 it assumed the designation of W. E. Sanford & Co. Meanwhile Mr. Sanford had married in 1866 Miss Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Vaux, M. P. In 1888 Mr. Sanford was appointed a Senator of the Dominion. He is a member of the Methodist Church, in whose work he takes an active interest. As a citizen he is held in high esteem, and has filled some important offices, such as President of the Board of Trade, Vice-President of the Hamilton Provident Bank, and Director of the Exchange Bank.

MR. ADAM BROWN, M. P.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, has been largely identified with the prosperity of Hamilton. While actively engaged in business, he has ever been energetic in helping on the interest and industries of the city. He did good service in securing the construction of railways leading from Hamilton to the interior. He was chairman of the Hamilton waterworks when the splendid system now in operation was introduced into the city. He has been president of the Hamilton Board of Trade and of the Dominion Board of Trade. Mr. Brown was elected member for the city for in House of Commons at the last general election. He is a Conservative and a staunch National Policy man. He is a ready and effective speaker; and, as the *Spectator* says: "He does his city credit wherever he goes." Mr. Brown has been appointed by the Canadian Government to participate in the mission to the Australasian colonies along with Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, and those who know him will deem the choice a wise one.

MR. WILLIAM HENDRIE, HAMILTON.—This gentleman is the head of the firm of Hendrie & Company, extensive contractors and railway cartage agents. He is well-known to be a man of great energy and enterprise. Born in Glasgow, he came to Canada in early manhood, and for a number of years was entrusted with work of great magnitude, apart from his regular business as cartage agent, for the old Great Western of Canada, and the Grand Trunk, in Hamilton, Toronto, and other Ontario cities, as well as Detroit, Milwaukee and Grand Rapids. Mr. Hendrie has

a large interest in the Detroit City Railway, which now extends for sixty-five miles. The firm has several thousand horses employed in the cartage agencies and the Detroit Railway. The cartage horses are all Clydes and Shires. Mr. Hendrie's firm also purchases horses largely for the British Government. Altogether Mr. Hendrie is one of the most busy and active men of the day. He is president of the Hamilton Bridge Company and the Ontario Cotton Company, besides being connected with various other public companies. One hundred and ten of the finest horses in Canada were furnished by Hendrie & Company for the trades procession during the Summer Carnival in Hamilton. In fact without Hendrie's horses the committee would have been at a loss what to do. Notwithstanding his many important duties, Mr. Hendrie finds time to enjoy himself with his farm and racing stable. He is president of the Ontario Jockey Club.

THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION AND THE POST OFFICE, HAMILTON.—Hamilton has no less than six Anglican churches, and one of the oldest and best known of these is the church of the Ascension. In the year 1834 the Rev. J. Gamble Geddes (afterwards Dean of Niagara) was sent by Bishop Stewart to Hamilton, where, it was said, the Church of England people were desirous of building a church. Soon after the clergyman's arrival, a meeting was held for the purpose, and no less than three gentlemen offered ground for the site. Mr. George Hamilton offered a piece of ground on Upper John street; Mr. Nathaniel Hewson, another, on the east side of James street, while a third was offered by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Allan N. Macnab. The site on James street was the choice of the committee appointed to make the selection, and thereon arose old Christ Church, pronounced at the time one of the handsomest churches in North America. Some seven or eight years later Christ Church was considered too small for the congregation, and it was resolved, after some discussion, to build a second one. A site was purchased by a generous churchman, Mr. R. Juson, and presented to the congregation, and this site was the very plot of ground formerly offered for the earlier edifice by Mr. Hamilton. Thereupon arose in 1851 the Church of the Ascension, one of the most charming churches in western Ontario. The Post Office is one of a splendid series of buildings which was erected in 1883 and following years for the accommodation of the postal, customs and other offices of the Dominion Government. It is in keeping with the other edifices, public and private, of this handsome city.

THE INSANE ASYLUM, HAMILTON.—This fine structure, built in conformity with the strict demands of modern science for the care of the insane, is one of the architectural ornaments of Hamilton. Our engraving gives a good idea of its style, situation and capacity.

THE NOONDAY NAP.—This engraving, from one of F. Kraus's most life-like paintings, is its own interpreter. The stillness of the summer day is over everything. Great Pan is enjoying his slumber. Hardly a leaf stirs in the trees of the park. The deepest quiet reigns all around. Even the little winged wanderer is fascinated by the brooding hush. The figure of the lady in the centre of the picture is the embodiment of this breathless calm of nature. The book has fallen from her listless hands, and lies on her lap unread. The head has sunken sideways in languorous subjection to the influence of the hour. The cushion has swerved with the helpless head, the dead weight of which keeps it in its place. The morning gown of some soft yielding stuff falls in sleepy folds, as though it felt the power that has conquered its wearer. The background and surroundings are admirably in keeping with the painter's motive, and the whole scene shows the thought and touch of a master.

THE OTTAWA CANOE CLUB.—The Ottawa Canoe Club was formed on the 15th March, 1883, under the patronage of the Marquis of Lorne, and since that time the club has steadily increased until now it numbers some eighty odd members, and canoeing under its auspices has grown to be the most extensively patronized of all the aquatic sports at the Capital. Our engraving shows the club fleet mustering at the boathouse for one of their delightful Saturday afternoon cruises down the Ottawa River. The boathouse is built in a sheltered nook at the foot of Nepean Point. Opposite, as shown in our illustration, Parliament Hill is seen, crowned by the House of Commons and Library buildings, while the Club House of the Ottawa Rowing Club nestles at its base. The following are at present the officers of the club:—Patron, the Right Honourable Baron Stanley of Preston, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada; Commodore, Edward King; Captain, Francis H. Gisborne; Hon. Secretary, Henri Roy; Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Cronk; Committee of Management, W. McL. Maingy, A. O. Wheeler; Auditors, R. W. Baldwin, J. S. Brough; Official Measurer, E. A. Black.

WHERE IS THE FIELD?—Lovers of the chase will enjoy this spirited scene. Wherever the field is there is no question as to where it ought to be.

After paying his compliments and his criticisms to John Bull and Brother Jonathan, Max O'Rell at last turns his attention to his own countrymen and gives us a picture of *Jacques Bonhomme*, not as the world sees him, but as he knows him to be. He admits the possibility of his being a little partial to his own countrymen, which he regards rather as a virtue than a failing.



Whether or not there be justification for the complaint that there is no school text-book of Canadian history worthy of our country, there never was a period in our annals when historical research found more strenuous and enlightened workers than at present. During the last five years the number of works on almost every phase of our development—some of them works of high merit, based on original sources of knowledge long inaccessible—has been extraordinary. Not a month passes that does not bring us some valuable addition—in the form of narrative, criticism or *pièce justificative* to this important department of our native literature. One of the latest of these additions is from the pen of Mr. Desiré Girouard, Q.C., M.P., and is entitled "Le Vieux Lachine et le Massacre du 5 Aout, 1689." As our readers are aware, the dreadful interruption to the peace and prosperity of the young colony, of which this title reminds us, was commemorated by a memorial fête of which one of the features was the recounting of the tragedy. The task fell to Mr. Girouard, and better selection could not have been made of a historiographer. On every page of the volume we find evidence of patient and painstaking search after truth—a search which has certainly not been fruitless. Mr. Girouard's professional experience and acquaintance with the depositories of ancient documents bearing on the grant and transfer of property stood him in good stead. He has carefully examined all the printed records relative to the topography and annals of Lachine, including the massive volumes recently issued by the Quebec Government. He has naturally made the massacre the central incident in his critical narrative. Among those who heard the lecture, as originally delivered, were several descendants of the victims of the Iroquois' vengeance, to whom the recital of the fearful drama must have been intensely interesting. But the historian does not pause there. He takes his reader past the scene and hour of terror and desolation and pictures for them the rebuilt settlement, the destined starting-point of trade and missions and exploration for nearly two centuries; the sign-post of north-western discovery, the living prophecy to generation after generation of that true passage to the Orient, which is the grandest triumph of our own time. La Salle is, of course, the leading figure. His portrait forms the frontispiece, his signature closes the letterpress. Mr. Girouard dispels an illusion as to the site of La Salle's manor house, but his researches have enhanced the interest which every student of history must feel in the topography of Lachine. There is, indeed, no spot on the American continent more fascinating through its association with the past. The illustrations comprise a reproduction of M. de Catalogne's plan of Fort Remy, as it was in 1671; a view of the Cuillerier mansion, as Mr. Girouard designates the old building on the Fraser farm, erected he thinks, after 1700; the old church, built in 1701 and demolished, after being sold to the Pères Oblats, in 1869; the house of Messrs. Le Ber and Charles Le Moyne de Longueuil, now occupied by the Wilgress family; and an extract from the Plan Terrier of the Island of Montreal, copied by Mr. J. A. U. Beaudry from the original in the Archives of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. Other documents that add to the value of the history are a table of the inhabitants of Lachine in 1689; a list of the victims of the massacre and census of Lachine in 1681 from Mr. B. Sulte's *Histoires des Canadiens-Français*.

We have much pleasure in greeting the re-appearance of the *Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal*—Volume I. of the second series. The back numbers of this excellent periodical—the organ of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, whose quarter centennial medal has the place of honour, are now invaluable. The Hon. Judge Baby, whose head adorns the medal, is still president of the Society—the Hon. Edward Murphy, Senator, being first vice-president; Mr. Charles T. Hart, 2nd vice-president; Mr. W. D. Lighthall, secretary; Mr. Roswell C. Lyman, treasurer, and Mr. J. A. U. Beaudry, curator. In the salutatory remarks that open the new series, the editors are fain to accept the *Antiquarian's* thirteen years of existence as evidence that such a medium of intercommunication is prized by those concerned in the questions with which it deals. A paper of unusual interest on "Canadian Communion Tokens," by Mr. R. W. McLachlan; a contribution on the "Services of the Hertel Family," by Mr. A. C. de Lery Macdonald; an article of exceptional interest by Mr. G. M. Fairchild, jr., of New York, on "The First Canadian Coin," and a number of other communications make up a number which gives good ground to hope that the new series will be no less valuable than the old to students of Canadian antiquities. The editing committee is composed of Messrs. H. Mott, R. W. McLachlan and A. C. de Lery Macdonald, to any of whom subscriptions and correspondence may be addressed, P.O. Box, 1310, Montreal. Terms, \$1.50 per annum in advance. The *Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal* is published by Messrs. D. English & Company, 30 St. George street, Montreal.

We have received the "Report of Proceedings of the Association of Dominion Land Surveyors at its sixth annual meeting, held at Ottawa, February 19, 20 and 21, 1889," which contains much valuable information on matters intimately associated with the development of the Dominion.

We shall take an early opportunity of referring at greater length to some of its contents. The Report was printed for the Association by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

Every year adds to the number of the periodicals issued from the press of the Old World and the New. The mass of reading matter on every topic of interest, literary, scientific, political, religious, professional and economic thus submitted to the world of readers has increased so amazingly that only by some plan of careful selection can one derive any real edification from it. Of course, a good deal of what appears in the magazines and reviews is of merely ephemeral value. Still, when the extent and constant expansion of such literature is taken into account, the proportion that is of permanent worth as well as of current interest is by no means trivial. But how to make the choice and how to preserve it—that is a somewhat perplexing problem to solve. Even the most omnivorous reader, whose means are on a par with his literary appetite, can master the contents of but a small fraction of the ever enlarging whole. And as to preserving what he deems most useful for future reference, he finds the task virtually impossible. This task has, however, been satisfactorily discharged, during nearly half a century, for thousands of American and Canadian readers by the publishers of *Littell's Living Age*. This eclectic magazine, appearing every week, gives, while still fresh, what is of most moment in the whole range of European periodical literature. As we have had an opportunity of watching its course for a quarter of a century or more—taking it regularly for fifteen years—we can bear witness, from a journalist's standpoint, to the judgment, taste and unvarying opportuneness of its selections. It saves time and money, enabling the student of current events and literature, for a trifling weekly payment, to keep abreast with the best and latest results of literary criticism, scientific research, political discussion, travel, exploration, and every other phase of culture and progress in the Old World. For consultation, the bound volumes form a rich store of miscellaneous information covering the period from 1844 to the present year. A complete set of *Littell's Living Age* (five series to the end of 1888) contains an amount of valuable reading, illustrative of modern progress during what may be called the scientific era *par excellence* to be met with in no other work with which we are acquainted. Colleges, schools, public libraries and other institutions could make no more profitable investment. To the student of his own time, its life, literature and varied progress, we can confidently recommend it as the best of eclectics and the most satisfying of magazines. The numbers for the month of October contain selections from the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, *Blackwood*, *Temple Bar*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *London Quarterly Review*, *Longman's Magazine*, *Murray's Magazine*, the *National Review*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*. Price, \$8 a year, for 52 weekly numbers, making four quarterly volumes of 824 pages each. Boston: Littell & Co., (31 Bedford street.)

SIGNAL.

The brave March morn
Is white and still
And crisp and frore.
In a cleft of the hill
From his low tent door
The Warrior Sun
Gets up from sleep,
And something awakes
On the plains afar.
No sound is borne
On the windless weather.
Only, abreast
And aflame together,
Above the white crest
Of that tent in the dawn,
Unfurled with a sweep,
The signal pennons
Are out for war.
For one last fight
In this border feud,—
One cheer and allay,
Till the rebel brood
Break up and away,—
We left our home
In the quiet valley
Where burns run on
To the twilight's bar.
The leaguer of night
In the trenches of time
Shall quail and be wrung,
When the bugles at prime
Take breath and give tongue
To the spirit of man,
And under their rally
The host of dawn
Is awake for war.
Yea, the serfs of despair
Shall decamp and depart,
Disperse and deploy,
Till manhood's heart
Is the lord of joy,
Made pure of lust
And clean of sorrow,
As the white planets
Of morning are.

Gird we, and fare
To the battle's front!
And hold you dumb
In the stress and brunt,
So victory come!
We fight to-day,
We march to-morrow,
And three days hence
Is the end of war.
Leave guerdon and gain
For a prize to kings;
For what dost thou
With the sharers of things?
Free born, even now
In the day-spring of years,
With the children of light
Thou art sealed and chosen
For evermore.
Beat down like rain
On the ruin of winter;
Smite up like sun
To crumble and splinter
One after one
The bulwarks of dark
In the cordon of night,
Till the herald of peace
Is the slayer of war.
Low, clear,
Under the dawn
To yearn and aspire
There stirs and is gone—
Something desire
Takes heed to learn,
As wind may unravel
The rainbird's song
When the rain is hoar;
Takes heed to hear,—
To capture a-race
On the weather-gleam,
As a passing face
Will refashion a dream
Lost long ago,—
Ere ever the travail
Of time began,
Or earth was set
For a ravelin of war;
Takes heed to follow
A trace to find,
A trail to pursue
Secret and blind
As the way of the dew
On windflowers over
The wind's highway,
Bowing their reverence
Star by star;
Takes heed as a swallow
Takes heart to go
With the sun and the rain,
The regions of snow
To rejoice and regain,
Norward alone
For a scout of May,
When Spring draws on
To the seasons' war:
Only the call
Of a wild brown thing,
The sharp sweet cry
For delight in the Spring
When dawn goes by,—
A sparrow that hears
His mountain river
Go joying down
To the sea with a roar!
Can this be all?
A lyric burst
Put the world to rights?
The storm dispersed
By harbour lights?
Why have we dreamed
Of one to deliver
The slaves and children
Of fate and war?
Was not the rote
Of the sea for herald
A champion lord
Should free this perilled
Camp with his sword?
Where is the captain
Of the world
No fame should measure
Nor failure war?
Listen! Afloat
On the quiet weather,
From low unto loud,
Alone or together,
Crowd after crowd
On the battle verge,
Is broken and hurled
The blare of clarions
Loosed for war.

Fredericton, N.B.

BLISS CARMAN.



A NOONDAY NAP.
From the painting by F. Kraus.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

"All in a ferment," replied Stratiss. "Monsieur Papineau is a great man. His eloquence is like electricity, it penetrates everywhere. He has a fine following down there; but they need arms, as we do."

"There's the rub," cried Howis. "But what of Messieurs, the priests? Will they give a hand in this business?"

"Not a bit of it. They are not such fools! They will neither play cat nor monkey. They know they shall get the chestnut whoever pulls it out of the fire. They may be mistaken, however."

"And the *habitants* themselves?"

"O, they are sincere and excited enough. Just the people to be made dupes of. Never at liberty to exercise an independent judgment in any matter, not even getting married. The priest, because the most plausible speaker, always gets their voice. If the people in this province were as easy to be led, we would soon raise the music to a lively tune. However, it will not be long now before something happens! But I tell you, Howis, it will be just a flash-in-the-pan, make a great to-do, and get a lot of poor fools hanged or transported, and little to show for it."

"A pretty way of getting men to join us!" cried Howis angrily. "If I did not know you too well, Stratiss, I should suspect you of cowardice, or something infinitely worse."

"If you should suspect me of being a fool for meddling in what does not concern me, you would come much nearer the truth," replied Stratiss coolly.

Howis gazed sternly at him, but meeting a calm, defiant eye, he laughed at length and said: "Come, Captain, it won't do for us to waste time in altercation; you have the blues this evening, and no wonder, for you have not tasted bite or sup since you came in. What's the matter with that supper, I wonder!" and rapping upon the table violently, he summoned a lad to whom he gave very imperative orders to hasten the evening meal. It was soon upon the table, and as he helped his guest, Howis cried, "Cheer up, old fellow, you see it isn't bad tack they give us here. When we go a-campaigning we shall get worse, I doubt not."

"Small fear of that," returned Stratiss, "they'll give us plenty of powder and ball, not the easiest thing in the world for digestion. I've fought the Canadians before and know how it goes. I only wish we had a few hundred in proper fighting trim."

"We are not ill off for men well acquainted with fire-arms, Captain," replied Howis.

"Pooh, pooh, Howis, you know as well as I do that shooting prize turkeys and running deer isn't shooting at a man, especially at one who can shoot back. What have we now?—the majority?—loose fish, lots of them; Britishers, disappointed because they cannot get place and power in the country they honour with their notice; men with high-flown theories drawn from Tom Paine, Voltaire, and the French Revolution, ready for anything wild and destructive; people from our side, primed with democratic notions run mad, or hungry for land or plunder. And how many deceived by their dense ignorance alone! But where are the Canadians, the true settlers, the strength of the country? Not one to five! Of these quite a large proportion are men like our friends H. and H., of the Hollow, who, agreeing to the necessity of a change in the plan of government, are willing to wait until the thing can be done in a constitutional and peaceful manner. They will fight against us, not with us, if they fight at all, when the time comes."

Howis had risen from the table and was striding the floor with rapid impatience, and he now interrupted Stratiss angrily.

"Come, Captain, this will never do! What you say may be true, yet it is not, I think, wholly so. You had need to employ your eloquence in gaining men for our cause if you think it so ill-equipped;

instead of which you speak as if you would like to leave us.

"No, no, Howis. You need not fear me. I am as deep in the mud as you are—any of you—in the mire, and I do not forsake my friends, as you ought to know. I have no oath to break; I never swore allegiance to His or Her Majesty, and besides, quiet is distasteful to me. I must have tumult; danger and I are old companions and loving ones; the oftener we meet the better I like it."

"That's more like Captain Stratiss," cried Howis. "But let's adjourn to my chamber, where, over a bottle of whiskey, I'll show you a list that will do your eyes good."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROTHERS.

Frank Arnley found himself very stiff and dull on the day following his encounter with Howis, and although exceedingly anxious to seek that gentleman and demand an explanation of his cowardly conduct, he was obliged to remain quiet. He therefore requested Henry Hewit to go and inform his uncle that he was indisposed and would stop at Mrs. Hewit's house that day and the following night. Frank was an orphan; he had no recollection of his mother, and his memory of his father was slight. He thought he could remember being lifted into the arms of a soldier on horseback, who kissed him and showed him how to pat the horse's warm neck with his little hand, but that was all. His father's brother, an old bachelor, had, however, adopted the little boy, and had given him an education consonant with his breeding, that of a gentleman. Squire Arnley was very fond of his nephew, but seldom let his tenderness appear; the genial temper of the boy, however, sufficed for his childhood's happiness, and won for him all the friends he needed both young and old. As he grew up, his quick intuition taught him to estimate, his uncle's character rightly, and he yielded him the most perfect respect in every particular, as well as returning the affection he knew was his own with loving but unobtrusive tenderness.

Knowing his uncle's irascibility where cowardice was concerned, he begged Henry to hide from the old gentleman the real cause of his indisposition, lest he should drive Howis from the district, which his great social influence was quite able to compass, but a result that Frank did not ask for as he meant to deal further with Howis himself.

Henry Hewit also intended to demand an explanation and apology for his conduct towards Frank from Howis, and therefore made it his business to call at the Howis place on his way to see Squire Arnley. Miss Howis saw him coming and was much perplexed at so unusual an event. She knew but little of Henry Hewit, and had heard her brother speak of him generally as a stiff, proud fellow, very particular in the choice of his associates, and one whom there was no hope of winning over to their cause, and whose influence it was, therefore, most desirable to discredit and destroy. Being perfectly sure that he could not have heard of his brother's treason, Miss Howis came to the conclusion that he was coming to demand an explanation of the Arnley matter, and, therefore, opened the door to Hewit herself.

Not satisfied with her replies to his enquiry for her brother, Henry accepted an invitation to enter, but was soon assured that Howis was not at home, and after some trifling conversation departed, saying to himself as he left the gate, "Ah, William, it will be a bad day for you if ever you let that girl obtain an influence over you, for she is as cold and calculating as she is handsome and talented."

Having succeeded in appeasing the displeasure of Frank's uncle at his nephew's, to him, uncalled for absence from home, and persuading him to accept an invitation to ride over and see his brother, Henry called at William's house, when, although it was high noon, he found his brother in bed.

Hastening in alarm to his room he was more surprised still to see William throw a note he had been reading into a drawer and spring out of bed, bidding Henry welcome as he proceeded to dress. To Henry's eager enquiry if he were ill, or what else might be the matter, William replied in anything but his usual manner:

"No, Harry, no. I'm well enough, but I was up very late last night, and felt sleepy and lazy this morning."

"And why do you come home so seldom now?" enquired his brother, "mother has become quite uneasy, and insisted I should come and see what was wrong."

"Oh, as for that, Harry," replied William, "you know my farm is large enough to require all my time, and, besides, when I did go home more frequently you did not return my visits very regularly."

"I have no mother here anxious to see me, or the case would be different," replied Henry, rather warmly.

"Oh, I know; but mother may be sure I am all right; I'm not a lad now, and she need not be alarmed if I do not get home two or three times a week. And she is always so catechetical and lecturing, I get a little tired of it."

"Is that the way you talk of mother?" exclaimed Henry, "for my part I hope I shall never be too old to listen gratefully to the advice of mother and to feel that she can do me good."

"That's all very well, but it's different with you; she has such confidence in you that you can do nothing wrong in her eyes," said William.

"You are in a strange humour to-day, Will; I cannot understand it; you are the first I ever heard remark that our mother made any difference between us."

"Well, well," rejoined William petulantly, "run home now, and tell her what I said."

Seeing his brother in so strange and excited a mood, Harry felt there was more in it than he could at present discern, and therefore to William's childish speech he merely replied:

"I think, Will, your hospitality would be called in question if you sent me away without my dinner."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Harry, too long a sleep does not agree with me; it has made me bad-tempered," returned William, admiring in his heart the self-abnegation and brotherly love evinced by Harry's well-bred reply. "Come along and let's see what Mrs. Prissel has to give us."

During the meal Henry watched his brother closely and was more than ever convinced that he was ill at ease. At length, as a probe, he referred to the encounter between Arnley and Howis by asking his brother if he had told him of it.

"No," replied William, "but I heard of it."

"How was that?" said Henry, "I thought no one knew of it but the parties concerned and the doctor."

"The doctor!" exclaimed William, colouring, but avoiding his brother's more direct question. "Surely it was not so serious as that."

"I hope it will not prove so," said Henry, "the doctor was called in time to prevent mischief, though the intent of his assailant was evident enough. I tried to have a word with the fellow, but he was not at home."

"Was it not done in fair fight?" asked William.

"Scarcely; Howis struck Frank in the temple with a pistol, if you call that fair fight."

"Impossible," replied William emphatically.

"I have Frank's word and the doctor's opinion, both evidence enough to convince me," returned Henry.

"Still, they may be wrong. I know Howis well, and he is the last man to take advantage in such a way. It was a piece of presumption on the part of a youth like Arnley to face a man like Howis."

"Do you think so?" replied Harry significantly; "he is ready, however to face him again and accuse him of his cowardice."

"Arnley had better be advised and let Howis alone; he is not a man to be trifled with."

Further conversation followed, and after some time Henry departed. But it was with an aching heart. He saw clearly that the Howises had established an influence over his brother that overshadowed that of his own relations, and he began to fear also that in some way William had compromised himself with the agitators. His knowledge of William's tastes led him to conclude that it would not be to Howis, but to his sister, that William would succumb, and he had seen enough

of the girl to distrust her in every way. His thoughts became more and more painful as he dwelt on the effect such a disaster, even in anticipation, would have on his mother, and what the effect of William's defection from the ranks of loyal and patriotic citizenship would be on public opinion, now in a ferment that forbade deliberation and just conclusions. The memory of his father and his grandfather on both sides, true to the Crown, and ready to sacrifice all they held dear for their King and country rose before his mental vision in proud array, forcing from his eyes the burning drops of anticipated and unmerited disgrace, for if his fears proved well-founded where would be the glory whose halo had hitherto glowed round the family name. Proud to be a Hewit he had ever been, and knew he had good reason to be, but if

The sound of horses at a canter broke upon his reverie, and he turned to find himself overtaken by Alice Leslie and her father.

"Good morning, Mr. Hewit," cried the cheery voice of Dr. Leslie, as he reined up. "Were you in the blues that you walked along so heedless of what was either before or behind you, neither hearing our horses nor avoiding the tree you ran into just now?"

"Oh, papa," said Miss Leslie, bowing in return to Henry's salutation, "Mr. Hewit has many things to think of beside what is going on on the high road."

"I think I ought to have minded the tree, nevertheless, Miss Leslie," said Henry, colouring and smiling. "But you are coming to see my mother, are you not?"

"Not now, Harry," replied Dr. Leslie in a grave tone. "Make my excuses to Mrs. Hewit," and, lowering his voice after glancing around, he continued, "do you know where that man Howis is? That he is at the bottom of the rapidly growing disaffection to the government, that is becoming so evident in this district, especially among the farm labourers, I am sure, but I want to get hold of something more tangible than the conclusions of my own judgment. George Samos tells me that he has heard the echoes of some sort of military drill more than once when sleeping with his window open, as he does on a fine night, but his utmost endeavours have led to no discovery. I want you to help in keeping a lookout for similar hints, for there is something going on not far away that must be put a stop to."

"This is serious," cried Henry, as he watched the graceful figure of the horsewoman who had set her beautiful bay at a trot while her father was speaking.

"So serious," replied Dr. Leslie, "that unless we who are loyal are not as energetic as these mischievous fellows, we shall be overtaken by evil before we are aware."

"You can count on me, Dr. Leslie, and it shall go hard if something more be not soon known of these nefarious doings."

"I knew I might, Henry, and therefore I spoke to you. Good-bye, now, my horse is restless."

With bows, and a bright smile from the lady, father and daughter proceeded at a gallop, Harry watching them with beating heart as long as he could see them, for he loved Alice Leslie, and had received no uncertain signal that she favoured his love.

CHAPTER VII.

A DISCOVERY.

The week following Frank Arnley's adventure found him and Henry Hewit again out on a hunt. Frank, who had wholly recovered, was in his usual happy mood. The forenoon had passed without the finding of any game, and the afternoon had nearly gone by, when suddenly a fine buck sprang up before them. Frank, with his usual impetuosity, fired, but without sufficient care. Away bounded the deer unharmed and swift as an arrow, but swifter than an arrow sped a ball from Henry's rifle.

"You've hit him, Hal!" shouted Frank, "see, he staggers! Bad luck to the brute, though, why couldn't he have run straight and had the honour of falling by my ball, for I'll swear the ball went

straight, so it is clearly the deer's fault—shows what had taste some things have. Pshaw! the deer always show a liking for you, Hal. I'll warrant if I proposed to a certain little deer near a certain little lake, all the answer I should get would be that she preferred Harry Hewit."

"Come, come, Frank, honour bright. If I have told you more than anyone else it was with the intention of stopping your tongue, just as the ministry bring over a troublesome member of the opposition by some potent promise. But you sha'n't have your piece of bride-cake if you peach. Hark! that is Beaver's yell; he has driven the deer to close quarters somewhere."

The two young men now hurried over logs, through underbrush, and across bog until they reached a small and beautiful lake. The dew had taken the water, but the hound had not followed him, and was running round the bank heading the deer to prevent him from gaining the shore. Henry sent Frank to the other side of the lake or pond, and then sent in the hound, which soon forced the beast to scramble up the bank, where Frank's rifle put an end to him. A short time sufficed to put the deer in a safe place, it being too late to return that night for him; and then the friends resolved to rest themselves in a saw-mill at the foot of the pond before proceeding further.

The mill was in a lonely out-of-the-way spot, being at the back of the owner's farm and nearly a mile from the road.

"An odd situation for a saw-mill," remarked Frank, as they advanced toward it. "Some say it is a meeting place for the agitators."

"I have heard such a rumour," replied Harry, "and should not be surprised if it proved true."

They had now reached the mill, which was not in operation that afternoon, and at first they thought it entirely deserted, but on looking around the premises they came upon a small sleeping-room, where, upon the rude bed they found a man in such a state of intoxication that they could not arouse him. A whiskey bottle nearly empty stood beside him.

"Well," cried Frank, "this looks refreshing; shall we try a 'horn'?"

"No," replied Harry, "I never touch spirits."

"I won't then," said Frank, and set down the bottle, but as he did so his toe caught in one of the loose boards of the floor and threw him forward upon his knees. "I am not drunk, most noble Harry, though thou mightest well think so to see me thus make a fool of myself," cried Frank, but suddenly changing his tone he exclaimed: "By Jupiter! Look here, Harry, look here! a whole storehouse of arms, muskets, rifles, shot-guns and pikes. Here's a find."

"Traitors! Proof enough. Rumour told no lies this time," said Harry, as he knelt to look beneath the boards.

"What's to be done with them? not leave them here."

"No; let us raise them and drop them in the pond."

"That's good, Harry, but can we, just we two?"

As he spoke Frank let himself down into the place, which seemed to have been made on purpose for the secretion of property. It was not more than four feet deep, by about twelve long, and the arms were placed in a rude chest formed of rough boards and without a cover.

"I think we can lift the whole affair," said Frank.

"Wait a moment; there's some one near; the dog acts like it."

Harry was not mistaken; Davis, the owner of the place, was nearly upon them. To spring on the floor and re-adjust the board was the work of a moment, and Frank joined Harry outside. Davis eyed them sharply as he came up, but Harry soon dispelled any suspicions he might have entertained by entering into an animated account of the chase they had just had after the deer.

"Where is my man, I wonder?" said Davis after civilly replying, "I left one here when I went to the house."

"Had there been one here he would have shown himself, I should think," said Frank, "however, we only just came in; he may be about somewhere."

Davis looked sharply round, then entering the mill, proceeded to the room where Hewit and Arnley had found the arms. The door latched on the inside, and when Frank came out he had pulled it to, so that the latch had caught and could not be opened from the outside.

"The fellow is drunk, I'll wager, and I'll not be able to awake him," cried Davis in a tone of dudgeon. He climbed up so as to be able to look over the top, when he found his expectations realised; he could not wake his man and had to leave him to sleep off his stupor.

Hewit and Arnley now took their leave, determined to return again that night and see what they could do for their country. They called at a small wayside inn about two miles from the mill, and while Frank remained, Henry proceeded to a farmhouse at no great distance, whence he soon returned with an accession to their party of three brothers, friends of his, George, John and Richard Samos, all men of great size and strength and each a host in himself in a fight.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARING ADVENTURE.

The young men sat down to a supper such as was to be seen in the country at that date. No kickshaws and hashes, but a smoking joint of beef, steaming potatoes, home-made bread, buckwheat cakes and maple sugar. And seldom had an equal number done more ample justice to the good old-fashioned fare than was done by the five friends, all on patriotic works intent.

Night had drawn her sable veil over the face of nature before our party left their comfortable quarters to face the north-west wind and the biting frost, for the night was intensely cold. As they proceeded various plans were proposed for the disposal of the arms, but as they could not employ a team to remove them to responsible quarters, they concluded it would be best to slide them, case and all, from the east side of the mill into a deep swamp hole close by; for, as Harry said, it would be late before they could get through if they attempted to carry them off, and attended with too much risk, while by getting the chest on to the rollers used for moving lumber, they could roll it by means of slabs into the hole, where it would sink out of sight by its own weight, and by daylight a couple of inches of ice would be over it.

The moon had arisen before they got through the woods, and by the time they got within sight of the mill it was light enough to see for some distance. It was agreed that they should separate and reconnoitre carefully as they advanced. There was a piece of ground of some extent around the mill, that had been cleared off and the moon shining down into it revealed objects much smaller than a man. Harry and Frank kept together, and their companions took different courses. It was agreed that if either of the party saw anyone around the mill they should hoot in imitation of the owl.

Harry and Frank had not proceeded far when Frank grasped Harry's arm whispering:

"Make an owl of yourself quick, Harry, look there."

"I see," was the whispered reply.

As he spoke the cry of an owl rang at a distance in another direction. Harry answered the signal and told Frank to remain where he was while he went on to observe more closely.

To be continued.

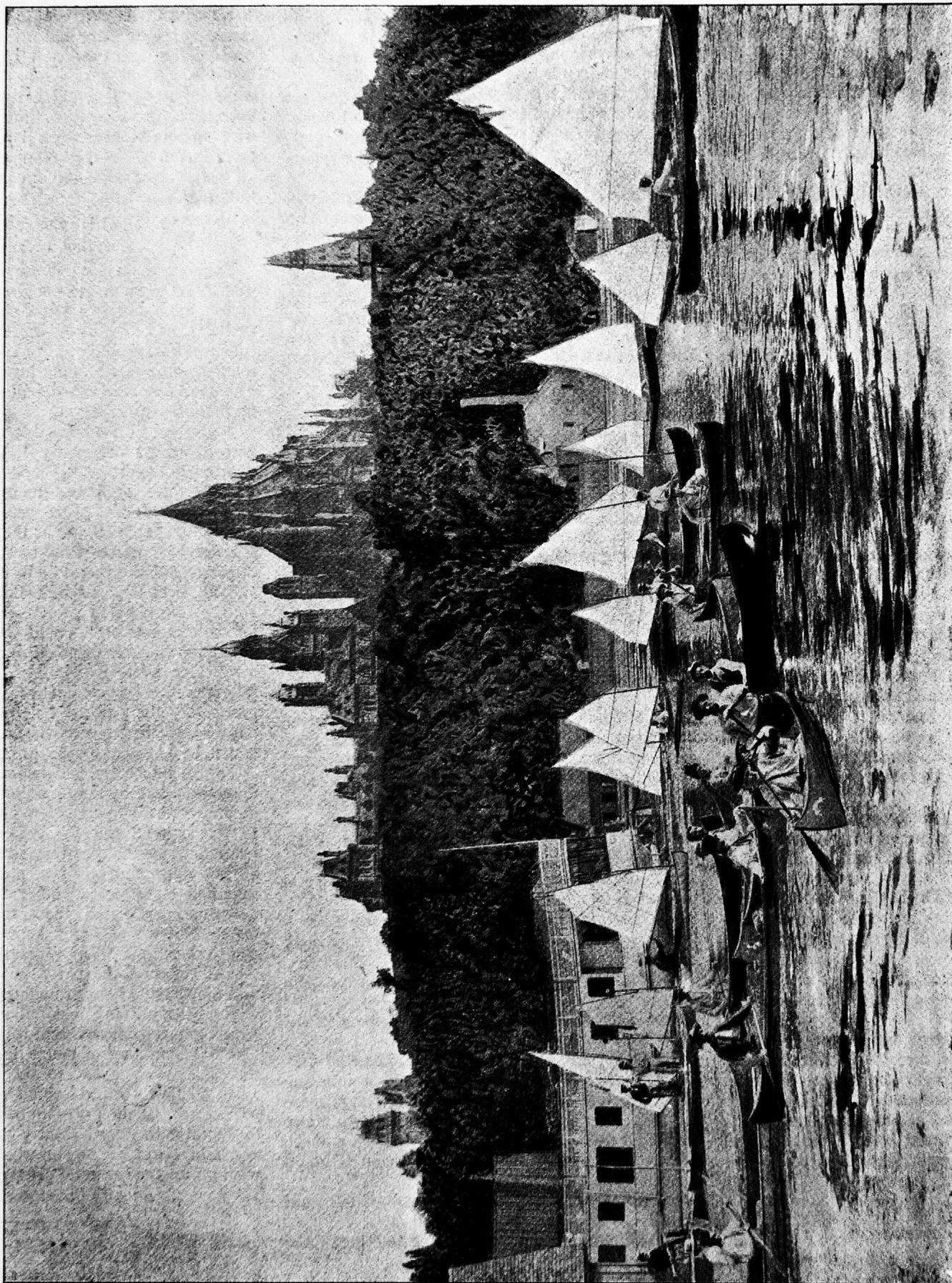
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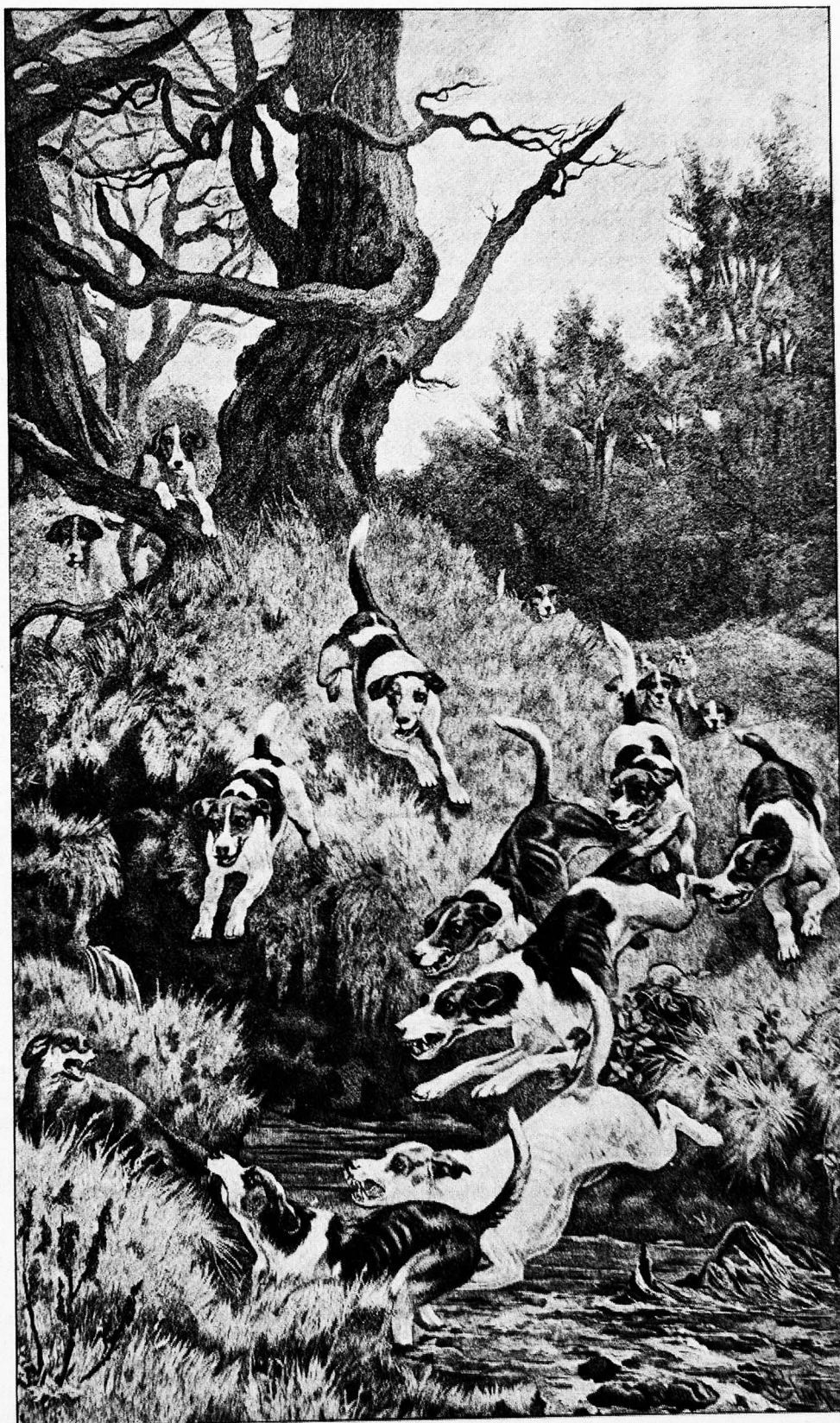
There are who say that in life's tale of years
One hour there is, one moment, when the height
Of joy is reached, the onward sweep of light
Bursts into full and perfect blaze; heart-fears
And keen desire melt, and Heaven appears.
And then the tide rolls back, and never sight
Of such dear bliss may charm again the night;
Joys may appear, but mingled aye with tears.

I will not have it so! For *we*, O Heart,
The ebb shall never come! Ah God! if this
Dear joy we know be now full flood-tide, let
Our souls grow numb, the dreaded death-dews wet
These bodies, that our spirits may depart
Even 'mid the thrilling rapture of our kiss.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.



A MEET OF THE OTTAWA CANOE CLUB.



WHERE'S THE FIELD!

From a painting by Thomas Blinks.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company

THOMAS HOOD.

BY ERNEST SMITH.



SPRAINS.—In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it, keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—Hair that is brushed regularly night and morning, if only for a few minutes at a time, will require less frequent washing, and meanwhile will be clean and glossy. Too much washing renders the hair harsh and dry.

NAPKINS.—It is said that the French fashion of using very large napkins is obtaining in a great measure. Those who wish to be in the extreme of fashion buy napkins a yard square, putting a heavily embroidered initial in one corner. Opposite corners of the table-cloth are decorated with the letter several sizes larger. Occasionally the whole name is embroidered diagonally across one corner in old script. Heavy overlaid embroidery is used for these decorations, no open work being allowed. The fashion of having one's name, initial or monogram wrought in the linen is fast giving out. Hotels and restaurants have a monopoly of that.

JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for an hour or more. It is an advantage to soak gelatine over night when convenient, because it is then more easily dissolved. Boil six ounces of lump sugar in a pint of water, skimming it until clear; then throw in the soaked gelatine, let it boil slowly for five minutes, removing all scum as it rises. Dissolve in a basin one quarter of an ounce of citric acid, in lump, in half a gill of boiling water, pour the jelly on this, when more scum will rise, which should be carefully taken off. Now add a gill of wine and a little lemon flavouring, and, when nearly cold, put the jelly into a mould. Lemon juice can be used instead of the citric acid, but the jelly will not then be so bright.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE TABLE.—The present style of low floral decorations for the dinner table is provided for by a variety of flower bowls in several sizes, the smaller ones to be placed at each plate and larger ones in the centre of the table. Some very beautiful bowls are in cut glass, and their diamond-like glitter, especially under the gas light, adds much to the brilliancy of table decoration. Other charming table ornaments are china sprays of leaves and flowers, forming a capital decoration; for instance, the thick green stalk, leaf, bud and full-blown water lily, artistically designed and most delicately coloured. There are long and short sprays to suit every taste and table. One in particular, with a large, broad leaf with curled edges, would hold berries and, with moss or ferns in the open flower, make a picture of daintiness. Another novelty is the tulip shaped ornament. This is a centre piece, and smaller pieces are made for the corners as well as buds for menu holders—a combination both novel and pleasing.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—A use for old tennis balls:—At the end of the lawn tennis season, when balls that have been well played with become rather soft and are discarded as useless, is the time for an energetic caterer for bazaars to step in and make off with her spoil. The most attractive babies' balls can be made by covering them with worsted. A tray of red, green, orange, pink, and blue balls, heaped up one upon the other, labelled "Baby's balls," soon attracts the attention of purchasers. The work is easy and very pleasant. Hold the ball in your left hand and bind a piece of string over it to form six divisions, keeping your finger and thumb tightly on; take a needle and thread, secure the string at each end, and fasten off; then, with a needleful of worsted, work round and round till the ball is covered, passing the needle under, and then twice over each piece of string to form a ridge all the way round. If the needle is merely passed round the string—that is, once over—the surface is smooth. Odds and ends of wool can be used by making circles of colour. It is pleasant work for old ladies and invalid children. With odds and ends of arrasene or chenille the effect is very rich.

REMEDY FOR HEADACHES.—When in certain painful affections the physician advises the use of cold applications, and if the affect from them is not pleasing, then that hot should be tried, the patient is likely to consider it rather an uncertain sort of treatment, of doubtful value either way. It is, indeed rather a curious thing that heat and cold can often be used interchangeably with like effects. Extreme heat will destroy the skin, and extreme cold will do the same. Now, headache is sometimes relieved by hot applications, and yet in some instances it aggravates the trouble. In case of the latter, oftentimes the cold applications will effect a cure. As a general rule a throbbing headache, with tenderness and soreness of the scalp, can best be relieved by hot applications. Whereas, when the head feels full and "bursting," if cold be applied to the head and heat to the neck and spine, the effect is most agreeable. Probably one of the best external applications which is most serviceable in the different forms of headache is menthol. A solution of that should be made in about the proportion of one drachm of menthol to ten of alcohol. It can be applied on a thin strip of cloth large enough to cover the forehead. That should be kept wet with the solution. It is very cooling, and the effect in many cases of headache is very agreeable from the first.

This celebrated and popular poet and humorist was born in April or May, 1798. Very little of importance is known of him up to the time of his attaining the age of seventeen. He was a very sickly, puny boy. Thomas Hood was the son of Mr. Thomas Hood, partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, booksellers and printers, whose place of business was situated in that historical part of the City of London known as the Poultry. He does not appear to have distinguished himself by any marked progress at school. After leaving school, owing to his delicate state of health, he was articled to an engraver. This occupation was not, however, so conducive to health as had been at first anticipated and he was sent to Dundee, his father's birth-place. While there, surrounded as he was with picturesque scenery, he wrote many simple sketches, and at the end of two years he is seen floating on the sea of literature, with apparently but slight chance of success and every possibility of failure. When he was twenty-one, the editor of the *London Magazine* having been killed in a duel, Hood was appointed sub-editor, and in that capacity he remained for some years. This was his first introduction to the literary world. It was his duty as sub-editor to read over and correct manuscripts sent in for publication. He also edited *Answers to Correspondents* in the "*Lion's Head*," of which "*The Echo*" in *Hood's Magazine* was a continuation.

Here are some of his whimsical answers, all of which are characteristic of him who wrote them:

A chapter on bustles is under consideration for "our back numbers."

VERITY.—It is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one, and such a hemorrhage as mine, than a spitting of spite.

N. N.—The most characteristic mysteries of London are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assaults, accidents and other features of metropolitan interest. If N. N. be ambitious of competing with the writer whom "he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid, yellow "November Fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, "obscure, unwholesome and favourable to vice and "violence."

The position which Hood held on the *London Magazine* led to his introduction to Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hartley Coleridge, Rev. Julius Hare and many other eminent men. Conjointly with Mr. Reynolds, he wrote and published (anonymously) "*Odes and Addresses to great people*." This book had a tremendous run, and caused much speculation among *littérateurs* as to its authorship. This, the following interesting letter, written by S. T. Coleridge, to Charles Lamb, clearly shows:

MY DEAR CHARLES,—This afternoon, a little, thin, mean looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, printed on dingy outsides, lay on the table which, the cover informed me, was circulating in our book club, so very grub-streetish in all its exteriors, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no motive in play) I came to look at it. Least of all, the title, "*Odes and Addresses to Great Men*," which connected itself in my head with "*Rejected Addresses*" and all the Smith and Theodore Hook synod. But, my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you or under you or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gilman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to "*Peter Bell*," the "*Ode to the great unknown*," speaks doubtfully of Hood and Reynolds. No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are, nine in ten, good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendent. And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities, contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses—saving and except, perhaps, in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your lays. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say. So, Mr. Charles, hang yourself up and send me a line by way of token and acknowledgement. God bless you and your

Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A copy of the first volume of Hood's *Comic Annual* was sent by Mr. Hood to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who acknowledged its receipt,

at the same time asking Mr. Hood to favour him by giving some inscriptions for a door of sham books, to be fixed at the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth. His Grace intimated that such inscriptions as "plain dealings," "a chapter on wood," etc., were overdone and wearisome, and that he wanted something strikingly new. Mr. Hood made up his mind not to weary the Duke so he sent a long list of fictitious titles, among which were the following:

Danté's *Inferno* or Description of Van Demon's Land.
Percy Vere, in forty volumes.
Lambe's Recollection of Suett.
Lamb on the Death of Wolfe.
Tadpoles, or Tales Out of my Own Head.
Boyle on Steam.
Autographia, or Man's Nature known by his Sig-nature.
Peel on Bell's System.
Chronological Account of the Date Tree.
Cursory Remarks on Swearing.
In-i-go, or Secret Entrances.

The whole list so much pleased the Duke that, when acknowledging the receipt of them, His Grace asked the favour of being allowed to thank the author in person. After this, many communications passed between the two, and the Duke continued to be Hood's friend and benefactor until death removed him from the literary world. At the end of 1834, Hood, in common with many others, was thrown into great pecuniary difficulties by the failure of a firm. He struggled against the tide of misfortune for some months, but never gained any headway. Many of his friends advised him to put an end to his anxieties by one or other of those sharp, but sure practices, which the legislature had so neatly provided for all such evils. Nothing, however, was further from Hood's mind than the adoption of such plans, and he determined to wipe out his liabilities with his pen rather than with legal whitewash.

He, therefore, sold all his effects, and leaving every shilling with his wife, he procured an advance on his future labours and set out for Rotterdam in the *Lord Melville*. He had a fearful voyage, his body being racked by the pangs of seasickness, and his mind doubly distressed from the knowledge that his wife was very dangerously ill. This was the saddest thing about it, for it would be impossible to find a more united couple than Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hood. Hood attributed much of his illness to the mental and bodily strain he experienced during his journey to Rotterdam.

When he was settled, he wrote a long letter to his wife (always his first thought), telling her how the *Lord Melville* had been nearly swamped, and giving her instructions how to come out to him. He knew her delicate state of health, and it is wonderful how careful he was not to distress or frighten her. He told her that such storms only come once in seven years, and that unless she saw four men at the helm she must consider herself perfectly safe. When she saw four men at the helm she might anticipate some rather rough weather.

When S. T. Coleridge wrote to Charles Lamb criticising the anonymous "*Odes to Great Men*," he said that although this was a volume of personalities there was not one word or reference to be found in it at which any one could possibly take offence. This can be said indeed of every line written by Hood. He was one of the most sensitive of men, full of humour, and at the same time most careful not to hurt the feelings of either the rich or the poor. Nearly all his poems have some object in view, principally that of arousing sympathy for the oppressed. It has been said that his true character was never known; that he had greater ability than was ever shown in his writing, and that this deeper, purer tone was kept back on account of his poverty. He wrote for cash, and he was obliged to write to please the popular taste rather than express the true sentiments passing through his mind. It is a fact worth noting that those poems (I refer to humorous poems), which have caused most merriment were written during his saddest moments. He was decidedly unselfish, and, as I have said, had something to write for when he wrote.

It was dangerous to attempt a practical joke upon him, although he was himself an adept in the

business. His wife always placed the utmost confidence in him and never suspected the possibility of his joking with her. This confidence gave him good sport on one occasion. A certain fish-woman came to the house every day with plaice, and Mrs. Hood received instructions to inspect the fish very carefully before purchasing, and never to buy at any price fish which had bright red spots on it. Accordingly, the next time the old fish-woman came round, the plaice was carefully examined and Mrs. Hood refused to purchase it, saying that it might be fresh, but she could not think of taking it with those horrid red spots, for her husband had explained to her quite recently that when plaice was spotted all over the back in bright red patches it was a sure sign the fish was stale. The old woman's indignation at this remark brought the author of the joke near enough for his laugh to be heard by the two at the door and to reveal the joke. The fish was afterwards purchased, and although it was covered with bright red spots, it was very much enjoyed by both.

(To be continued.)

HOW SIR WALTER SCOTT STUDIED.

How one man, and a busy man, who had, moreover, nothing of the hermit about him, could possibly produce all these wonderful books along with all his other work in the time that he did may well, as you can suppose, have puzzled even those who knew him. Scott had, of course, a wonderful facility of composition. He wrote very fast, and when the subject suited him he undoubtedly wrote best that way. We have seen at what a white heat "Waverley" was composed. "Guy Mannering," again, in design and construction the best, I think, of all the novels was the work of a Christmas vacation, by way of what he used to call refreshing the machine when tired of the routine of the law courts. He was also a man of very regular habits and an assiduous observer of his favourite maxim never to be doing nothing; he had no unconsidered trifles of time; every moment was turned to account, and thus he had leisure for everything. So long as his health permitted he used to work in the early morning, so that by breakfast time he had, as he expressed it, broken the neck of the day's work. Often these were the only hours he could spare, when Abbotsford was full of company, as it commonly was, and however busy he might be, when his guests had to be entertained there was Scott, always ready for them, the gayest of the gay, as though he had nothing in his head but the amusement of the hour, and no more to do with writing books than the youngest and idlest of the party. But the real secret of the way in which he managed to combine quality with quantity lies in the phrase. "He was making himself all the time." One of his friends said once to him: "I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen work; but when is it that you think?" "Oh," answered Scott, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up; and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking thoughts—and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily." And in his journal there is a passage in which he contrasts his advantages over the host of imitators that his success had flooded the market with. "They may do their fooling with better grace," he says, "but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural"; he meant that they had to get their knowledge to write their books, while he wrote his books because he had got the knowledge. He had long ago, in short, made himself so thoroughly that when he sat down to his desk the ideas flowed as freely from his brain as the ink from his pen. "It commonly runs off pretty easily"; that it certainly did. I have seen some of his manuscripts, and they are marvels to look at—not exactly marvels of handwriting; indeed in that respect they bear a striking resemblance to certain other manuscripts you may perhaps have heard of by the name of *panas*. But the wonder of these sheets is that they are written almost wholly without erasures. Page after page the writing runs on exactly as you read it in print.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.



Montreal is becoming quite an amusement town, and the winter season promises to be a lively one in the way of professional and amateur entertainments. Not only have the two theatres provided a list of better-class attractions than ever before, but local, musical and dramatic organizations, which between them muster considerable talent, have been making great plans for the winter evenings.

The past week was a rather quiet one, however. "Captain Swift" at the Academy and "Out in the Streets" at the Royal drew their quota of admirers; but, besides these two attractions, very little was going on except Ragan's illustrated lectures. They were very interesting and filled the Queen's Hall every night. With Stoddard and Cromwell the lecturer forms a triumvirate that almost monopolizes this class of entertainments on the American continent, and of which Professor Ragan alone visits Canada.

Child actors are the thing nowadays, and a company of first-class people, assisted by an infantile phenomenon, will meet with success no matter what the piece presented may be. Plot or no plot, it matters not, as is proven by the latest production at the Academy—"Bootles' Baby." As a play it is a failure and much inferior to "Little Lord Fautleroy." But taken simply as a dramatic entertainment it was a great success, and certainly a spell of pure innocent amusement like that produced by Miss Claxton's company ought to be a pleasant variation of the average dramatic diet provided by nineteenth century playwrights and managers. As said before, the company is an excellent one. Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson was an ideal *Bootles*, and at the same time life-like enough to be real. It was a pity, of course, that Miss Claxton was not there, but Miss Edith Crane made an excellent substitute. As to Gertrude Homan (it would be a pity to call her "Miss"), there can be but one opinion. She has the happy faculty which so many grown-up actors lack—that of losing the person in the part to be played, and the natural unaffected way in which every word is spoken and every motion made is delightfully refreshing. The finding of the baby, which, by the way, came in for a great deal of kind attention, and the love-making between the young girl and Captain Lucy, which part was taken by Mr. C. W. Garthorne, were evidently the best scenes of the evening. The entire company played well, and the members must have been selected with care. Mr. Ramsay Morris, of "Tigress" fame, who has charge of the production, has staged the piece in excellent style, and those seeking for clean, wholesome theatrical amusement, should by all means pay their respects to "Bootles' Baby."

With a much-promising title, "The Arabian Nights," as presented at the Royal, is far from realizing the expectations of the anxious play-goer who visits it with dreams and memories of the beautiful spectacle of this name that was presented at the Chicago Opera House three years ago for the first time. It seems as if the people that run the show somehow or other managed to get hold of a few people engaged in the original production and thought this sufficient to draw. The Ronalds and the human dolls are really the only things worth noting, and even the latter are incomplete. Of course there are some pretty girls who show as much of their well-shaped forms as decency will permit, but the chorus is small and wretched; and the performance, which is announced by fac-simile printing of that of the original performance in the States, is little better than that of a second-rate variety show, and I doubt not that the managers of the theatre themselves were taken in. Charming "Corinne," the old favourite, will appear next week.

Amateur theatricals are becoming quite the rage. The first club to play this season was the Grand Trunk, who have cut themselves loose from the literary institute, and will give all their coming entertainments at their own risk. For the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund they played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" twice to large audiences. It is rather a pity that with the talent they have the members do not apply themselves to some better class of plays; but the reason therefor is probably to be found in the fact that their patrons and supporters enjoy the kind of melodrama which they put on, and their way of doing it is certainly very creditable. The next amateur performance has been advertised for Wednesday, to be given by the St. John Amateur Dramatic Club, as yet an unknown quantity, in aid of St. Margaret's Nursery. After that will come the opening performance of the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, which during the past season has not only added materially to the treasury of some very worthy charitable institutions, but has treated us to some excellent plays, produced in first-class style, considering that most of the players were novices. They have engaged a new large hall for rehearsals, and have laid out quite a programme for the season. The opening will be on the 14th of November in the Armory, and consist of a grand temperance entertainment in aid of Terra Nova Lodge I.O.G.T., No. 78. They will produce the "Social Glass," the great American Temperance drama, and the farce "The Artful Dodger." The M.A.A.A. Dramatic Club will open in December. It comprises at present over a hundred members, besides a regularly established patronage. In future it will only

give one public performance and a dress-rehearsal for members.

The musical events this week are confined to the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Club and the doings of the musical talent imported by the Halloween concert committee.

It is whispered that the musically-inclined students of McGill intend to spring a surprise upon the public which has been in preparation for some time.

A smoking concert for the benefit of the drum and bagge corps of the Vics will take place in the near future.

The Montreal Press Club have made up their minds to appear this winter as first class amusement caterers. Bill Nye and J. Whitcomb Riley will appear under their auspices in the Queen's Hall on the 15th and 16th of November, and Max O'Rell sometime in February.

A. DROMIO.

At Toronto there has of late been no lack of dramatic entertainment. At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House large audiences have witnessed the drama of "Harbour Lights," which was succeeded by B. Campbell's play, "The White Slave." The characters in the latter are spirited, the situations are striking, and the play, with a good company, maintains its popularity.

On November 4 Torontonians will have a treat in the presence of the Boston Symphony Club, with Miss Augusta Christom, the Swedish prima donna, and special European artistes, led by Mr. Alfred de Seve, at the Horticultural Pavilion.

At the same place the united bands of the Queen's Own and the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, gave an enjoyable entertainment on Thursday of last week. Mrs. McKelcan, of Hamilton, and Mr. Schuck, of Toronto, added considerably to the pleasure of the evening.

The preparations for the grand opening of Toronto's Academy of Music have of late been pushed on with energy. When our representative in Toronto visited the place a few days ago the confusion of the preceding weeks had been succeeded by the signs of order, denoting that the completion of the work was drawing near. The arrangements are of the most comprehensive nature, nothing being omitted that tends to make the audience comfortable. The curtain represents Toronto Bay, with the Island in the distance, and the ferry and other steamboats plying to and fro. It was painted by Mr. Baldwin, of Buffalo. The opening night on the 6th promises to be a grand occasion for Toronto music-lovers. We hope to let our readers have a full account of it.

M. T.

THE PANTHEIST.

He knows the name of every creeping thing
And every plant in all his country round,
And when and in what haunts it may be found.
To name a bird he needs but hear it sing.
He speculates what time it took a wing
To evolve and lift an eagle from the ground;
And scorning miracles, doth priests astound,
Saying Nature's laws can know no altering.

He reads the mystic story of the past
In hill and vale and rock, and says all life
Is one and flees from form to form from Death.
And man himself but part is of a vast
And universal energy, a breath
Of one great AM, with Nothingness at strife.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

What well-directed training-schools can accomplish is illustrated in the case of the dairy schools of Denmark. The Government has for years spent over \$50,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy products, and a lively demand for Danish butter. Within twenty years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$13,000,000 per annum.

LEGEND OF THE STONE OF SCONE.—The legend of the Fatal Stone of Scone relates that it was the pillow on which the patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel when he saw the vision of the ladder reaching to heaven. From Bethel the sons of Jacob carried the stone into Egypt. Thither came Gathelus the Greek, the son of Cecrops, the builder of Athens, who married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh; but being alarmed at the judgments pronounced against Egypt by Moses, who had not then crossed the Red Sea, he fled to Spain where he built the city of Brigantia. With him he took the Stone of Bethel, seated upon which "he gave laws and administered justice unto his people, thereby to maintain them in wealth and quietness." In after days there was a king in Spain named Milo, of Scottish origin; and one of his younger sons, named Simon Breck, beloved by his father beyond all his brothers, was sent to conquer Ireland with an army that he might reduce it to his dominion, which he did and reigned there many years. His prosperity was due to a miracle, for when his ships lay off the coast of Ireland, as he drew in his anchors the famous stone was hauled up with the anchors into the ship. Received as a precious boon from heaven, it was placed upon the sacred Tarah, where it was called *Lia-fail*, the "Fatal Stone," and gave the ancient name of *Innis-fail*, or the "Island of Destiny" to the kingdom. On the hill of Tarah, Irish antiquaries maintain that the real stone still remains.—*Selma, in Ocean Telegraph*.

HUMOUROUS.

WHEN an Englishman wants office he "stands" for it and then "sits." Americans run and lie.

"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little son (after meditation): "I'd rather be Edison." "Yes? Why?" "Cause he ain't dead."

HE HAD PROSPECTS.—Little sister: Ma wants you, Sammy. Where've you been? Sammy: Fishin'. Little sister: Did you catch anything? Sammy (sadly): Nothin' 't all. Little sister (reassuringly): Oh, but you will when you get home.

FIRST QUARTER: "Please brush my hair, Carissima; your dimpled, darling fingers know the deffest way." Full moon: "Sadie, dear, I wish you would brush off my coat. You are more expert with the whisk than I am." Last quarter: "Sarah, brush the mud off my trousers there, will you? I got all splashed last night." New moon: "Say, do be a little quicker with those shoes. I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

A young lady who has recently finished her studies in Paris, and who is very proficient in French, was writing to a Boston friend one day. She was describing the progress of an affaire du cœur of a gentleman friend, the object of whose affections was not very responsive. The gentleman's mode of expressing his devotion had proved very interesting to the writer and in referring to the subject, she casually remarked: "L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher"—ordinarily translated as meaning "Love and smoke are unable to conceal themselves." Her Boston friend, on receipt of the letter, got out her French grammar, and by its friendly aid succeeded in rendering the quotation as follow "Honesty is the best policy."

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TOO INQUISITIVE.

TRAVELLER, in waiting room of railway station, to caretaker:

"Is it allowed to smoke here?"

CARETAKER: "No, sir."

TRAVELLER: "Then where do all these cigar butts come from?"

CARETAKER: "From the gentlemen as didn't ask, sir!"

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

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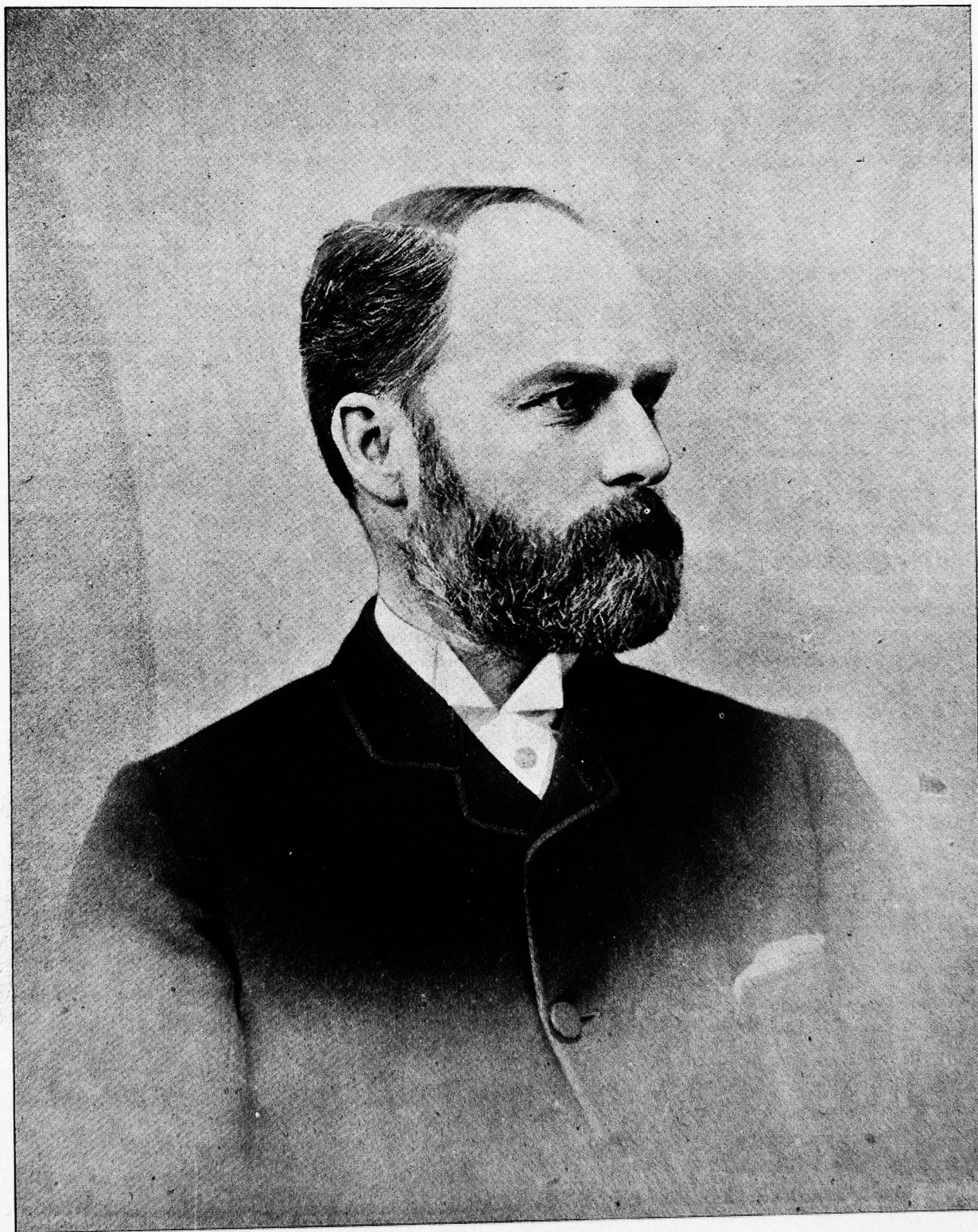
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(REGISTERED.)

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9th NOVEMBER, 1889.



The late Hon. Alexander Morris played an important part in bringing about the preliminary negotiations which led up to the passage of the British North America Act. To him was assigned the delicate task of mediating between the two parties at the most critical stage of deadlock into which the union régime had developed. The duty was one for which he was well fitted, both as a man of moderate views and as one of the earliest and most earnest advocates of federation. It was after the resignation of the Macdonald-Dorion and the formation of the Taché-Macdonald ministry in the spring of 1864. The new government had a bare majority, and, like its predecessor, was too weak to carry on the business of the country. A motion of censure on the member of a former Conservative government, for a proceeding with which the actual administration had nothing to do, though it assumed the responsibility of it, transferred the majority of two to the other side, and once more the "ins" were thrust out. It was evident that, if such a see-saw continued, no legislation was possible. On the evening of the day on which the ministry was defeated, Mr. Morris, who had supported it, met Mr. George Brown, in company with the late Hon. J. H. Pope, and proposed that a compromise should be attempted. Mr. Brown, who had just handed in a report as chairman of a committee on the situation, spoke of the feeling in favour of some plan of federation. Mr. Morris, with Mr. Brown's consent, communicated what had been said to Messrs. Macdonald and Galt. The next day the latter had an interview with Mr. Brown at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, which resulted in the famous coalition that heralded Confederation.

In a lecture delivered by Mr. Morris before the Mercantile Library Association of this city so long ago as the 13th of March, 1858, he had clearly foreshadowed the confederation of the provinces. The very title is a prophecy: "Nova Britannia, or the Consolidation of the British North American Provinces into the Dominion of Canada." In that lecture, Mr. Morris, after dwelling on the extent and importance of the British North American Provinces, and sketching the plan of union which Haliburton had already foreshadowed, added these assuring words: "And that they will be so united, in firm and indissoluble alliance, I have no manner of doubt. Already the prospect is engaging the attention of thinking men, and Canada and Acadia have begun to stretch out their hands to each other." Before ten years Mr. Morris's forecast had its realization, and it was meet and right that he who had cherished the hope should also be one

of the chief actors in its fulfilment. The lecture, from which we have quoted, a later one on the North-West, read before the same association, and several speeches and addresses delivered on various occasions, all bearing directly or indirectly on the same great question, were reprinted some years ago in a volume, which may be consulted with profit.

If the condemnation of one of our contemporaries to damages of \$500 for applying the term "Orangeman" to a politician in circumstances which made the impression thus conveyed likely to injure him in the estimation of a portion of the public, will have the effect of putting a stop to certain excesses of party journalism, the judge who pronounced the sentence will have conferred a benefit on the press and on the public. The paper, which has been made an example of, was by no means the worst offender in this kind of recrimination, of which, unhappily, few of our *confrères* can claim to be entirely guiltless.

In a series of articles contributed to *La Minerve*, M. Telesphore Bran undertakes to show under what conditions the culture of sugar beet and the manufacture of beet sugar may be conducted successfully in Canada. He thinks a mistake was made at the outset in 1880, when three companies were started instead of a single strong one. As it was, one after the other of those establishments had to close its doors, and the consequence is that to-day the beet industry has to overcome all sorts of prejudices and difficulties before it can make good its footing on our soil. Mr. Bran attributes the failure to inexperience on the part of the organizers, waste of capital, which was insufficient in the first place, and exceptionally unfavourable weather in the opening year, which ruined a large part of the crop and caused considerable loss to investors.

Mr. Arthur Defosses (also in *La Minerve*) suggests that the Laurentides could be turned to economic account by the creation of orchards and the culture of the wild vine on the southern slopes, while that of the north might be used for pasturing goats, of the wool-bearing species common in Russia. In this way, he urges, not a square inch of ground would be lost, and the productive forces of the country would be largely augmented. The experiment is certainly worth a trial.

Monseigneur Bossé, Prefect Apostolic of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has made an earnest and pathetic appeal on behalf of the suffering people of his jurisdiction who have been sorely afflicted through the failure of the fisheries. A certain proportion of the population had been induced by His Lordship to seek less isolated parts of the country where they may have a chance of procuring work. But for those who remain the quantity of provisions on hand is far from being sufficient to tide over the winter. Help is, therefore, urgently needed, and as the season during which Labrador is accessible is almost over, Monseigneur Bossé calls upon the benevolently disposed to send their contributions without delay. The Prefecture of the Gulf comprises the region between Hudson's Bay and the Atlantic and between the St. Lawrence, from Portneuf river, and Hudson's strait, as well as the Island of Anticosti.

It is satisfactory to know, on good authority, that the reports circulated some time ago as to the hostile relations between the Newfoundlanders of the French shore and the French fishermen—and especially as to the outrages which the latter were

alleged to have committed—were without foundation. On this point the address delivered not long since by the Hon. Judge Pinsent to the Grand Jury of Bay St. George leaves no room for doubt. His Lordship does not hesitate to pronounce the whole story a gross fabrication, invented for the purpose of making it appear that the position of the coast inhabitants in the face of French aggression was intolerable. Judge Pinsent does not deny that the subsisting treaty arrangements are a source of perpetual irritation, but he is happy to be able to state that neither of the nationalities concerned has resorted to violence or broken the law.

A VEXED QUESTION.

The separate school question which is once more under discussion, was the occasion of sharp controversy under the régime of the Union. The system, first recognized in the Act of 1841, was a compromise—the only compromise possible under the circumstances. Under French domination, whatever provision had been made for the education of the young was supplied by the clergy. In his excellent historical digest of the legislation on public instruction in Canada, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau informs us that the first steps towards the establishment of schools in New France were due to the Recollet Fathers, and that to Brother Pacifique Duplessis belongs the distinction of being the first teacher of the colony. With him are associated in honour Brother Charles (Pierre Langoissieux) and Father LeCaron. Father Lejeune, Madame la Peltrie and Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, at Quebec, and Sister Bourgeois, under the direction of M. de Maisonneuve, at Montreal, began the instruction both of European and Indian children. M. Laroche-Heron in his interesting work, "Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada," gives, on the authority of the late M. Jacques Viger, the names of the first pupils who attended school in the city. These young people, who head a long and ever enlarging list, were Jeanne Loysel and Jean Desroches. From the middle of the 17th century there was always fair provision for the training of the children of well-to-do parents and for the demands of higher education. The germ of the institution, which was eventually to develop into Laval University, was created in 1637, so that Canada can boast of a seat of learning as old as, if not older than, any on this continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. In 1663 Bishop Laval founded the Grand Séminaire of Quebec, and in 1668 the Petit Séminaire came into being. A sort of art and industrial school was also established by that strong-willed prelate. The Seminary of St. Sulpice in this city dates from 1647, but the College of Montreal is of much later date. Under the old régime there was full provision for the education of young ladies. Twelve years before the conquest the Sisters of the Congregation had schools in twelve different places. Though a long period intervened between the early educational services of the Recollets and their resumption after the interruption caused by Kirk's capture of Quebec, they played a prominent part as teachers in the later generations of the old régime. We must not omit mention of the institute of the Frères Charon, founded in 1688, which looked after the children of the poor and helpless.

Though nothing like the far-reaching modern system was in existence under French rule—de-

pendence being chiefly placed on voluntary effort and mostly on the benevolence of the religious orders—it will easily be understood that the violent break with old traditions and usages induced by the transfer of Canada to England set all the educational arrangements at sixes and sevens. The suppression of the Jesuits both by the Pope and the Crown of England, did away with the most important aid to public instruction among King George's "new subjects." For years there was much debate, but nothing was done. The commission of Lord Dorchester revealed the urgent need of common schools. It was represented to the authorities that the Jesuits' Estates, having been designed for the promotion of education, they should be restored to their original purpose. Promises were given, but for a long time no action was taken. Many attempts at school legislation were made during the first third of the present century. In "Old and New Canada" there is an interesting sketch of the services of the public-spirited Joseph François Perrault to the cause of educational reform. It was to private initiative, indeed, the people had mainly to look for whatever educational advantages were accessible for the three-quarters of a century after the cession of Canada to England. Demand generally provokes supply. So we find that the upper classes had good schools at their disposal. Quebec, Montreal, and, after the Loyalist settlement, Upper Canada, had classical schools, taught mostly by clergymen. In the Maritime Province like provision was made for the wealthy. Nova Scotia can boast of the oldest university—King's College, Windsor, having been founded in 1788. A university was also projected for York, of which Dr. Strachan (afterwards Bishop of Toronto) was to have been the head.

But it was only by slow degrees that the necessity of providing some scheme of public instruction by which the whole mass of the population would benefit was brought home to both the people and their rulers. Upper Canada, it is true, passed a Common School Act as early as 1816, but it was not till long after that the first signs of the present efficient administration began to show themselves in any of the provinces. Of discussion there was enough and more than enough, the Jesuits' Estates coming in now and then for a share of it. The union of the Canadas made some compromise necessary on the question of religious instruction. The measure proved unsatisfactory for several reasons, and in a few years it was repealed. The story of educational progress in this province during the first fourteen years of the union régime is told very fully in his "Mémorial" by the late Dr. Meilleur, Superintendent of Education during that period, while his successor, the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, has, in his "Instruction Publique," long since a standing authority in Europe as well as America, covered the whole range of educational history in all the provinces. It was not until the year 1855 that the Separate Schools question was finally set at rest in Ontario. In this province it never reached so sharp a pitch of wrangling as that which characterized the correspondence between the late Dr. Ryerson and the Roman Catholic Bishops. Once this burning question was disposed of, it was generally conceded that the educational system of Canada was equal to any that the civilizations of the Old World had developed. Both the Rev. Dr. Ryerson and the Hon. Mr. Chauveau visited Europe several times to inspect the educa-

tional departments of France, Germany and Great Britain, and both gentlemen have left ample records of their tours and the results attained. After the passage of the British North America Act, each province was entrusted with the charge of its own educational interests. In 1871 the New Brunswick Legislature passed an Education Act, which swept away all provision for separate schools on the ground of religion. The protests of the minority proving of no avail, appeal was made to the Dominion Government, and thus the question was removed to the stage of Dominion politics. But it was decided that the matter lay within the jurisdiction of the local legislature.

The policy of the Manitoba Government renews the agitation of this vexed problem in a portion of the Dominion where not long since such a controversy would have been the last thing looked for. In no part of Canada—of the world, indeed—had conflicts of religious opinion proved so susceptible of reconciliation through moderation and mutual forbearance as in the prairie province. Its school law was praised in England as marked by good sense, and its university was cited again and again as evidence of what could be accomplished for the maintenance of good will and the highest advantage of the public when persons of different creeds came together—not to sacrifice any cherished convictions—but to ascertain on what points they could honestly and fruitfully agree. The act, which though repeatedly modified in successive years, is the basis of the system, was passed in the first session of the Provincial Legislature in 1871. It appointed one Board of Education, with two sections, each having a superintendent of its own. Save in this last feature, its model was the Quebec school law. The university, with its Roman Catholic, Anglican and Presbyterian colleges, was pronounced by an English review a marvel of conciliation. In a "Mémoire" (in French) prepared for the Colonial Exhibition of 1887, the writer states that the utmost harmony prevails between the two sections; and the author of the Protestant report is equally emphatic in directing attention to the "almost entire absence of the friction and disagreement that have marked the progress of education in some of the sister provinces." Nor, till a few months ago, did we hear of any change in these harmonious relations between the two sections. But the fiat has gone forth and, for good or evil, the North-West is about to follow the example of New Brunswick.

THE POST-CARD SYSTEM.

It is not many years since the post-card came into use, yet it has become all over Europe and this continent a very common means of communication. On the other side of the line, it is said, over 100,000,000 cards are used a year. Each country has a style of card peculiar to itself, and each has its formula as to where the address is to be written. This has given rise at times to a good deal of discussion among grammarians and newspaper writers. As a matter of curiosity the various legends may here be noted: Canada: "The address to be written on this side." United States: "Nothing but the address to be on this side." England: "The address only to be written on this side." France: "This side is exclusively reserved for the address." Germany: "Only for the address." Spain: "On this side is written only the address (foreign). What is to be written will be done on the opposite side, and will go signed by the sender (home)." Switzerland: "Only for the address (in German). Side reserved for the address in Italian and French." Italy: "N.B. On this side nothing is to be written save the address only." Sweden: "This side reserved for the address." Denmark: "On this side write only the address." Russia: "This side reserved especially for the address." Holland: "Side reserved for address." Hungary, Belgium and a few other countries make no specifications, but throw out unequivocal hints that you "must write only the address on this side."



Mr. Edison claims that he is already on the track of the secret which will directly convert an original equivalent in nature, such as coal, into power without the mediation of the dynamo. If he succeeds,—and he has achieved problems which looked at one time but little less startling,—it may become a revolution as great as that effected by James Watt, and make a new departure in the construction and development of the ocean liner.

A welcome addition has just been made to the Zoological Society's collection of living animals in the shape of a fine young female Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchelli*). The society had already a pair of the much rarer true zebra (*Equus zebra*). This recent acquisition gives them a pair of the first-named species also. In a very few years under the quickly advancing tide of immigration, both these beautiful representatives of the horse tribe will be utterly extinct in Africa.

Prof. Hartley, of London, has been trying to find out why the sky is blue. His experiments show that the colour arises from the action of ozone upon the rays of light. The results of his examination of ozoned air go to prove that it is impossible for rays of light to pass through so little as five miles of air without the rays being coloured sky-blue by the ozone commonly present, and "that the blue of objects viewed on a clear day at greater distances up to thirty-five or fifty miles must be almost entirely the blueness of the ozone in the air." In his laboratory experiments, he observed that the quantity of ozone giving a full sky-blue in a tube only two feet in length is two and a half milligrammes in each square centimetre of sectional area in the tube.

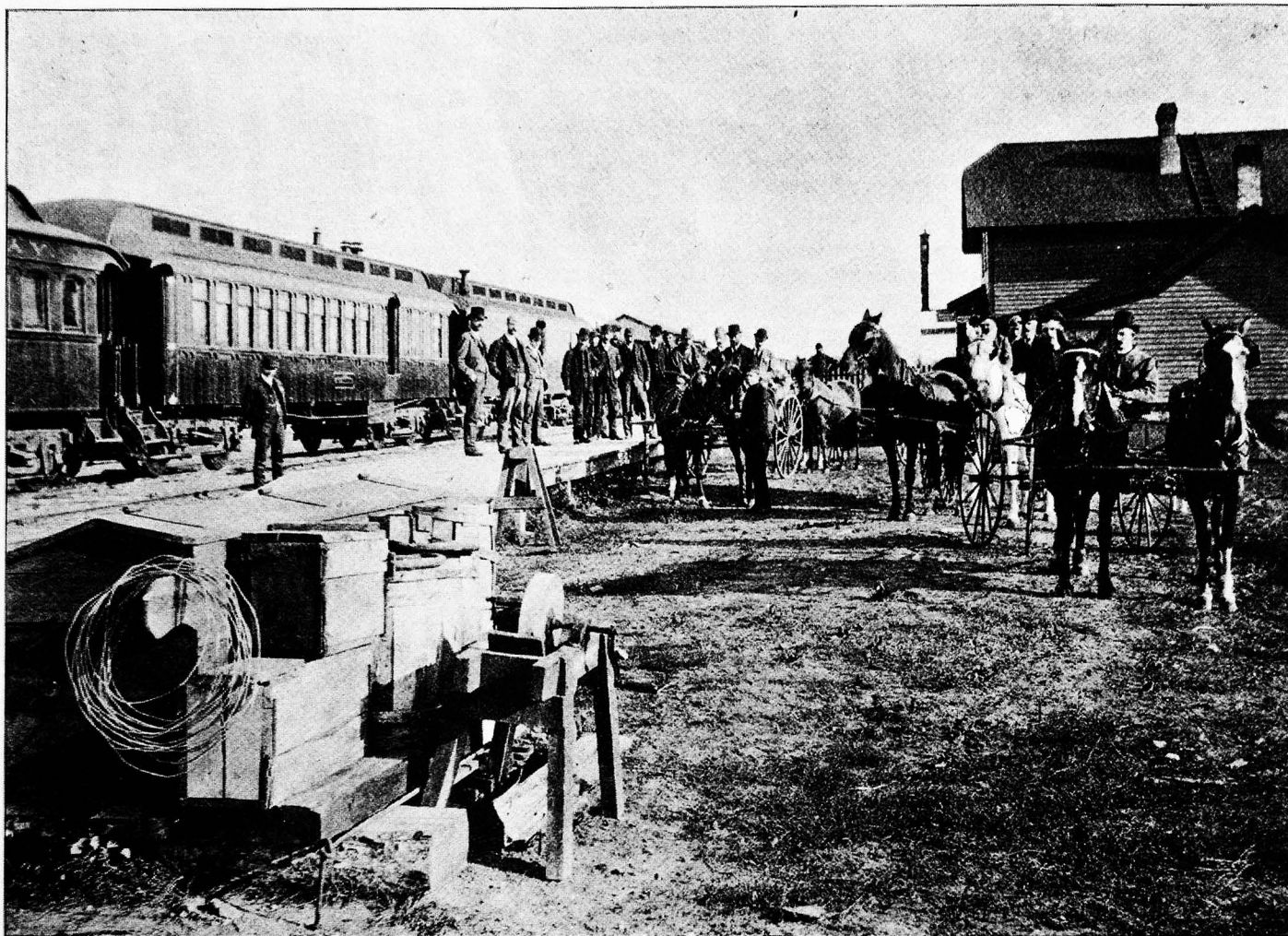
A new process of hardening plaster, so as to make it available for the construction of floors in place of wood, has been brought before the French Academy of Science by M. Julte. A mixture of six parts of plaster of good quality and one part of finely sifted, recently slaked white lime is employed like ordinary plaster. After it has become thoroughly dry, the object manufactured from it is saturated with a solution or any sulphate whatever whose base is precipitated in an insoluble form by lime. The sulphates specially recommended for the purpose are those of iron and zinc. In order to obtain the maximum of hardness and tenacity, it is necessary to temper the limed plaster well in as brief a space of time as possible, and with no more water than is strictly necessary.

The Ceylon papers announce the death of an elephant named Sella, which had served the Public Works Department for over 65 years, and had worked in various parts of the island under different circumstances for an unknown period. Originally Sella belonged to the last of the Kings of Kandy, Sri Wickrema Raja Singha, and was one of about 100 elephants which passed to the British Government in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty was overthrown and the whole island passed under British rule. It was supposed that Stella was 15 years of age at this time, but this is surmise. His two friends, with which he usually worked, and which fell to the Government at the same time, died 25 years ago. In 1880 it was decided to sell all the elephants belonging to the Public Works Department, and Sella fell to a well-known resident of Colombo, Mr. de Soysa. The animal was a tusk, very docile, and worked steadily all his life. It aided in several *kaddah* operations for the capture and taming of wild elephants, but became totally blind about three years ago. Notwithstanding this, he continued to work at the plough until within a short time of his death. After death the tusks were removed and measured five feet in length, the height of the animal being eight feet. He was well-known to successive generations of British residents in Colombo.

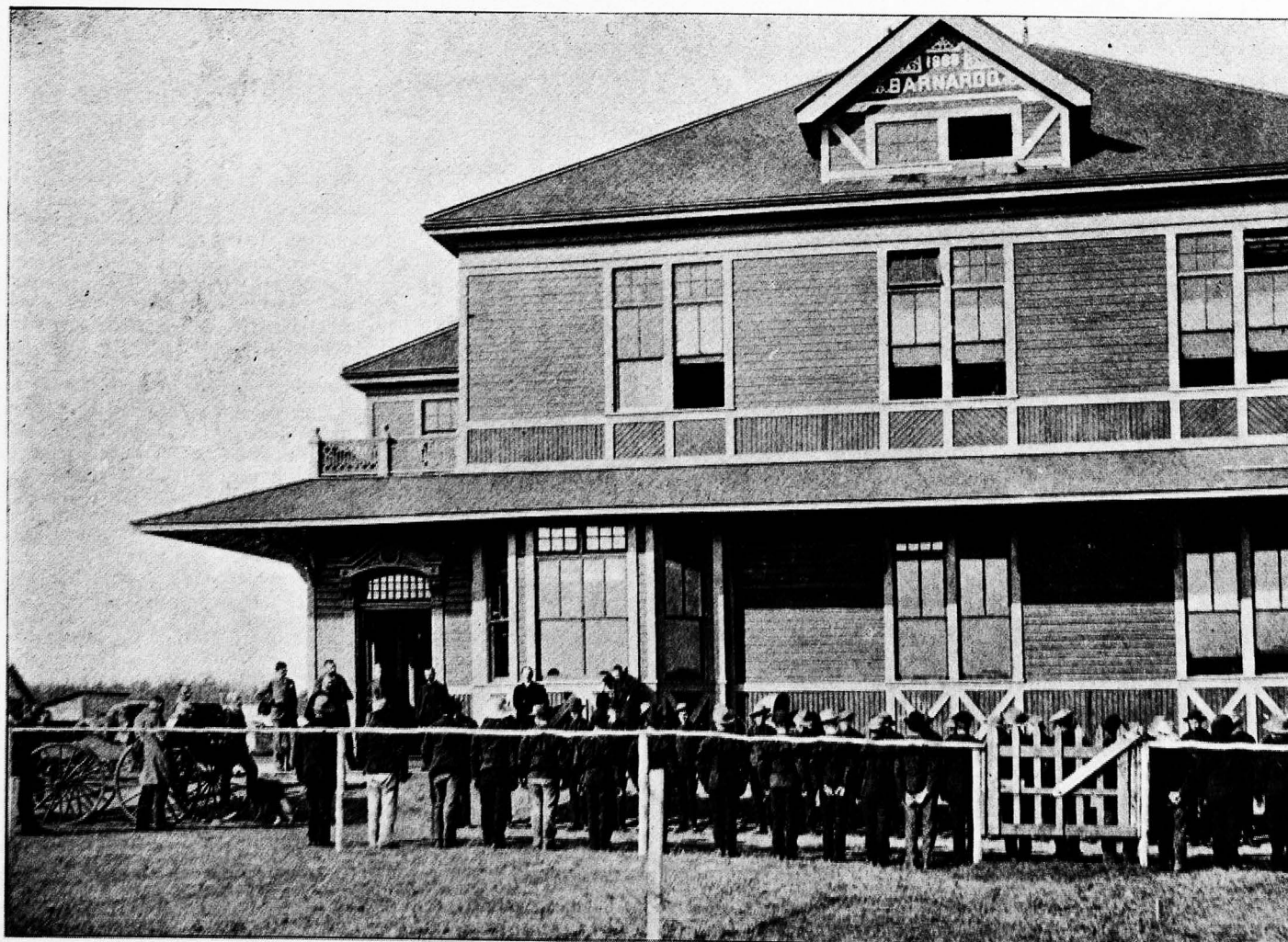
DELTA.—Of the formation of a delta an admirable instance is offered to us in the Lake of Geneva. At the upper end of the lake the Rhone enters discoloured by mud; but when it leaves the lake its waters are a transparent blue—the mud has been deposited in the lake. As this has been going on for centuries we may expect to find some evidence of the work of the river. This is given us in the alluvial tract which stretches from the head of the lake for some six or seven miles. It is a marshy plain, higher than the level of the water, and occupying what was once the bed of the lake. If this state of things continues the Rhone will entirely fill up the lake. The rate of the advance of the delta may be gathered from the fact that the Roman town, Portus Valesia, which stood on the margin of the lake, is now more than a mile and a half inland, the river having added to its delta this quantity in about eight centuries. The delta of the Mississippi has an area of 12,300 square miles. The river brings down 1-1321 of its weight of solid matter, or more than 6,000,000,000 cubic feet annually; yet such is the vast size of the delta that Sir Charles Lyell computes it has been in the course of formation for 33,500. The Ganges performs even a greater work of transportation. In the four rainy months, at 500 miles from its mouth, it was found to bear seawards 577 cubic feet of solid matter a second! Its annual discharge has been computed to be 6,368,077,440 cubic feet—an amount of matter equal in weight to sixty Great Pyramids of Egypt, although the base of that immense pile covers eleven acres, and its apex is 500 feet above the level of the plain.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT TO MANITOBA.

Steele & Wing, photo., Winnipeg.



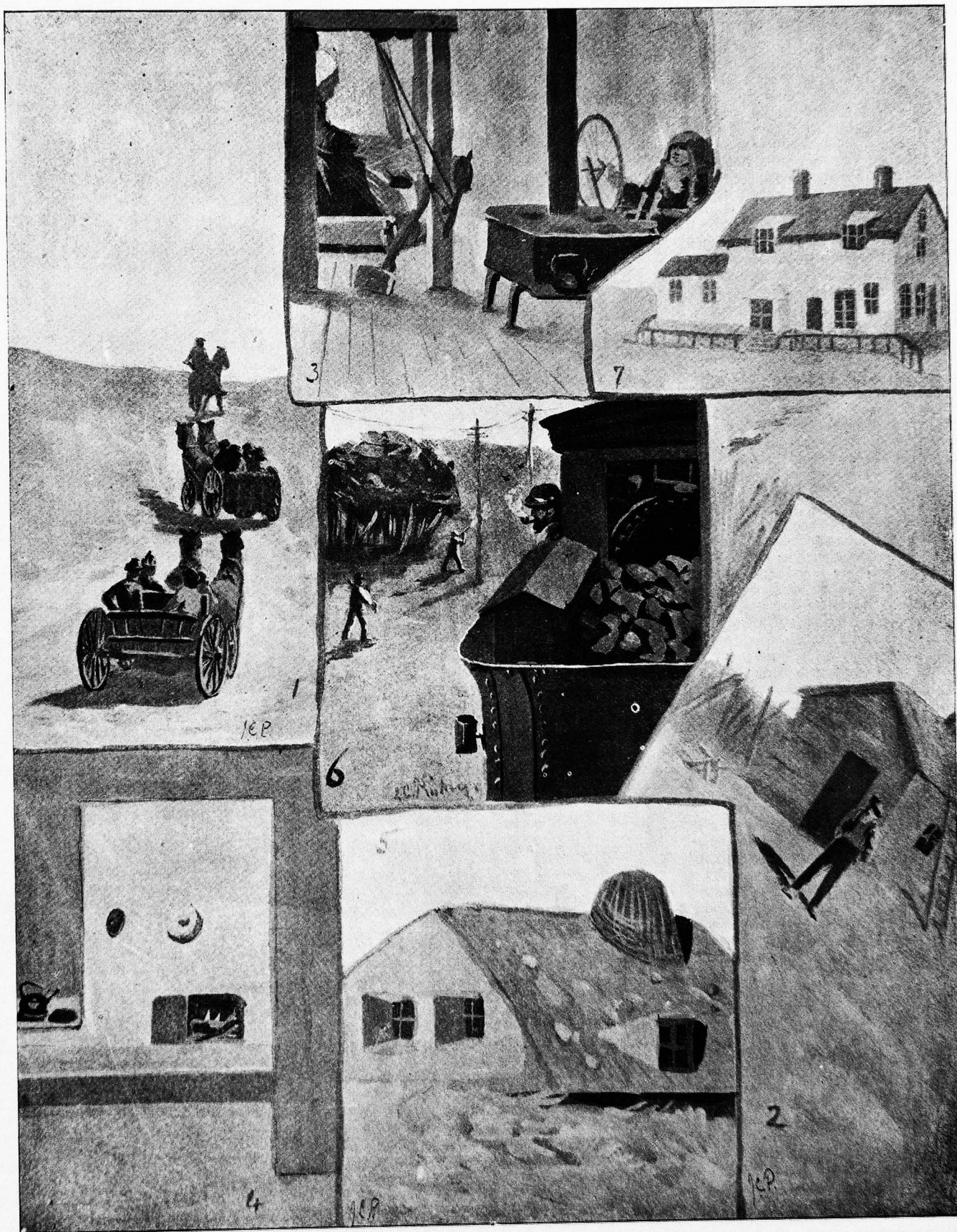
ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY AT RUSSELL, MAN.



RECEPTION AT DR. BARNARDO'S HOME, RUSSELL, MAN.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT TO MANITOBA.

Sketches by the way, communicated by H. J. Woodside of *The Manitoba Liberal*, Portage La Prairie.



1. On the way from Salteoats to the Crofter Settlement. 2. A Crofter's House, near Salteoats. 3. Interior of Crofter's Home; Old Hand Loom, brought over from the Island of Harris. 4. Russian Oven, in House near Salteoats. 5. Russian House, of Wattles and Clay, mostly sunk in ground. 6. Shooting Prairie Chicken. 7. Binscarth House.

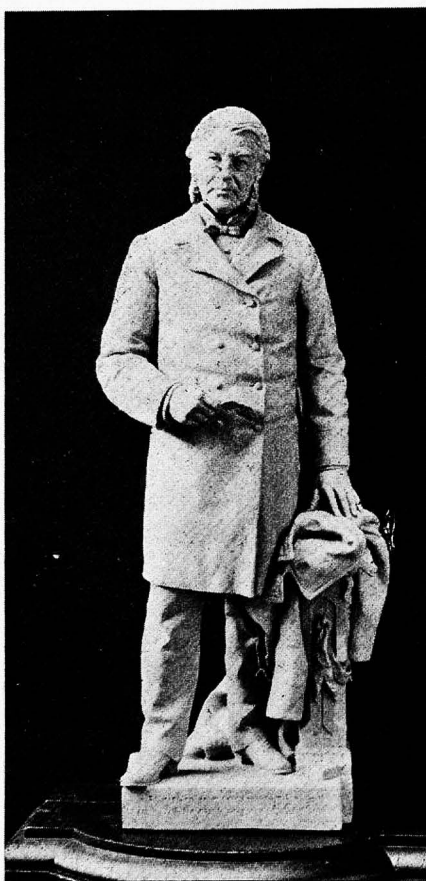
OUR ENGRAVINGS

ROBERT SEDGEWICK, ESQUIRE, Q.C., DEPUTY MINISTER OF JUSTICE.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, is a Scotchman by birth, having been born in Aberdeen on the 10th May, 1848. His father, the Rev. Robert Sedgewick, D.D., was born in Paisley, Scotland, was a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, and for several years pastor of the Belmont-street U. P. Church, Aberdeen. In 1849 Dr. Sedgewick came to Nova Scotia, and was inducted as the minister of the congregation of Musquodoboit, where he died in 1885. He was the author of several works which, at the time of their publication, attracted considerable attention; among others, that on "The Proper Sphere and Influence of Women in Christian Society" and "Amusements for Youth." Mr. Robert Sedgewick entered as an undergraduate of Dalhousie College, Halifax, N.S., in November, 1863, where he obtained the degree of B.A. in May, 1867. In 1868 he commenced the study of law in the office of the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, then Premier of Ontario, at Cornwall, and in November, 1872, he was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia in May, 1873, in which province he practised his profession until his appointment as Deputy Minister of Justice in February, 1888. In 1886 Mr. Sedgewick was made a Q.C. by the Dominion Government, and in 1885 was appointed Recorder of the city of Halifax. He was for four years an alderman of the city of Halifax, and for two terms Commissioner of Schools for that city. For several years he held the position of president of the Alumni Association of Dalhousie College and that of a Governor of the University. He was also a lecturer on Equity-Jurisprudence in connection with the Dalhousie Law School, and in 1886 was vice-president of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society. For some years he was secretary of the North British Society, and eventually became its president. In 1874 he unsuccessfully contested the County of Halifax in the Conservative interest for the Local Legislature. The position of Deputy Minister of Justice, now held by Mr. Sedgewick, is one of the most important in the Civil Service, his duty being, in conjunction with the Minister of Justice, to act as legal adviser to all the departments of the Government, so that it may be said that the Minister and himself are practically responsible for the conduct of all legal matters with which any department of the Government has to do. It is also his province, in conjunction with the Minister of Justice, to advise the Governor-General in cases involving the exercise of the prerogative power in relation to the pardoning of criminals. Mr. Sedgewick is very popular with the members of his profession, and since his appointment to the Department of Justice has won golden opinions, not only from those of the public with whom he has had to do business for the promptness and soundness of his decisions on matters referred to him, but also from those officials of the various departments of the Government who have come in contact with him and had experience of his accessibility and never failing courtesy.

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.—This is a fair example of Sir E. Landseer's genius in a branch of animal painting, to which, though it did not bring him his highest triumphs, he from an early period devoted thoughtful and loving study. He paid his first visit to the Highlands in 1824, his friend, C. R. Leslie, accompanying him. The first fruit of the tour was "Taking a Buck," and from that date a class of his admirers, which lacked neither number nor influence, showed a marked interest in his Scottish, and especially in his deer pictures. Nor, apart from business motives, was he without sympathy for a taste which he had done so much to create, and which he was expected to gratify. His frequent journeys northward yielded, it is true, a variety of other work, but such pictures as "The Stag at Bay," "Deer in Repose," "Deer Browsing," "Night and Morning," (which won the gold medal of the Paris Exposition of 1855), and the spirited painting reproduced in our engraving, show that the mastery which he possessed in the portrayal of other forms of animal life comprised an intimate acquaintance with "The Monarch of the Glen." His insight into the character of animals was wonderful. He had a philosophy of zoology—as a French writer terms it—which, though largely due to intuition—to a fellow feeling which embraced "all things both great and small," enabled him to depict, with truthfulness which no mere naturalist could attain, the expression and attitude consonant with every emotion in the face and limbs of creatures the most diverse. Critics tell us, indeed, that his later works lacked precision and that elaboration of detail which the highest artistic excellence demands. But late or early Edwin Landseer was himself—the man who knew animals and could, therefore, show others what they were and, if we had not the fear of Prof. Müller before our eyes, we might almost say what they thought. "The Monarch of the Glen" belongs to Landseer's transition period, having been produced in 1851.

IN SITKA HARBOUR, ALASKA.—This engraving, from a sketch by Miss Merritt, gives a good impression of the scene that forms the threshold of the capital of Alaska. This northern region is a land of sharp contrasts. The tourist meets with a constant succession of phenomena and

physical features that he never would have expected. Should the steamer on which he cruises come, for example, to an anchorage in Sitka Sound, he will be startled by the novel, picturesque and many-sided character of the spectacle disclosed to him. The first view of the little metropolis is sure to make a favourable impression. On the one hand are the glistening waters of the bay studded with countless rocky, moss-covered inlets, on which there is barely soil enough to keep standing the miniature spruce and fir trees that represent the sub-arctic vegetation; beyond rises the peak of Mount Edgecumbe, almost a perfect cone, save that it has been truncated near the summit so as to leave a round mesa, instead of an apex; the adventurous climber who takes a nearer aspect of it will discover the bowl of a volcano some 200 feet deep, and about 2,000 in diameter. On the other hand we will see Baranof Castle, the old residence of Russian viceroys, with the emerald dome of the Orthodox Church at no great distance, and away in the background the grim heights of the Vostovia and its brother mountains. The visitor will see much that is calculated to provoke his curiosity, and he will be at no loss for volunteer *ciceroni*, for the Sitka community delights in strangers and its prominent members are only too glad to give information to those who seek it.



STATUETTE OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

STATUETTE OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER.—We are glad to present our readers with an engraving, from a photograph by Notman, of this fine work of art. The sculptor, Mr. Hébert, is well known as the producer of some of the best sculpture and statuary that Canada has yet been favoured with. He has put into the statuette in question the same thought, skill and elaboration of detail which have won him so high and wide a reputation in the world of art. Those who know Sir Charles Tupper will at once acknowledge how characteristic it is in expression and attitude. The escutcheon which rests beside the figure, and bears the family coat-of-arms, adds to the interest of the piece. The Hon. Hector Fabre, who represents Canada in Paris, pronounces this statuette a fine work of art. It was he who made the arrangements with Sir Charles Tupper to give sittings. Mr. W. C. Archibald, a native of Wolfville, N.S., who brings it out, is at present engaged in the business department of the *Journal of Commerce*. In a letter, to us, he thus refers to Sir Charles Tupper: "In the good old colony days, we, as young men, had our gaze southward arrested and directed west to a new Dominion, stretching to the Pacific Coast, by the able advocacy of our leader. This appealed to our highest sense of patriotism. Since then a territory, nearly equal in area to the United States, rolling its harvest of wealth eastward and westward to the sea, has been added to a domain of which the vastness and richness profoundly impress us. This work of unification has been a peaceful triumph, and in Sir Charles Tupper we recognize the true patriot and statesman."

THE CHAMBER CONCERT.—This engraving, from the painting of E. Schwenninger, jr., is in that artist's happiest style, and is thoroughly characteristic of the period which it is intended to depict. The two gentlemen who are playing the violin and the cello are clearly amateurs who think well of themselves, and the ladies who listen are not displeased with the performance. The costumes suggest Versailles in the later years of the great Louis or in the early years of his successor's reign.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT RUSSELL, MANITOBA.—This engraving is from a sketch of the reception at Russell, one of the loveliest spots in Manitoba. His Excellency and party arrived there on Saturday morning, September 28. The village nestles in a valley which might serve for that of Rasselas. It is, perhaps, the most northern railway station in Canada. The neighbourhood abounds in game fowl, both of land and aquatic species, and the Hon. Edward Stanley, accompanied by Mr. Baker, had a few hours' good sport (see engraving). On behalf of the county of Russell, of which the village is the *chef lieu*, Mayor Boulton presented the following address to His Excellency, in which, after warm expressions of loyalty, the growth of the settlement was thus sketched: "Nine years ago the hand of agricultural industry was unknown in this part of Canada, and had you the time we could now drive you through prosperous settlements where the virgin soil is being made to produce the necessities of mankind and from whence our products are transported to the markets of the world, and where few of the advantages of social organizations are wanting. Although most of us when we first settled had to drive all the way from the city of Winnipeg with our ox-teams, covering a tedious journey of from two or three weeks with our stores and supplies; you, by making the same journey in a few hours, have to-day seen some of the evidences of railway progress that is so essential to our success. We beg to wish you and Lady Stanley a pleasant trip and a safe return, and we feel sure that in your journey to the Pacific Ocean, through the vast country over which you preside, you will realize what opportunities there are to create comfortable and contented homes for millions of people, the great facilities that exist for agricultural and mining development, and the lustre that the peopling of this extensive region is destined to reflect upon the British empire in the future history of the world. His Excellency, in fitting terms, acknowledged the heartiness of the welcome which, as Her Majesty's representative, he had received, and also the kindness of the remarks as far as they concerned Lady Stanley and himself personally. He congratulated them on the abounding signs of prosperity that he saw all around, on the railway facilities and other advantages that they enjoyed and on the wondrous development of their manifold resources. His Excellency then shook hands with the magnates of the village and vicinity who had come to offer their respects.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOME.—From Russell, after the Rev. Messrs. Drummond and Shaw, Dr. Wright, Mr. E. A. Struthers, Mr. Clee and others had been presented to him. His Excellency was driven a distance of four miles to Dr. Barnardo's Home. The object of the institutions which that well known philanthropist has organized as branches in Canada of his London establishment, is, as our readers are aware, the industrial training of young people, who, if left uncared for, would be likely to grow up in the paths of vice or crime. The Russell edifice occupies a commanding position on one of those elevations which give variety to the North-Western landscape. On reaching the place, the inmates, sixty-four in number, were paraded in double lines, a bugle giving warning of the approach of the vice-regal party. The chief officials of the institution, Mr. and Mrs. Struthers, the Rev. Mr. Drummond and Mr. Kemp, met His Excellency on the veranda of the Home, and Mr. Kemp read an address in which the work of the Home was illustrated by the example of those who had prospered after leaving it. "That we have been happily located," it went on, "will be apparent to Your Excellency at a glance. In a picturesque district, where all the landscapes are beautiful to the eye, we command in our farm an area of some 8,000 acres, all the requisites for general farming on a large scale, dark, rich, loamy soil, well-drained, carrying in its uncultivated state a rich pasturage, wood in abundance fit for fuel, hay land from which we secure our winter forage, and last, but not least, an ample supply of cold water in rocky strata found some 25 feet below the surface." The advisability of introducing military organization was also touched upon, and it was hoped that His Excellency would favour such a proposal. His Excellency replied in appropriate terms, dwelling upon the advantages which the fine, healthy-looking lads before him enjoyed in this great, free, fertile country, and reminded the latter of the gratitude they owed to their benefactor. Led by Mr. Struthers, the party then entered the reception room and signed the visitors' book. They then passed up the stairway, visited the dormitory with its eighty neatly arranged beds, then down to the dining room, the store and workshop, where samples of the boys' craft were inspected, and the manager's office. They then passed out of this really fine, spacious building and visited the herd of 125 cattle, including 90 milch cows. About 150 acres of land is cultivated, and seventeen horses are employed around the institution. In the stable stood rows of milch cows. The boys seem very kind to the animals. A nice flock of sheep was noticed crossing the yard, and in the well-laid-out piggeries the inmates made a rush and a chorus for food when the party approached. Its neat, clean arrangement and perfect appliances have made such a quality of butter that its sale is increasing rapidly. A ton of it was recently sold in Winnipeg, and a shipment was made to Vancouver. A six-horse power engine runs the machinery for the building. At the engine stood a boy whom His Excellency recognized as one who had come out to this country with him on the Sarmatian. Mrs. Ball, a comely Scotch lady, assisted by two lads, was hard at work making great rolls of golden yellow butter, which was being put through a disk and roller process to squeeze out the buttermilk. His Excellency having expressed the utmost satisfaction with

all the arrangements, and thanked Mr. Struthers and his colleagues for their courtesy, the vice-regal party left for Binscarth Farm.

BINSCARTH STOCK FARM.—This fine establishment is about half a mile from the line of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway. On the arrival of the vice-regal party the settlers on the farm and from the Silver Creek settlement were drawn up in perfect order in front of Binscarth House (see engraving) and cheered His Excellency, who alighted from his carriage, ascended the veranda and was presented with the following address, one of the shortest and neatest on the trip, read by Mr. G. L. Smellie:

*To His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada:
May it Please Your Excellency:*

The residents of Binscarth and of the country immediately surrounding it desire to welcome you to their district, and assure you of their loyalty to their country, to the Crown and yourself as Her Majesty's representative, and to express to you their happiness and contentment in the knowledge that success has already rewarded their efforts, and in the belief that they are the pioneers of a country which is destined in the near future to become great in agricultural wealth, and in all that tends to elevate a nation.

We wish Your Excellency a successful and enjoyable journey, which we feel confident can result only in promoting the welfare of our land.

On behalf of the settlers,

G. L. SMELLIE.

In returning thanks His Excellency said he beheld the evidences of interest and as the Queen's representative he was bound to recognize the way her name was received. When he wrote Her Majesty he would represent the devotion they entertained for her crown and throne. Having expressed his appreciation of the praiseworthy activity and remarkable success of the settlement, His Excellency, in the midst of the most enthusiastic cheering, wished them God speed. The party was then conducted to the extensive stock stables, overlooking the pretty little Silver Creek valley. Prince Arthur and other scions of noble Durham blood were paraded before the party, who were surprised to find such grand cattle here. When the carriage passed the house again, the crowd struck up God Save the Queen, which was acknowledged by those in the carriages baring their heads. A long procession of carriages and wagons was then formed, and with flying colours escorted Lord Stanley to the station and gave him a parting cheer. Binscarth House, which is shown in our engraving, is a capacious two-storey building, well adapted for the homestead of such a farm.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RECEPTION AT SALT COATS, MANITOBA.—The tour of the vice-regal party through the prairie province has been a succession of pleasant surprises both for Lord Stanley and his friends and for the people along the route. There were circumstances in the political situation both in the older provinces and in the North-West which tended to cause a certain amount of apprehension lest His Excellency's trip just now might turn out inopportune. It was also remembered that New Canada had been somewhat spoiled by previous viceroys, and the successors of statesmen like Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Lansdowne, had by no means an easy task before him when he threw himself upon the good will of the Queen's lieges in the great North. But His Excellency's simple kind-heartedness and honest unaffected desire to put every one whom he met perfectly at ease proved irresistible. The advent of the distinguished visitors was greeted everywhere with enthusiasm. The addresses abound in expressions of loyalty and of contentment. Lord Stanley had not, indeed, to be told in words that the population through whose domain he passed was one of the most prosperous and happy in the Dominion. He was charmed with the country, which he found by no means the monotonous flat which it is sometimes represented to be. The weather was, in the main, favourable, sometimes, for days together, veritable Queen's weather. Not the least interesting features of the trip were those which marked the visit (September 27) to Saltcoats and its vicinity as depicted in our engravings. The journey was made on the Manitoba and North-Western Railway. At Birtle the train delayed only long enough to take in water. At that point Inspector Constantine, of the North-West Mounted Police, in full uniform, and Major Phipps, of Wolseley, who had been a brother officer of the Governor in the Guards, in their earlier days, boarded the train and accompanied him west. The grand valley of the Assiniboine River soon came in view, and the tranquil beauty of the scene impressed every one, as the train crossed the iron bridge and climbed the opposite bank. A quick run was made past Langenburg and Churchbridge, and the terminal village of Saltcoats came in sight at 14.50. A guard of the North-West Mounted Police was drawn up at the station. An address was read by Mr. Leamond, M.L.A., in which His Excellency and Lady Stanley were welcomed to that part of the Dominion, with which, it was hoped, they would be favourably impressed. The experience of the people of Saltcoats was to the effect that the region which His Excellency had honoured by his visit was well fitted to support industrious and frugal agriculturists with small capital, who may be dragging out an existence in the older and more crowded countries, fighting against heavy rents, taxation, bad seasons and low prices. The address was signed by Joel Reaman, M.L.A., Thos. McNutt, T. Ptolemy, James Sharpe, J.P., R. Ewart, H. E. Halliott, William Walley, A. B. Lander, A. B. Paul, A. E. Burke. His Excellency's reply was marked by sincerity, good sense

and cordiality. He was glad to see that the country was being settled by colonists of the right stamp, not by men who had been failures at everything and everywhere else. Progress was visible all around, and industry, energy and thrift were unmistakably present in the appearance of the whole community. After His Excellency had thanked them for their kindness to himself and courteous remembrance of Lady Stanley, and acknowledged their loyalty to the Queen, which gave him very real satisfaction, Capt. Muir, Messrs. Boulton, Burke, Wood, Arnold, Walley, Banks, McNutt, Ptolemy, Lander and others were presented.

THE CROFTER SETTLEMENT.—After receiving the address at Saltcoats (September 27), His Excellency and his party were conveyed in carriages (see engraving) to the Crofter settlement. The country through which they passed is rolling with much scrub and thickets. The new grade at the end of the M. & N. W. Railway was passed, where settlers were working on the contract which the company generously let for the purpose of giving them employment. After a drive of about ten miles a halt was made at several Crofters' houses, which were closely inspected by the whole party. These little dwellings, an example of which is given in the engraving on another page, are constructed at a cost of about \$66 each, and are a marvel of accommodation at that price. The interior (see engraving) is in one large room, occupied for all purposes. Some of them are already plastered. They could not be induced, however, to adopt the original plan and sink the floor in the earth a couple of feet. His Excellency asked the Crofters many questions as to their condition, and evinced the liveliest interest in their success. The railway management have gone to great pains to help them in every way, Mr. A. F. Eden, the land commissioner, doing all he can to forward their fortunes and improve their lot. One old weather-beaten patriarch, John McIvor, attracted special attention, his homestead showing extra signs of care and comfort. Some of the settlers have brought heirlooms (literally) from beyond sea. For the type of some of these our readers are referred to the engraving on another page of a venerable loom brought from the island of Harris. The Russian style of dwelling, of which Mr. Eden showed His Excellency a good example, is built of clay and wattles and is well suited for protection against the rigours of a northern winter. Mr. Villiers, of the *Graphic*, (see engraving) who accompanies the vice-regal party, as correspondent of that journal, took a sketch of it. Its exterior, interior and the fire-place and oven which serve for warming and *cuisine*, are shown in our engravings. The party returned to Saltcoats late in the evening after a thoroughly enjoyable digression and prepared for the journey to Russell.

CHAS. BREWSTER, L.D.S.—Dr. Brewster was born in Canada. He was taken to England in infancy and returned to Canada as a boy and took up permanent abode here. He was for seven years a student and associate of the late Dr. C. M. Dickinson, one of Montreal's most successful dentists, and a former pupil of the distinguished Spooner. Dr. Brewster was the first practitioner to break loose from the trammels of secrecy of the old school, and made his office, when a young practitioner, a rendezvous for pleasant and profitable gatherings of the profession. He originated the successful protest against the bestowal of prizes at provincial exhibitions for mechanical dentistry, a movement which effectually stopped the unprofessional custom throughout the whole of Canada. He was the father of the movement which led Dr. Day, of Kingston, in 1868, to carry out for Ontario a proposal, publicly made seven years before by Dr. Brewster, for the incorporation of the profession. He was one of the charter members of the Quebec incorporation (1869), and has been for 21 years unceasingly in office on the Board of Trustees and Examiners, and Examiner on Chemistry and Anæsthetics. He has been a most invaluable member of the profession, and at the last meeting felt he had earned the right to retire. Canadian dentistry in its progressive movements must always be associated with his name. Dr. Brewster is an L.D.S. of Quebec, and a registered dentist of England.

DR. CHAS. F. F. TRESTLER, L.D.S., by his own desire, vacated his office as president of the board, having been one of the charter members, and continuously on the board since its organization. He studied medicine under Dr. I. B. C. Trestler, his father, who was the chief promoter of a special asylum for the insane, and was its first doctor before the removal of the asylum to Beauport, and also under Dr. J. G. Bibaud, being admitted in 1852. He then studied dentistry in New York, and began practice in Montreal in 1857. To him much is due as one of the founders of the dentist organization. He presided at the dentist convention of the Connecticut Valley Dental Association, held a few years ago in Montreal, and at the banquet of the Quebec Association recently held at the Windsor Hotel. One remarkable feature of his practice has been, that though he has administered chloroform and nitrous gas thousands of times, he never had an accident.

W. GEO. BEERS, L.D.S.—Dr. Beers was born in Montreal. He was the first secretary of the Dental Board, a position which he held for nine years. He was president for three years, and was elected president for the ensuing term, and was one of the charter members. He founded, published, and edited the first dental paper established in Canada—*Canada Journal of Dental Science*—as a monthly. This he continued to do for five years. He is now editor of its successor, in its first volume, *Dominion Dental Journal*, published in Toronto. Besides editing the Canadian journal, he is foreign correspondent for Canada of the

International Dental Journal, of Philadelphia; L.D.S. of Quebec; L.D.S. of Ontario; registered dentist of England; corresponding member of the Odontological Society of New York; Odontological Society of Great Britain; Odonto-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh; member of the British Dental Association, etc. He has contributed largely to British and American literary magazines and the newspaper press, chiefly on Canada and professional matters.

H. E. CASGRAIN, D.D.S., L.D.S., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE DENTAL ASSOCIATION OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.—Dr. Casgrain was born in L'Islet and practises in Quebec. He was one of the charter members and was very influential in assisting the various legislative efforts. His father was seigneur of L'Islet, and Lieut.-Governor Letellier was his cousin. He is related to the Hon. Dr. Chas. Casgrain, Hon. Judge Taschereau, Hon. Elisee Dionne, Hon. Hector Langevin, etc. He has held office as a member of the Board since 1886, and is Examiner on Dental Surgery. Dr. Casgrain is well known for his many ingenious inventions in and out of his profession, and several of the former have been patented. He is assisted in his office by his wife, who enjoys the distinction of being the first lady in Canada who has become proficient in operative and mechanical dentistry.

DR. S. GLOBENSKY, L.D.S.—This gentleman was born in St. Eustache. He was a student of his present partner, Dr. Trestler. His grandfather, Dr. Charles A. Globensky, practised medicine and surgery in the last century in this city, and was well-known as one of the very few who also practised all the dentistry that was known at the time. Dr. Globensky was elected a member of the Board in 1886, and became Examiner on Mechanical Dentistry and Metallurgy. He was instrumental, with his brother, Mr. A. Globensky, advocate, in securing the passage of the amended Act of Incorporation, after legislative efforts extending back over twenty years. He succeeds Dr. Brewster as treasurer of the Board. He was appointed Lecturer on Practical Dentistry in Victoria Medical College last year.

L. J. B. LEBLANC, L.D.S.—Dr. Leblanc was born in Montreal. He was educated at the Jesuits' College and at St. Hyacinthe, and completed his course with the late P. Garnot, well remembered as one of the most successful teachers in the city. He was a student of Dr. M. Jourdain, formerly of Montreal, who had been a pupil of the eminent Delabarre, of Paris. Dr. Leblanc was elected a member of the Board in 1880, succeeding Dr. Beers as secretary, and has been ever since in that office. He is Examiner on Dental Pathology, Therapeutics and Materia-Medica. His position as secretary of the Board entails an everyday attention and a knowledge of both languages, and no one could possibly give more conscientious care to his duties. He was appointed some years ago by the Faculty of Laval University dentist to the Notre Dame Hospital. He presented the college with an interesting collection of physiological and pathological anomalies.

A LITTLE FREEHOLD.—This is a charming picture of a scene familiar to English students of woodcraft. Generation after generation just such little families have had their homes amid the sheltering branches of just such monarchs of the forest. A happy family it is. Parents and children live in a harmony and contentment which it is good and pleasant to see. Looking at the group thus dwelling cosily together, trusting to the protection of kind mother nature, and fearing no harm, we cannot but deplore that the world which contains such little blissful corners, is a world of constant war, of men at war with their humbler fellow-creatures, and the latter at war with each other, of battlefields drenched with blood and of untold anguish, 'neath the weight of which all creation groans for deliverance. But our squirrels are happily ignorant of all this dismal lore, and, remembering the poet's oft-quoted words, we almost envy them their Eden. The painter is S. J. Carter.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

We are what we are. We cannot truly be other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality, but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to us all, according to the character which God has given us.

True repentance can only take place in consequence of just views of things sufficiently impressed upon the mind by careful reflection; and since it is not a momentary operation, but a fixed character that is wanted, it is, in reality, but very little that can be done at any one particular time.

The Church Army has recently decided to employ not only working women as its mission nurses, but ladies of education. The duties will be somewhat similar, seeking to tend the suffering and to evangelize the masses at home and in India. Some of the mission nurses have signified their desire to go to labour among the lepers in India.—*Churchman*.

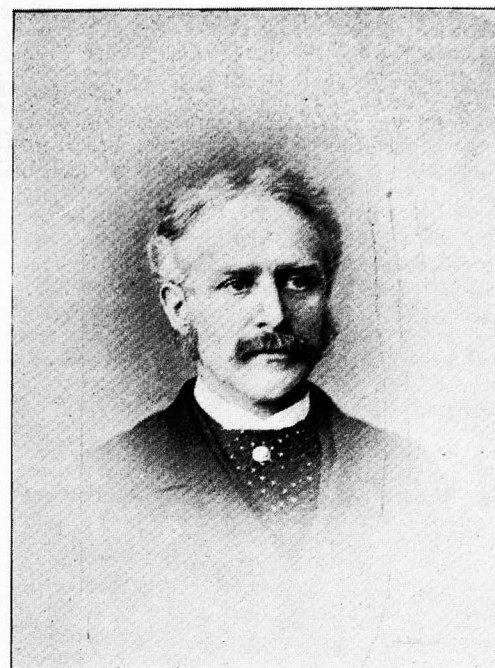
In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution, and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse; and one had consumption. Within six months after they had abandoned the use of tobacco, one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.—*Medical Journal*.



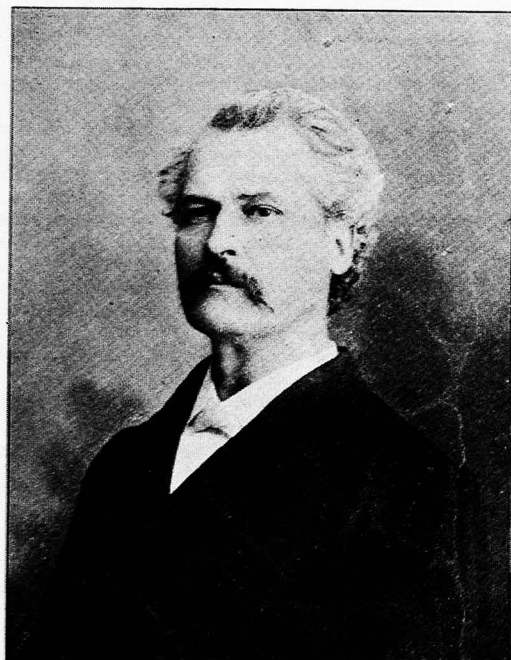
CHARLES BREWSTER, L.D.S.



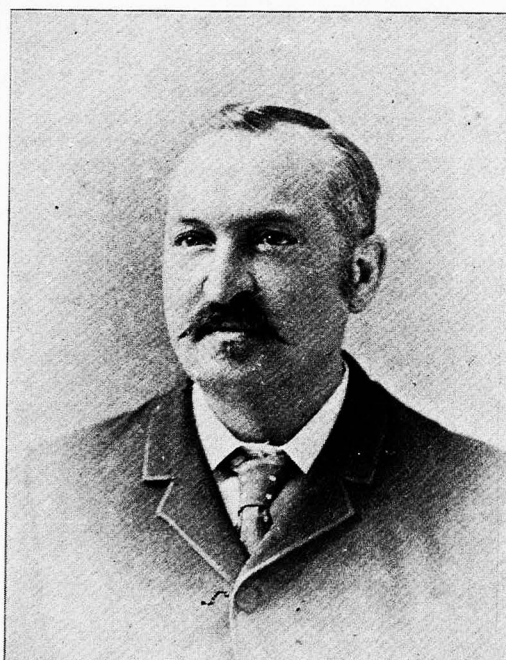
C. F. F. TRESTLER, L.D.S.



W. GEO. BEERS, L.D.S.



H. E. CASGRAIN, L.D.S.

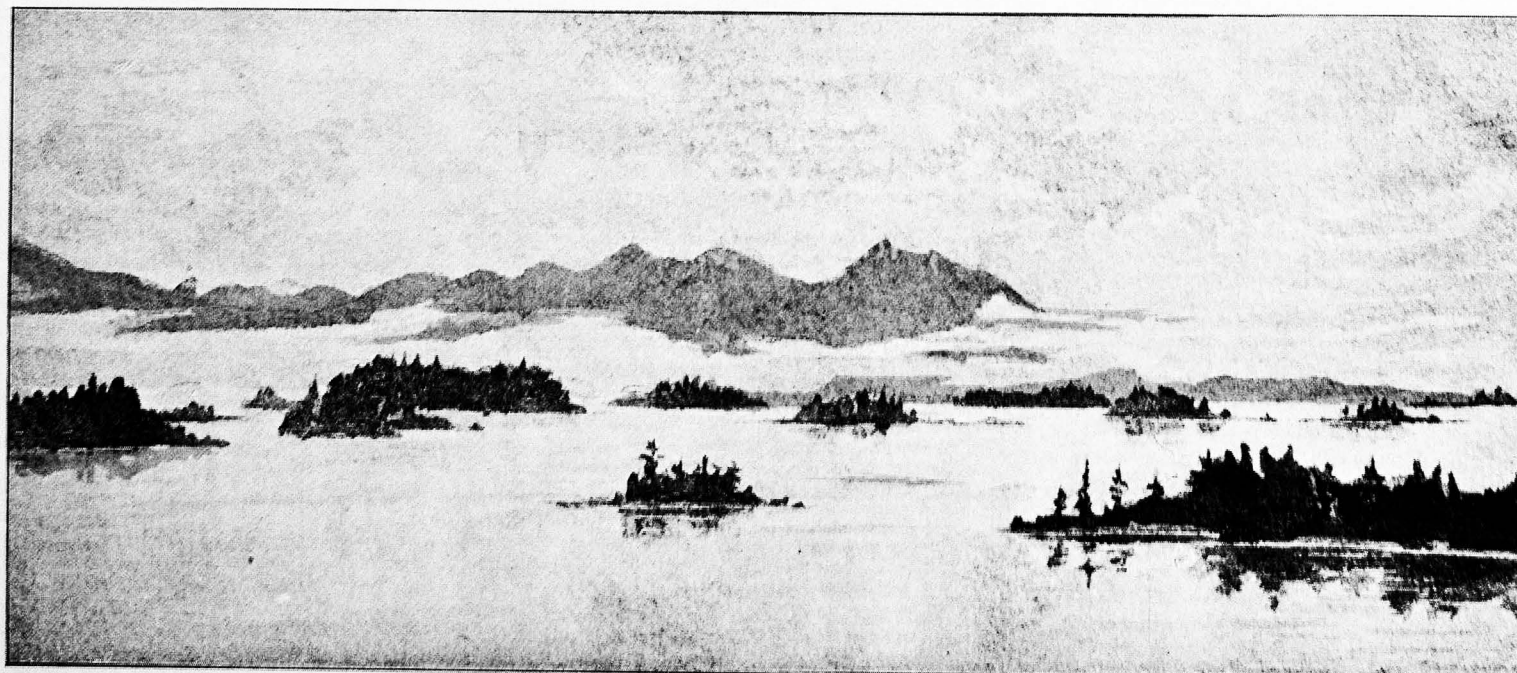


S. GLOBENSKY, L.D.S.



L. J. B. LEBLANC, L.D.S.

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE DENTAL ASSOCIATION OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



SKETCH IN SITKA HARBOUR, ALASKA.

By Miss E. L. Merritt.



"LITTLE FREEHOLD."

From the painting by S. J. Carter.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

"Not by a long chalk! Don't you think there's as much Mother-Eve in my composition as yours?" replied Frank, keeping by his friend's side.

They crept carefully forward and soon clearly made out what it was that had so much surprised them. A group of fifteen or twenty men were congregated in the cleared space at the front of the mill, and were going through a sort of military drill. Drawing as near as possible under the shelter of a clump of bushes, the motions of the men were easily observed by the friends, and Harry at once perceived that the greater number of the group were entirely unused even to the elements of military duty; a few of them, however, appeared to be more at home. The drill master was a short, stout, military-looking man, in whom the reader will recognize Capt. Stratiss, but who was yet a stranger to Harry and Frank.

While still concealed by the bushes the friends soon found that they were to have neighbours inconveniently close. Two men came up and seated themselves on a log not ten feet away, whom they at once recognized as Howis and Davis. Frank breathed hard when he found his old foe so near, but Harry grasped his arm in a vice-like grip that warned him to be careful. The night was bitter cold, and both Harry and Frank found their quarters too confined to be comfortable. Howis and Davis were too much engaged to observe what was occurring so near at hand, and carried on their conversation without fear of listeners.

"What took you away so suddenly?" asked Davis, "you said nothing to me the night before."

"I did not know I should have to go myself," replied Howis, "but I got into a difficulty that same night and thought it better to be among the missing. I went out to Tonson neighbourhood and lay over two days through indisposition and the rain."

"What was the difficulty?"

"Oh, I overtook Harry Hewit and that hair-brained nephew of old Arnley, and after Hewit left us we had words, I wasn't in a mood to take a boy's insolence, and I thrashed him."

"Such a baby-face! I should think so."

"He's a much better man than he looks, I can tell you; I have not had a rougher trial of strength for some time."

"I wouldn't have thought it," said Davis. "Both those fellows, Hewit and Arnley, were in the mill this afternoon when I returned from the house."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Howis, "that looks dangerous, they are the two last fellows to be trusted around considering the nature of our business. There are not two sharper fellows in this part of the country. Do you think they suspected anything, or did they explain their business?"

"They had been hunting, and killed a deer close by, and came in to rest themselves. I do not think they gained any knowledge of our affairs even if such was their desire."

"I wish," said Howis, "that we could gain over a few such fellows as they. Old men are good in their place, but these boys are of better standing. I told you, I believe, that William Hewit had joined us."

"Yes," said Davis, looking suspiciously around; "I thought I heard something move. Did you?"

Harry had nearly betrayed his hiding-place when he heard that his brother had really joined the agitators.

"Your ears were never too sure," said Howis, "it was but the frost."

"And how did you manage to get Hewit to join us?"

"My sister must have the credit of it; I have scarcely spoken to him on the subject."

"Your sister is engaged to him, isn't she?"

"She took that plan, I believe, to get him to join us. But I have not much confidence in him, he is not ardent enough in the cause. Still his acquisition is of importance, as it will prevent his

family from keeping the confidence of the other party. I want to get a lot of the young fellows off on a hunt about the time that we commence operations; if I can get Harry Hewit and young Arnley and half a dozen others out of the neighbourhood for a few days I should deem it a lucky hit. We could send some of our people to keep them employed."

"I would be a good plan, certainly," said Davis, "but look, drill is over, the men are going into the mill, let us join them; it is confounded cold sitting here."

Harry waited until their footsteps died away, then rising and looking round, he shook Frank, who, with his hands stuffed in his pockets, seemed to be taking things comfortably.

"Come, Frank, you're not sleeping, surely!"

"Freezing, more probably," was the answer. "I think my nose has become permanently united to this bush. I am certainly on the road to become one of those charming silhouettes, so fashionable, like 'Napoleon Contemplating His Tomb,' though at first you see only a group of willows."

"I am going to turn spy," said Henry, "so you had better take a walk in the woods to renew the circulation until I return."

"No such thing, master Hal, I'm with you through thick and thin."

"Then be cautious, and let us see if we cannot find out what is going on inside there. We may creep up on this side and perhaps get a view."

Advancing slowly and cautiously until they reached the side of the saw-mill, they then climbed on the top of a heap of slabs, whence they had a fair view of all that was passing in the mill, and could partly see a group of men in the room where they had discovered the arms. The latter now seemed to be undergoing an inspection. The box was raised to the floor and the arms were being returned into it.

While thus earnestly engaged in watching the movements of the conspirators, the young men were startled by hearing the sound of voices and approaching footsteps. From their position the unwelcome sounds struck upon their ears before they attracted the attention of the men in the mill.

"It is the Samos boys," whispered Frank.

"Yes, but what in the world brought them up to the mill without signalling us?"

A shot now alarmed the conspirators, who, with the exception of the leaders, fell into dire confusion, and many sought for refuge about the building.

"Follow me," shouted Howis, as he cocked a pistol and rushed outside.

"Any man that lags behind dies by my hand," yelled Stratiss, flourishing a dagger and driving all before him.

"Now! now's our time," cried Harry, as he sprang into the mill. Frank followed in a trice, and raising the box upon rollers they got it out of the mill, and rapidly lowering it to the edge of the swamp-hole tipped it in. It had about eight feet to fall, and striking on the slight ice it broke through and sank from sight. Neither stopped to look if it sank or swam, but seizing each his rifle the young men rushed to the rescue of their friends on the other side. They were getting more blows than blessings. Partially screened, as they were, by a pile of lumber, the mill party could not judge of their number, but the fight had already become hot when Frank and Harry made their appearance at the mill door. Shouting aloud as they discharged their rifles, they drew the attention of Howis and his party from the Samos boys, who, comprehending their friends' scheme at once made themselves scarce. Stratiss also guessed the plan and shouted to Howis to return, but stricken by a new fear the whole party flew back to the mill.

Seeing that their friends were safe Harry and Frank at once rushed back across the mill, sprang out upon a pile of slabs, and taking a tremendous leap reached the firm ground beyond. Pausing only to glance if each were unhurt, they sped on until they reached the wood, where they turned to see if they were followed; they were not.

Together the two friends pursued their way homewards, occasionally giving the signal agreed on; this was at length answered and they were soon joined by their companions.

Delighted at their success, Frank amused himself by depicting in lively terms the rage and mortification of the conspirators when they should discover the loss of their arms.

"O," cried he, "it would be worth the risk of going back just to take a peep at Howis, Davis, and that little fellow that seems to be the fighting boy of the crowd."

"Indeed, Master Frank, I much prefer the scene through the medium of your lively imagination than returning to meet the odds we have already encountered," said George Samos.

"I wonder you were not annihilated with all those fellows at you," answered Harry. "How did you manage to get clear of the man Frank calls the fighting boy—him with the dagger?"

"O, I settled it with him by giving him a poke with the butt of my rifle as he came to close quarters. He thought to carry me and the pile of lumber by assault, but I sent him spinning backwards in a manner that confused his plans."

"But how was it you precipitated matters so?" enquired Harry.

"Why, my dear fellow," answered John Samos, "we thought the whole party had taken the road to Davis's house as soon as drill was over, for from our place of concealment we could not see the entrance to the mill. So on we walked as bold as lions expecting to see you and Frank in quiet possession of the premises, and the first thing we knew to the contrary was the shot of the sentry, who must have been dreaming to allow us to approach so close. We should have been finely fixed, though, if you had not called off their attention."

"Well, we've done a good night's work," added Richard Samos. "They won't easily replace our plunder. But here we are, boys, so good night."

A hearty shaking of hands followed, and the party separated, the Samos brothers to their home, Harry and Frank proceeding on their way rapidly, for they had very much farther to go.

Harry Hewit soon fell into a reverie, for his head and heart were full. Now that he had learned upon certain authority of the step his unhappy brother had taken, and had reason to fear also that he had been cajoled into it by false professions of affection, he became terribly cast down. To him the cause his brother had espoused was deeply dishonourable, since its end was to be attained by armed force arrayed against the Government. That it would be an unsuccessful warfare he also felt convinced, and the danger and disgrace his brother was incurring had no offset in his mind. Moreover, such a rising would place himself and his brother in antagonism. They who had lived together up to manhood in the most harmonious happiness were now irrevocably sundered; their interests, hitherto one, were become divergent; their intercourse, so affectionate and delightful, was suddenly ruptured. No longer could he count on William as a friend and companion in every pleasure, as a supporter when he needed one, as a counsellor on all subjects of family intercourse, and a coadjutor in those tender marks of love which a good son delights to show his mother. But above all arose in his mind the dread sight of a Hewit a traitor. The thought of his brother in the toils and the effect the dire news would have on their mother filled him with bitter grief and dismay.

"It will break her heart—it will kill her outright," he said to himself, but aloud.

"I hope you are not going to jilt her," cried Frank, laughing, "but, indeed, there might be a chance for me."

"Pshaw, Frank! You refer everything to the girls—it was of my mother I spoke."

"I beg your pardon, Harry. I was thoughtless. But do you think that Howis spoke the truth about your brother?"

"I fear he did. I have been afraid of such a result ever since I found how attentive he had become to Miss Howis. His blind love for that girl will be his ruin. Moreover, I do not think she is acting sincerely by him. You heard how Howis replied to Davis."

"I could have knocked him down for it, the cool-blooded scamp!"

"Thanks, Frank. You know what true friend-

ship means, at any rate. Will you come in and sleep at our house?"

"No, the old gentleman hates to breakfast alone, and I hate to vex him, so I'll please both of us."

"Well, I think even conspirators are abed by this time, and I am dog-tired," returned Harry.

"And I, too; so good night, old fellow."

Thus the friends parted, not to meet again until each had proved what the friendship of the other was worth, by enduring trials whose severity arose out of it.

CHAPTER IX.

BREAKING THE DREAD NEWS.

Harry entered his house softly, for fatigued in body and depressed in mind, he was under that nameless dread of evil impending which is born of nervous exhaustion, and he felt as though he could not reply to his mother's enquiry as to his well-being if he should happen to arouse her.

What then was his surprise on entering the sitting-room, to find a good fire blazing on the hearth and a light burning on the table, at which his mother sat reading.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed, "what has detained you from your rest until this hour?"

"Should I not rather ask what has detained my son from his home until this hour? Surely you are not growing reserved towards me, too, Harry. I do not fear your falling into evil courses, but I naturally expect some explanation when you depart from your usual habits as, I am sorry to say, you have done frequently of late." Then observing the worn-out look upon Harry's countenance, she added, "Are you ill, dear boy? What is it?"

"It is nothing but fatigue, I assure you, mother. Frank and I had a tremendous tramp after a deer before we shot one, and since then we have had a sort of adventure, of which I will tell you in the morning. Was William here this afternoon?"

"No," said his mother, sadly. "William did not come, but sent a note instead, saying business had called him up the country for a few days. What it may be I cannot imagine, since there is no farm business to call him away at this season. I have reason to fear it is something unworthy a son of Squire Hewit. Tell me candidly do you think William has allied himself with these agitators who look to MacKenzie as their exponent?"

Harry hesitated, he did not wish to inform on his brother even to his mother.

"Why do you not answer, Harry? You can certainly tell me what you think of it."

"Mother, dear," replied Harry, "I have good reason to think he has allowed that sister of Howis to lead him against his own judgment and opinion."

"It is, then, indeed, as I feared. And Miss Howis is with him, too."

"With him! Surely it is not a wedding. William would not be so wanting in what is due from a son to his parent, as to do such a thing without first asking your approbation."

"No, I do not fear such a want of respect as that, but I am in dread lest it be political business. Miss Howis is as much of a politician as her brother, and, if report be true, is far more successful in acquiring converts than he. No doubt she has something of the kind on hand now."

"And has persuaded William to be of use to her in order that she may retain her influence over him. He is, however, blinder than I like to think him if he do not see through her before he returns," said Harry.

"O, if I could only think so! I could then be reconciled to this action on his part, sure that my son would be restored to me again. Since Edwards returned—for I sent him over when I received William's note, hoping he could hear something more definite—I have been thinking it would be well for you to go after William in the morning, and persuade him to return home to me, for I have a terrible presentiment of evil. Heaven knows what may happen to him."

"Fear not that, mother! But now, pray, retire, and we will talk it over in the morning."

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER NOOK.

The car for Kew Gardens, or rather Lee Avenue, was waiting at the market, so we took our places and left without delay. It was a small, closed car, unfortunately,—though there is a good deal of passing to and fro on the line, especially in the afternoons, and quite a variety of people to be seen. In the morning and evening there are workmen with their cans dropping off at intervals along the road, and, a little later, gentlemen, residents of the suburbs, going to and returning from work in the city. Then there are women who have been shopping, generally with baskets and a few children, little boys with fishing rods, young fellows with guns going out for an afternoon's shooting, gentlemen bound for the "Woodbine," about a mile and a quarter past the Don River, picnickers in abundance, or, perhaps, a sketching party of young girls full of life, if not of art. I remember going out once with quite a remarkable looking young man. His face was lantern-jawed, with a powerful mouth and chin; the features regular and strongly cut, the complexion swarthy, the eyes under heavy black brows, of the kind of opaque dark that has no transparency in it but a piercing intensity that baffles you and looks you through. He suggested pirates at once or banditti. One could not help putting a picturesque cap on him and setting him down in a Greek or Italian forest listening for a party of travellers, or on shipdeck, with the black flag blowing out overhead, running down a merchant vessel; yet, probably, he was an ordinary young fellow enough, with no dangerous ideas about him; but the faces of the other men in the car looked weakly amiable beside his, with its suggestions of bad temper and masterful will. Then there were the old couple who puzzled me to know whether they were brother and sister or husband and wife. Too attentive to one another for the former I thought, and yet there was much the same outline of feature, the same complexion, and even something of the same smile. They were somewhere about sixty, and had evidently once lived in the neighbourhood and were returning to it after a long absence. How their heads went from one side of the car to the other! What pleasure anything familiar gave them, and how they wondered over the changes—the building up that had been going on everywhere, the opening of new streets, the removal of old landmarks. At last the husband or brother, which ever it was, left his place on the opposite side of the car and came over to his companion, leaning against the door, that they might look and enjoy together, and every now and then she would turn to him with an eager, excited little laugh, like that of a child. The last I saw of them was going down Lee Avenue to the beach. There were inequalities in the road and he had given her his arm to help her on. After crossing the Don, we passed through the little villages of Riverside and Leslieville, so close together that it was hard to tell where one ended and the other began. Then the houses began to scatter. There were nursery gardens, with their rows of tiny young trees; one or two orchards, very pretty in spring when the blossoms are out, and prosperous-looking now, with the fruit showing through the foliage. But, on the whole, this part of the road is not interesting. By and by the car stopped at the gate of the Woodbine Hotel, with the high fence of the race-course stretching beyond. Here several gentlemen got off—one or two taking the Kingston road that winds up the hill to Norway village. Then we went on again over what was up to this summer a pretty country road, with several dips and grassy sides. But the hollows have been filled up for the car track, and a plank sidewalk laid, giving it something of a street look. Now across the intervening ground we get glimpses of the blue lake to our right, and the fresh, cool breeze reached us. How the city is creeping out, grasping with greedy hand, as it were, more and more of the country—opening new streets, putting up board houses here, there, and everywhere, or posts with the inevitable "Lots for sale" in big black letters. Presently we rang the bell and got out, letting the car go on to its terminus, Lee Avenue. The entrance to Kew

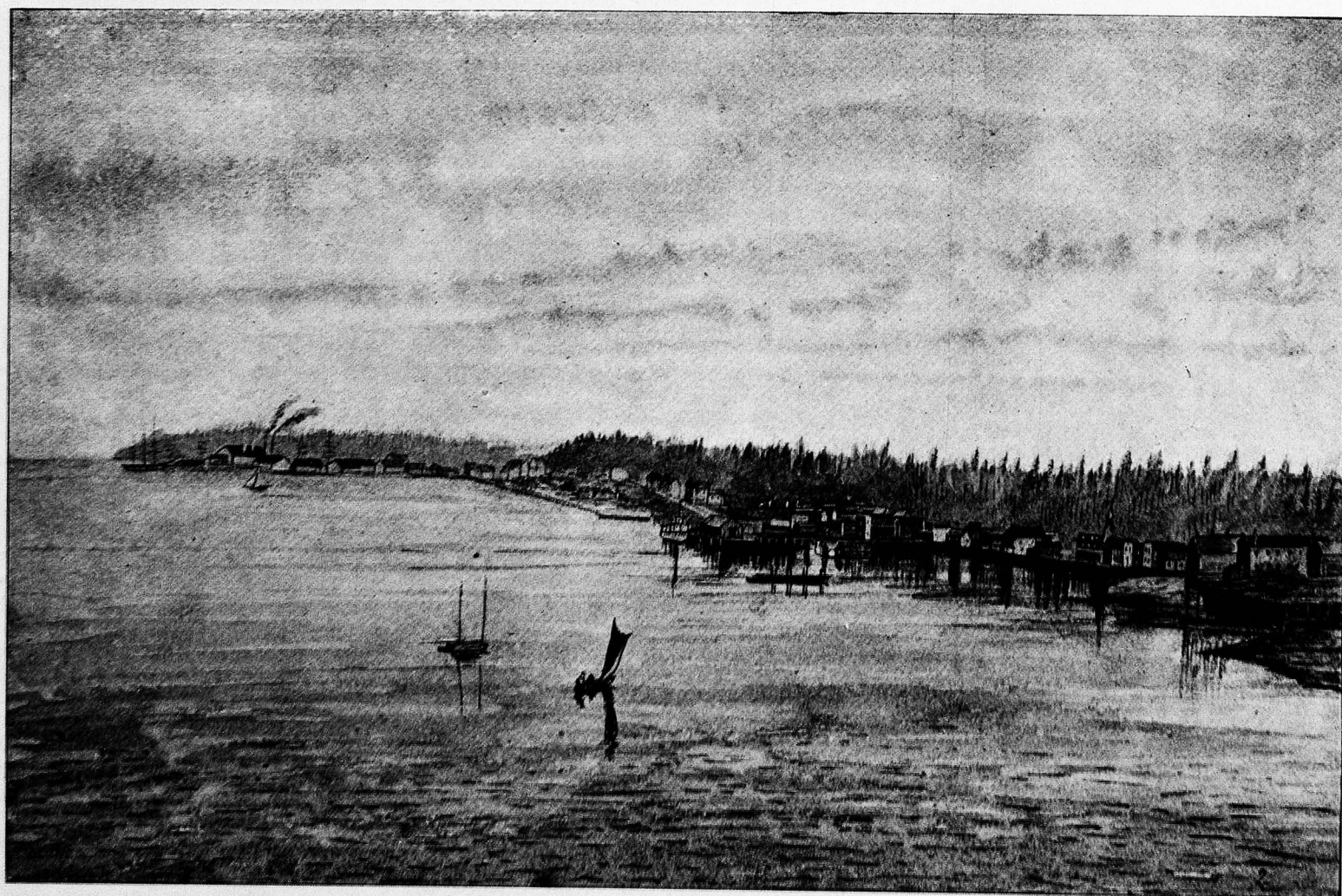
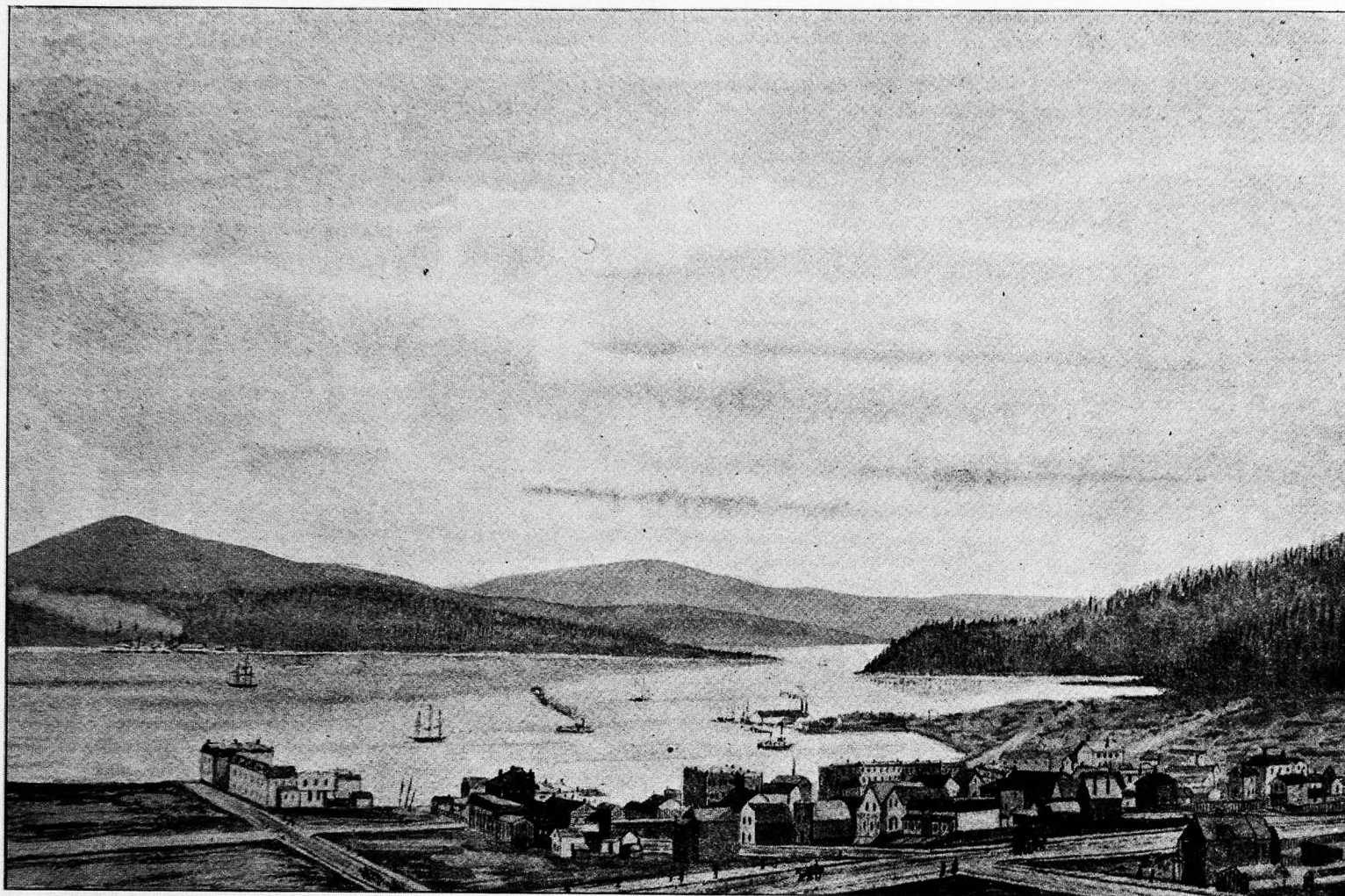
Gardens was formerly over a stile, every step of which was suggestive of romance, of partings in the morning and meetings again at night, of watchings and waitings, of little children resting with flushed faces and their hands full of wildflowers, of older people helping one another over. But the stile has given way to a gate now, much more convenient, if not so pretty. Our way led now through the grassy side of a field, and then, stooping under a bar, we found ourselves in the prettiest part of Kew Gardens, a broad path winding through a wood of slender trees, with a thick undergrowth. In the centre was a hollow—suggestive of marshiness, of blue violets in the spring, and where one got glimpses of jewel-weed with its pretty pendant flowers. This path brought us to the picnic proper part of the gardens, a rather dreary spot with dilapidated wooden tables and benches, near the Farmhouse Hotel or Hotel Farmhouse of the owner of the property. Here come the conventional picnickers—the people who pack huge baskets and look for a place where they can eat comfortably and play games. A party were already in possession—young fellows and girls from one of the villages on the road probably—making an uproarious noise. We took the path leading down to the water, coming out of the wood at the rear of the cottages, and, passing between two of the latter, found ourselves in the little settlement on the lake shore. It is simply a long line of cottages on a narrow strip of beach, having the trees for a background, and the blue lake immediately in front. There are perhaps fifteen or twenty of them, of various patterns and painted differently; but all wooden, with verandas, and more or less suggestive of dolls' houses and playing at living. We walked along the double plank laid in front of them, coming so close to the tiny interiors at times that we felt inclined to stop and apologize, but nobody seemed to mind. The ladies, chatting or sewing on their verandas, eyed us indifferently as we passed, and the children playing in the sand scarcely noticed us. Two gentlemen in bathing suits ran out of one of the cottages, going down for a dip in the lake before tea. Life seemed to have thrown off a good deal of its conventionality out here and to be drawing a long free breath. Some of the cottages had tiny bits of sand railed in for gardens, and one or two even boasted rockeries, the flowers of the latter lending a touch of bright colour to the scene. When we reached Lee Avenue, we turned for another look at the place. The sun had sunken nearly to the level of the treetops, and was lengthening the shadows of the cottages and throwing its full light on the water beyond. Strangers from the gardens behind were strolling up and down the plank-walk. The people were clustered on their verandas waiting for the husband or son from the city, children and dogs were running about the sand, and a boat pushed off from the shore, with two young people in it, was tossing lightly with the motion of the water. There was a cheerful mingling of sounds, of the voices of children and older people, of laughing and calling, together with the quiet splash of the waves. Turning the other way there were still other cottages beyond, and after that the beach stretching on to Scarborough Heights, tall and well wooded in the distance, and lakeward we could see the little steamer from the city making its way into Victoria Park wharf. We went up Lee Avenue passing other cottages, that, disliking the publicity of the beach, had retired for privacy to this green lane-like road. We waited a few moments for the car at the corner of Queen street, and then, with a last look at the blue water behind, rumbled off to the city again.

J. E. SMITH.

The richest gowns for afternoon reception wear are trained and are made with polonaises, also trained, opening in front over rich petticoats of brocade, or over embroidered and lace-trimmed silk skirts.

Quite the newest thing in bonnet-strings is to have them of narrow ribbon velvet, fastened just back of the front coronet, carried thence to the back, crossed, and held there with a fancy pin, then brought under the chin and tied in a loopy bow beside the left ear.

If once you allow yourself to think about the origin and end of things, you will have to believe in a God and immortality.—*Martineau.*



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series XIV.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Vancouver in 1888—from the Hotel Vancouver. 2. Vancouver in 1888—from the C. P. R. Docks.



A CHAMBER CONCERT.

From a painting by C. Schweininger.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

XIV.

CONCLUDING SUMMARY—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—SITUATION OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—DISCOVERY OF THE MAINLAND—VANCOUVER CITY—ITS PHENOMENAL DEVELOPMENT—PRESENT AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

I propose to close my articles on the Pacific Province of the Dominion by giving the latest, most complete, and authentic account of the present and prospective condition of British Columbia. I have gathered my information during the last year from various sources—from the press, from government officials, engineers, surveyors, ranchers, miners, lawyers, merchants, farmers, and also largely from my own observation and experience. To this somewhat extensive and exhaustive subject I shall, therefore, devote this and the concluding chapter of my series in the earnest hope of benefiting, not only future settlers, but that province in general in which I have spent many happy and prosperous months. The first impression of the trans-continental traveller landed at Vancouver, the terminus of the C.P.R., gazing seaward over the unbroken extent of the Gulf of Georgia, is surprise at the size of this immense body of water rolling inwards, bounded like a vast ocean only by the horizon. His surprise visibly increases when he discovers that the entire coast of British Columbia, from Washington Territory to Alaska, is washed by such inland seas; and is, furthermore, indented by so many bays and inlets, and dotted with such a number of islands, that it has earned for itself the appellation of the North-West Archipelago, or the Thousand Isles of the North. Of these seas, the most notable are Queen Charlotte Sound and the Gulf of Georgia, on the farther side of which is Vancouver's Island, with Victoria, the capital, 75 miles, let it be understood, from the mainland of the province. Extending into the land from the Gulf, at irregular intervals, for distances ranging from one to fifty miles, are numerous inlets, all navigable and landlocked.

The first large opening on the Coast is the mouth of the Fraser River, emptying into the Gulf of Georgia. Ten miles north of it Burrard's Inlet indents the mainland, extending inwards from English Bay, which also communicates with the Gulf of Georgia. Immediately north of Burrard's Inlet is Howe's Sound, another estuary of English Bay. To it succeed, following up the coast line to Alaska, Bute Inlet, Millbank Sound, numerous other bays and inlets, and the mouths of the Rivers Skeena and Naas. The most important of all of them, from the fact that it is the only one approachable from the interior of the province, is Burrard's Inlet, on which the Canadian Pacific Railway has established its western terminus.

It is now nearly a century since Captain George Vancouver, R.N., while on a voyage of discovery round the world, entered the Straits of Juan de Fuca, separating the Island of Vancouver from Washington Territory. He anchored his men-of-war, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, in Birch Bay, and, manning the ship's boats, set out to explore the coast of the mainland. Entering English Bay, he saw before him two openings, the clearness of whose waters at once convinced him they were not the mouths of rivers. Perceiving that the entrance to the northern inlet (Howe's Sound) was almost barred by an island, he chose the southern one, as the most important of the two, and took possession of the country in the name of the reigning sovereign. He called the opening Burrard's Inlet, in honour of Sir Harry Burrard, of the English navy. Sailing up the inlet to within half a mile of its head, he left behind him the record of being the first white man who had ever visited what was destined to be one of the most important harbours on the Pacific. At the narrows, connecting the inner waters of Burrard's Inlet with English Bay, the width of the opening, although very deep, does not exceed more than 200 yards. Through this narrow passage there is a current at

the strongest ebb and flow of the tides of about eight knots an hour. Just inside these narrows the inlet widens out into a fine harbour, called Coal Harbour, on which the City of Vancouver is located. The distance between Vancouver and the opposite shore of the inlet is three miles across, and its ample bosom could accommodate the whole shipping of New York. East of Vancouver the inlet divides into two nearly equal parts: the north arm extending inland for a distance of 20 miles, while the south arm reaches inland but 14 miles. At its head is Port Moody. The harbour of Vancouver is landlocked. The storms which occasionally rage over the waters of the Gulf of Georgia cannot even ruffle its surface, and the depth of water in all parts of the inlet is sufficient to float the largest vessels, yet not too deep for safe anchorage, so that ships can ride in safety at all seasons.

The city of Vancouver is situated on the south side of Burrard's Inlet, about three miles from the narrows. It is built upon a peninsula formed by the waters of Burrard's Inlet on the north and those of False Creek and English Bay on the south. This peninsula widens out towards English Bay; but at its narrowest point its width does not exceed one mile and a half. On this neck of land the original town site of Vancouver was located, and it is here to-day that the principal business portion is centered.

The town rises gradually back from the water's edge of both Burrard's Inlet and English Bay, until at its highest point the elevation is about 200 feet; but the average elevation of Vancouver does not exceed 100 feet. There is just sufficient slope to the land on which it is built to afford perfect drainage, without creating any steep grades in the main thoroughfares. Vancouver's situation is extremely picturesque from every point of view. Just across the inlet nestles a little Indian village, containing a church, a school, and regularly laid out streets. A little further to the east of this settlement, immediately opposite Vancouver, is the town of Moodyville, receiving its support from the largest sawmill in the province erected there. Looking inland from the city the eye rests upon an almost impenetrable forest, which loses in the distance its sharp outline, and blends into one green harmony, perfectly reflected in the still waters of the inlet. Rising to the very summit of the Coast Mountains, which stand out in bold relief as sentinels on the northern shore, is the same dense forest of the finest wood in the world for general purposes. This range attains an elevation of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet. Towering still above the heights of the nearer mountains are the two peaks of the Twin Sisters, resting majestically on the top of the higher range in the background. Their pinnacles are the abode of eternal snow, and their aspect is always imposing in its massive purity. To the west of the city lies the broad expanse of English Bay, while still further out, yet distinctly visible, is the long sweep of the Gulf of Georgia. To the south is the second inlet, known as False Creek, while still beyond, and beyond again, is the same forest of fir which everywhere meets the landward gaze.

The growth and development of Vancouver are phenomenal, eclipsing even the architectural enterprises of Seattle and Tacoma. Three years and a half ago the city rose from its own ashes. I saw it in October, 1886, a town of 300 wooden houses. To-day it has a population of 8,000. It possesses gas, electric light, water works, a quarter of a million dollar hotel, and is, moreover and above all, the terminus of the longest railway in the world, and of a regular line of steamers to China and Japan. Its progress may readily be understood when it is authoritatively stated that property, that in Vancouver three years ago was put on the market at from \$300 to \$600 a lot, is now worth from \$100 to \$400 a foot. Men who three years ago invested \$1,000 or \$2,000 in Vancouver real estate are to-day independently wealthy. Vancouver is not only the terminus of more than 3,000 miles of railroad, but it is the receiving and shipping point for the trade of Japan and China, which now finds its way over the Canadian Pacific Railway.

I would meet the question so often and so per-

tinently asked, What is there to make a city of Vancouver? by another. What has made Victoria, B.C., one of the richest cities on the Pacific Coast in proportion to its size? If the resources of the country were such that, in the early days of its almost complete isolation from the world at large, a city of the size and importance of Victoria could be supported, what may not be anticipated for the principal city on the mainland when the changes wrought by the advent of a great trans-continental railway are fully matured. Before the building of the C.P.R. the only means of communication with the interior was by the lumbering stage coach and the still slower pack mule. In order to get supplies into the mining district it was necessary to convey them by pack train from 100 to 400 miles, and the freight charges on these goods often amounted to 10, 20, or even 25 cents per pound, while miles of country might be traversed without meeting one single inhabitant. The changed condition of affairs to-day will certainly support a much larger city than Victoria has ever been, and Vancouver seems destined to be the distributing point for the Dominion on the Pacific Coast. A railroad that is the making of one city may be the undoing of another. Victoria can never again draw upon such an extent of country as she did in the past when her situation at the southern extremity of Vancouver's Island, together with her position in the social, political, and commercial centre of British Columbia, were especially favourable to her creation and development. Victoria, as the capital of the Pacific Province, absorbed the entire trade of the vast territory that paid tribute to her. It was long prophesied by the far-seeing that at no distant day a large city must arise on the mainland of British Columbia. There was a wonderfully rich country to be developed, but until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway it was unattainable. Vancouver's Island, containing about 20,000 square miles of territory, with its inexhaustible mines of coal and iron, and its wealth of forest and farming land, can support a city of probably twice the present size of Victoria. But the mainland proper of British Columbia, covering an area of more than 320,305 square miles, rich in all the resources of a great country, must support a large city of its own. The products of the mainland could never be shipped across the Gulf of Georgia to Victoria, a distance of 75 miles, only to be reshipped from thence to their destination. When furs, gold dust, and fish oil were the principal articles of export, the margin of profits was not so close that a rehandling offered any serious obstacle to their being sent to market the roundabout way *via* Victoria. With the completion of the C.P.R., however, a new era dawned on the province. The completion of the road meant competition with the outside world. Like all others it must depend for its support upon the traffic passed over it. The day of active competition came, and competition would not warrant any unnecessary rehandling of freight, nor would it brook any serious delays in the transmission of passengers to their journey's end. When a traveller over this road, bent on reaching his journey's end, arrived at the western terminus, it would not do to send him on a little pleasure trip to Victoria before allowing him to proceed to Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, or San Francisco. He must be dispatched on his way with all possible speed. When a carload of freight arrived at the terminus, it would be equally improvident to send it 75 miles off to pay tribute to Victoria. Again, when a train came steaming into Vancouver after its long continental journey of 3,000 miles, it would seem like an act of sheer folly to ferry it over to Victoria to be cleaned and repaired.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad necessitated the creation of large machinery and repair shops at Vancouver, giving employment directly and indirectly to many hundreds of men. It involved the construction of a large and perfectly appointed hotel to meet the demands of travel, also the establishment of head offices at the terminus to preside over the immense traffic of a trans-continental line. All this formed the nucleus of a city, whose success was further ensured by the subsidizing of a line of steamers running every three

weeks between Vancouver, China, and Japan. The combined influence of these new channels of communication with the Orient at once drew an army of tourists to Vancouver. Tourists are usually men of means and seldom travel hurriedly. There are to-day but few Western cities frequented by them which do not tempt the investment of the surplus capital of England and the East, which has long been seeking sure and speedy returns. Vancouver claims to be second to none other in her financial opportunities and capabilities. Vancouver is the Western tidewater terminus of the longest railway in the world. Vancouver is the place of disembarkation for China and Japan. Vancouver is the receiving and discharging depot for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, both to and from all coast points; and Vancouver, by virtue of being located on the best harbour of British Columbia, and the only one accessible from the interior, must always be the great commercial centre of the province.

NOTE.—I am indebted to the correspondent of the *Morning Oregonian* for much valuable information about British Columbia and Vancouver.

POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

—*Johnston: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

That the average of musical cultivation among us is comparatively low, may be seen in the great number of pianos that are out of tune. The sudden changes of our climate no doubt militate somewhat against the staying qualities of our instruments in point of tone. But making all due allowance for that circumstance, I still have a protest to make on behalf of such as are blessed with a delicate and sensitive ear for music. At present it is but a questionable blessing certainly. As sometimes the discordant scraping of a knife upon a plate, or the shrill creaking of an ungreased wheel affects us, so (and infinitely more) does the untuned piano affect the aforesaid delicate and sensitive ear. As for myself, not claiming to be remarkably sensitive, my protest should be all the stronger; for when I complain —!

There is one particular in which the policy of protection might go considerably farther without faring worse. American troupes, theatrical and otherwise, carry yearly immense sums of money back with them to the United States. Their prima donnas sing a song of sixpences that are Canadian, and carry away pockets full of more than rye. Charity, saith the philosophic philanthropist, begins at home. If we must have entertainments of this kind (and such, no doubt, is the case,) why cannot Canadian talent supply us; and keep Canadian coppers in Canadian coffers. When such talent does appear, we find our artist, like our artisan too often, unfortunately, making a bee line for the States. We are strangers and (in more senses than one) they take us in.

How hard it is to mix business and pleasure, using the words in their general meaning. A night of pleasure is usually followed by but an indifferent day of business. Like the drinks imbibed or such a night, business and pleasure will not satisfactorily mix. And the old saying—"business first and pleasure after"—might be rendered, "business first, or never." Please first, and there is no time for business; after it the deluge. The most successful attempts, probably, to mix business and pleasure, occur in the games of chess and whist. And even these examples are not particularly encouraging.

I have always insisted upon it as a maxim worthy of all acceptance, that briskness is the soul of correspondence,—as truly as brevity is the soul of wit. The correspondence,

"That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," is lamentably soulless. Such a correspondence is one of the many early crosses. Letter-writing generally is regarded by some with such aversion as to suggest something akin to pulling a tooth. And yet there is nothing so very difficult about letter-writing; it is nothing, as they say, when you get used to it. There are letters and letters, of course. It is not easy, certainly, to get off something after the style of Junius. But one can with tolerable facility approximate the standard of ordinary correspondence—of which briskness is the soul.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk can close the outer door instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed in the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion department of this and other banks is nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-room, and an entrance cannot be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor should knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns, the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking its place.



Like every other art, that of play-making is progressing. A new style has been put in existence,—and the plays that rely principally on strong contrasts, awful villains and angelic heroes are gradually making room for others, which excite the same pleasures and the same feelings, but cause less wear and tear on the nervous system. "Sweet Lavender," the play which is at present being given at the Academy, is one of the latter class. It tells a simple story in a quiet yet thoroughly enjoyable way, and is the kind of play that one would go to see for the purpose of relieving one's mind for an evening of pressing business cares. The cast is good; but this has been continually the case of late and we don't wonder at it any more. They thoroughly understood what they were supposed to be, with, perhaps, one exception, and that was the man from the States. He gave the impression that, just before leaving New York, some "Around the World" Company had met the "Sweet Lavender" people and, in the hurry to get off, had taken their Yankee, leaving them their own impersonator of the part, who had been studying for melodrama. The best of all was doubtless Mr. Burbank, as *Dick Phenyl*, and *Clement Hall* by Mr. Scott. *Geoffrey Wedderburn* by Mr. Montaine, and *Dr. Delaney* by Mr. Findlay, were well done, though the latter exhibited a curious change of voice. Half the male portion of the audience fell in love with Miss Friend, as *Sweet Lavender*, before the play was half over, and the other ladies were also very good in their respective parts. The audience was justly enthusiastic, and the curtain had to be raised twice on the ending of the second act.

The name of Corinne and burlesque are so closely allied that one cannot imagine the one without the other. What is more, one would not even in one's mind connect Corinne with anything but good burlesque or other than pretty girls. Her appearance at the Royal this week is certainly a most creditable one. The songs are good, the dialogue is witty, the girls look fresh, and the costumes elegant, while Corinne herself is the same old rollicking charmer as ever.

Our music-loving French citizens are meeting with much success, in their new Philharmonic Society. It is their intention to give three concerts this winter, at which they will offer in succession Gounod's "Joanne d'Arc," Felicien David's "Christophe Colomb," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Rehearsals are held every Tuesday evening, and Mr. Charles Labelle, of Notre Dame, is director.

The Boston Symphony Club gave an excellent concert in the Queen's Hall last week. The soloists were especially good, but the orchestral music rendered was rather weak at times, especially in Foote's "Romanza," while Langey's "Evening Breeze Sonata" was rather below the standard which the club seem to have adopted for themselves. Miss Ohrstrom's sweet soprano voice charmed the audience, and the "Spanish Bolero" by Bourgeois was exquisitely rendered. Mr. Otto Langley made his violoncello sing in the Fantasia which he played, and as usual Mr. De Seve was rapturously applauded. Taking it all in all, it was a fit opening concert for the musical season.

The amateur dramatic clubs are hard at work. The Grand Trunk Club will produce "Little Emily" on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. It is a dramatization of the most dramatic part of the first volume of Dickens's "David Copperfield." The proceeds will go to the Fresh Air Fund. The M.A.A.A. Club have started their rehearsals, and the Irving Club, which is in constant communication with the great Henry, who is their honorary president, is working hard for the production of their temperance drama on the 14th in the Armory, in aid of a new Temperance Hall Fund.

It is said that Clara Morris surpasses all her former efforts in her new play, "Helene," which opened at the Union Square, New York, last week. The play, which is by Miss Sarah Morton, has a rather improbable plot, but its failings are forgotten in Miss Morris's exquisite acting. Montrealers have had but little chance to admire her, but it is stated that she will be here in the near future.

A. DROMIO.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—All last week Mantel played to large houses in "Monbars," "Othello," and "The Marble Heart." He is a great favourite and will always be well received in that city. For the first three nights of the present week "Evangeline" held the boards. "Evangeline" is noted for stage effects, scenery and costumes. The last three nights of this week "The Surprises of Divorce," a new play by Arthur Rahan's company, appear.

JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—"The White Slave" has been the attraction all the past week, and has been seen by large numbers. "The Arabian Nights" has been on all the present week.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This new place of amusement promises a variety of entertainments. Miss Nora Clench and a talented company opened the house on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, and on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), the old English "David Garrick" and Grundy's "Man Proposes."

These pieces hold the boards for the balance of the week. Commencing on Monday, Nov. 11th, the Wood-St. John Company, fresh from a successful tour of the States and playing new plays, will appear before a Toronto audience. Manager Greene has his house dated right along and promises to make it a most popular place of amusement. C. E. M.

AT LOCHLEVEN.

PART I.

Still high in Heaven overhead
The sun a wealth of summer shed,
With bass of straining oars and treble
Of lightly-plashing drip, I sped.
Before me rose a feathery hedge
Of meadow-sweet and reedy sedge;
A bank of glittering sand and pebble
Shoaled gently as we neared the edge.

I leapt ashore where ramparts old,
Turf-veiled, the ancient garden told;
Hard by the little causeway crumbled
Where legend saith a Douglas sold
His knightly word to win the smile
Of that Queen captive of his isle,
Although dethroned, deserted, humbled
And banned, for Darnley's blood, the while.

I passed into the castle grey
And reverently trod my way,
Not to the keep in grandeur hoary,
Still standing as it stood of aye:
But to the turret worn and low,
Suffused to me with fancy's glow,
And strewn with fragments of a story
Rich with romance and streaked with woe.

Here must thy heart so sorely tried—
The night thy trembling fingers lied
And signed away thy royal birthright—
Well-nigh have burst with wounded pride;
And well-nigh burst with joy the night
Thou gazedst shorewards for the light,
Which promised thee thy common earth-right
Of freedom, ere the dawn was bright.

To-day without the crownless keep,
Shy silver weed and vetches creep;
Within, the dark blue-eyed germander,
And pale-eyed Myosotis peep.
To-day the voice of childhood oft
Rings cheery through the garden-croft,
And through her prison lovers wander
And doubt her faults in whispers soft.

Farewell, grim castle of the isle
Haunted by Mary's plaintive smile!
Farewell poor Queen—pet Queen of Story,
Whose grace and fate outweigh thy guile.
Whether thou wert more wronged or wrong,
Has vexed the brain of History long;
But never—though their locks be hoary,
Disloyal to thee, the Sons of Song.

QUEEN MARY'S ISLE.

PART II.

I left the castle for the glade
Of sunshine mid the oak-tree shade,
Couched in the fragrant grass, to linger,
Till from the west the gold should fade,
But chance a maid before me threw,
Who sitting, sweetly-careless, drew
With truthful touch and busy finger,
Grey tower, green bower, and waters blue.

"Maid," thought I, "of the Western land,
Pilgrim to this historic strand,
From where Atlantic winters thunder
On the New England's classic sand.
Here, or where Avon gravely sweeps
Round aisles in which our Shakespere sleeps,
Though time and sea our nations under,
The kinship in their pulses leaps.

"Maid, with the tawny hair, and eyes
Soft blue as summer evening skies—
Sweet maiden, sunny-faced and slender,
Limning this tower of memories—
What shall I pray for thee this e'en?
That thou mayest be her match in mien,
In grace, in wit, in true-love tender,
But happier than Scotland's Queen.

—*Douglas Sladen, in the October Home-Maker, New York*

LIFE AND LOVE.

A break of waves on the beach;
Thin, golden light like old wine flowing,
On flower, and shell, and pale sand glowing;
White sails floating o'er rippled reach.

A dream of life and of love—
A sigh of pleasure; a sign of pain;
A whisper of hope; ah, me! in vain—
Fades the sweet light from the blue above,
Sad tones in parting soft blended;
Hand clasped in hand when twilight, falling,
Hushes the voice of blue wave brawling—
Of life and love the dream is ended.

August, 1889.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

HUMOUROUS.

A DOUBTFUL TESTIMONIAL.—Mrs. Rougenoir (in stage whisper to strange lady): "Excuse me, but what hair dye do you use? I never saw any before that could not be detected."

LIBERAL: John, see, your little sister is crying because you did not share your peach with her. That isn't so, mamma. I gave her the stone, and if she plants it she can have a whole tree.

A child was recently watching a young lady busily talking into a telephone transmitter. Suddenly the child said: Who are you talking to? The lady answered: I'm talking to a man. The child replied: Well, he must be a very little man to live in such a small house.

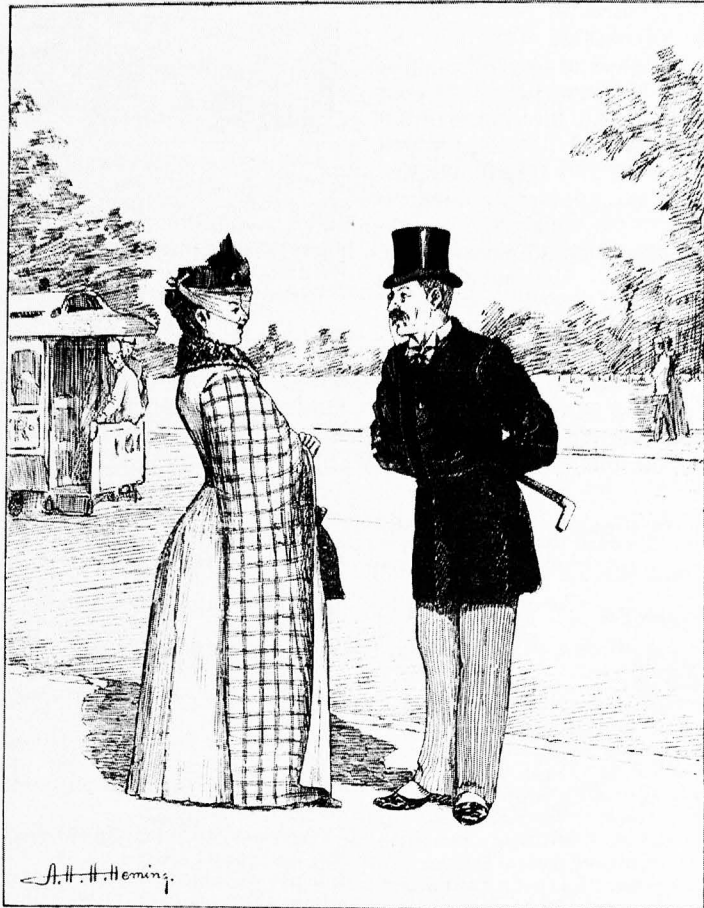
"**STEWART,**" he said feebly, in the small hours of the stormy night, trying to turn over in his berth, "Stewart, what's that?" "The sailor on deck, sir." "Yes, but what did he say just now?" "All well, sir." "My, what a liar." And then he turned over and moaned a mal de mer moan!

BRIGGS: I have been hunting all the morning for a friend of mine, Boggs, but I can't find him. I wish he wasn't so much trouble to get hold of when I want him. Boggs: I'll tell you what to do. The next time you see him, Briggs, borrow \$10 or \$15. After that you can't walk the streets without running over him.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.—Jimmy: Mamma, I wish you'd lick me real good and hard. Mother (surprised): Whip you! Why, Jimmy, you haven't done anything wrong have you? Jimmy: No; but me an' Bill Jones are goin' swimmin' and you know you told me you'd lick me if I went, so I thought I'd enjoy the swim a good deal more if you'd do it beforehand.

A **BARRISTER** had been explaining at great length certain transactions in regard to a furnished house. Having dealt with the house in a long and dreary oration utterly beside the point, he coughed, and began, "And now, my lord, I propose to address myself to the furniture." "You have not been addressing yourself to anything else for the last hour and a half," was the reply.

A **KINDERGARTEN PUPIL.**—An amusing incident occurred illustrating how strong a hold some of the kindergarten instruction takes on the youthful mind. A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming, "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Vertical," replied the child without a second's hesitation.



RATHER CRUEL.

I am indeed delighted, my dear Miss Costick, to see that you recognized me at once, after the three years interval since I last saw you! What, may I ask, caused my image to remain so long in your memory?

Miss Costick: "Nothing more simple, Mr. Hardap; the same shiny hat, and the same shiny coat you wore three years ago!"

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**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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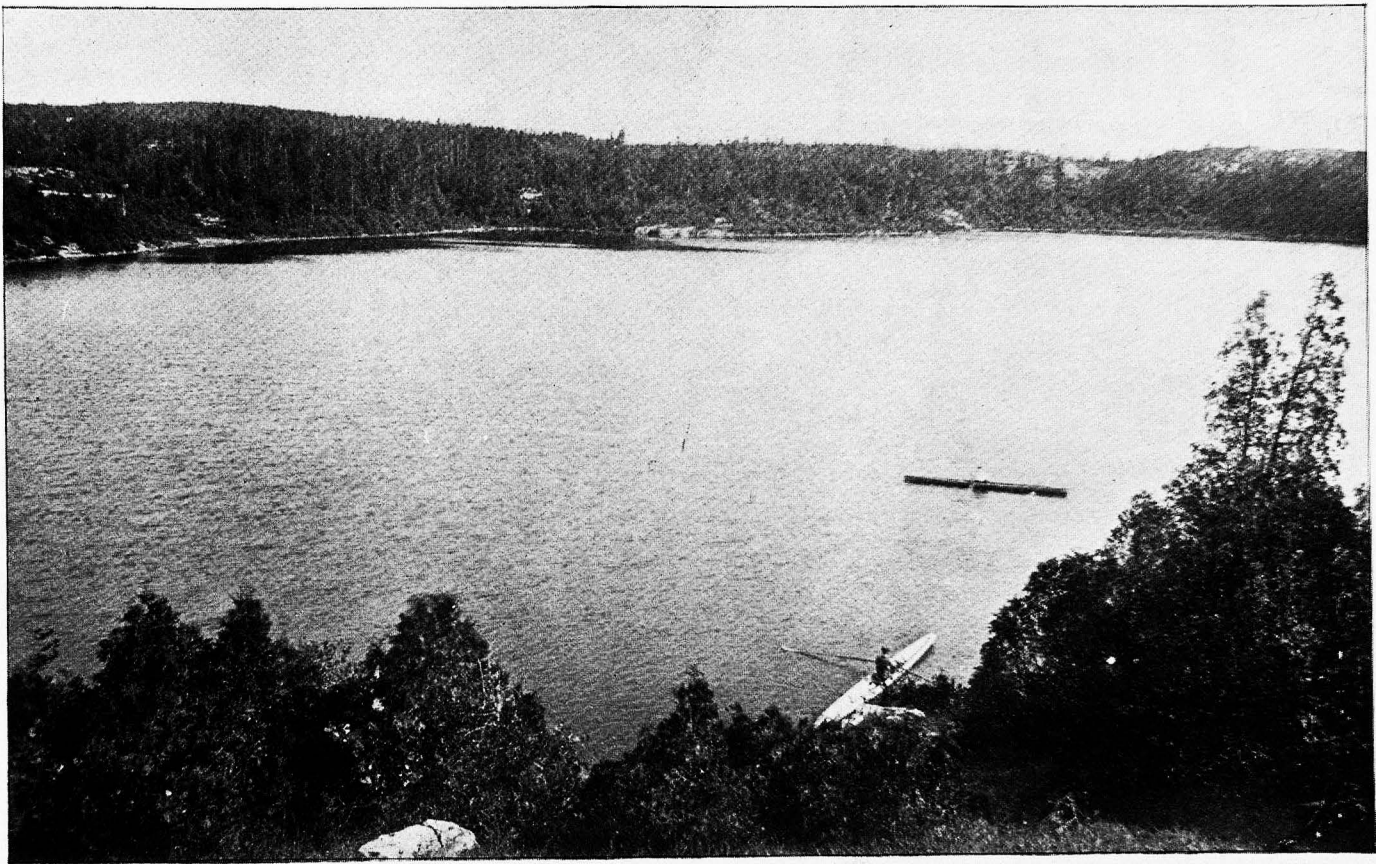
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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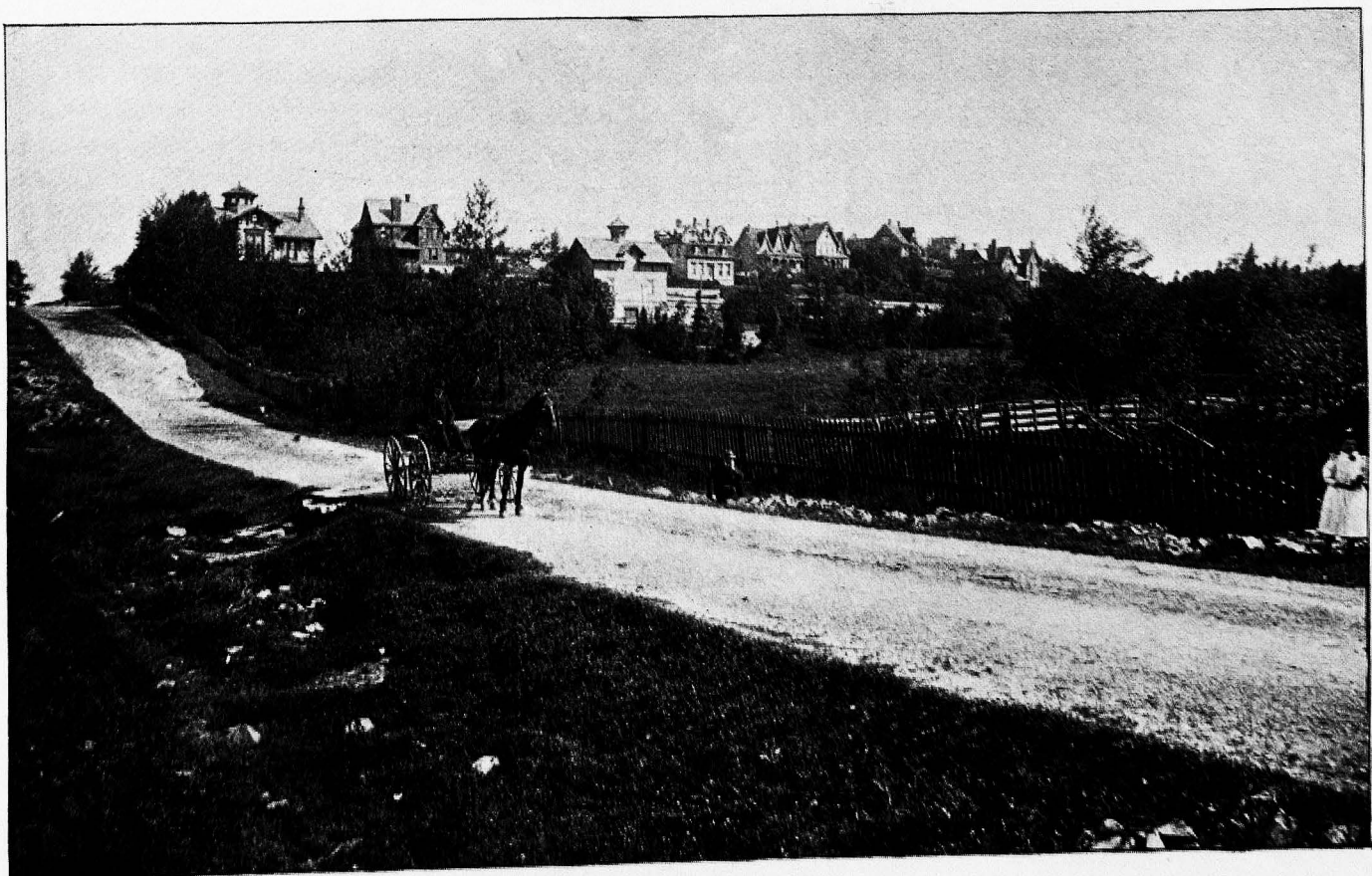
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 16th NOVEMBER, 1889.

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LILY LAKE, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.



VIEW ON HOWE'S ROAD, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.

From photos. by A. Steeger.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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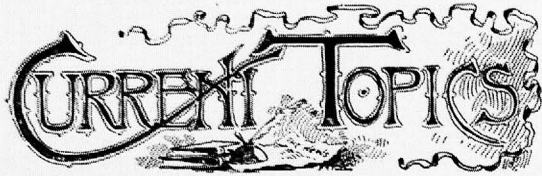
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16th NOVEMBER, 1889.



A good deal of Cardinal Gibbons' recently published book, "Our Christian Heritage," is devoted to the labour question. After setting forth the principles that should actuate both employer and employed, he exhorts the workingman to cultivate a spirit of patient industry and to take an active, conscientious interest in the business in which he is engaged, as the more he contributes to its success the more likely is he to be compensated for his services. At the same time His Eminence reminds employers of what they owe to labour, many of them having begun life in the service of others. To both classes he recommends the avoidance of that feverish ambition which is incompatible with peace of mind. It is said that Pope Leo will shortly issue an important encyclical on the same subject, which will comprise the result of two years' research and reflection.

Rumour has been busy with Mr. Blaine's Pan-American Congress. According to one story, the delegates from the Tropics and beyond them have been using their opportunities to a purpose somewhat different from that which the Secretary had in view. If it would benefit them to have certain restrictions between their own States and the northern Republic abolished, they seem to think that it would profit them still more if all customs barriers were removed and the nations, north and south, and east and west, were to enjoy the freest interchange of each others' commodities. This is just what Mr. Blaine doesn't want. The United States, in his opinion, must remain protectionist, and it was mainly to help North American manufacturers that he wished to have subsidized lines of steamers established between his own country and those of the centre and south. It is whispered that some of the United States delegates share the heresies of the open-minded southern visitors.

The 5th of November will henceforth have a new significance for the people of Canada, for it was on that date of twofold association with the house of Stuart that Mr. Mercier chose to consummate the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates. Nothing was omitted that would give eclat to the occasion and invest it with the prestige of a great historical event. The venerable head in Canada of the Company of Jesus was present in person, while Cardinal Taschereau was represented by Monsignor Tetu; Archbishop Fabre, by the Rev. M. Racicot; Laval University, by the Rev. Mr. Gagnon, and the Government, by the Premier, the Hon. Col. Rhodes and the Hon. Mr. Gagnon. The sums paid were as follows: \$160,000 to the Jesuit Order; \$100,000 to Laval University, Quebec; \$40,000 to Laval University, Montreal; \$20,000 to the Apostolic

Prefecture of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; \$10,000 each, to the archdiocese of Quebec, and the seven other sees of the province, and \$5,260, interest due to the Jesuit Fathers. After the disbursement the Hon. Mr. Mercier delivered an address, in which he defended and explained his policy both as an act of justice and the solution of a long vexed problem. Father Turgeon, S.J., then addressed those present, expressing his gratitude to the Premier, and insisting, with evident pride, on the loyalty of his order to the British Crown.

In no respect is the humanity of British law and usage in the present day in more marked contrast with the reign of terror that Sir S. Romilly so earnestly denounced in the beginning of the century than in the discipline of the army and navy. The improved conditions of the service do not, however, prevent desertion, which is still a pretty frequent offence. Some time ago the chaplain of a London prison questioned 616 men then in confinement for this cause as to the motives that had led them to abandon the colours. The reason alleged by 161 was simply disgust with barrack life. Of the rest, 114 ascribed their defection to drink; 100 to the desire to better themselves; 72 blamed bad company, and 51 had overstayed their leave and were afraid to return; 48 found the tyranny of the non-commissioned officers intolerable; 41 disclaimed any intention of deserting, and alleged that they had been kept away unavoidably and through no fault of their own; debt had forced 14 to take to flight; 12 had gone because they were refused furlough, and one man had got married without the authority of his superiors. A considerable proportion of the soldiers who desert regret the step sooner or later, and some of them give themselves up. A case of this kind occurred lately in this city, when a deserter from the Battery at Quebec, after four years' wandering all over the world, surrendered himself to the authorities and was sent back to his old quarters. He must have been a popular fellow for he received a hearty welcome from his old comrades.

An effort has been made of late by the Washington authorities to revive an industry which, though it has not in our day attained any marked success, is one of the oldest on this continent—that of silk culture. Readers of Prescott will recall that as early as the year 1531 Cortez had silk worms imported from the Old World for the purpose of naturalizing sericulture in Mexico. He had the satisfaction of seeing his experiment succeed, and, under the domination of subsequent governors, the silk of New Spain was woven and the fabrics made from it sent to Europe. In the early years of the British colonial period, King James the First, who, as our readers know, was the sworn enemy of the "weed," set up silk production as the rival of tobacco-growing in Virginia. It was an unequal contest, however. The silk industry waned and disappeared, while its competitor thrived apace and endures to this day. The French Huguenots, who established the silk loom in Ireland, also tried to make it at home in the Carolinas. John Law, the father of many enterprises, included silk culture in his scheme for the development of Louisiana. Pennsylvania had a trial of it later, and New England silk was worn by lords and ladies in the middle of last century. Franklin's versatile mind was drawn to the subject and he wrote a treatise on it. After the Revolution the industry was gradually resumed, and in the first quarter of this century it made good progress. Paterson, N.J.,

was called the Lyons of America. In 1854 it was started on the Pacific Coast, and for a time was popular. But, though silk production was never entirely given up, and sometimes received an impulse that seemed to promise great things, the yield was trifling, compared to the demand for manufacturing. In 1880 the importation of raw silk was 2,562,236 lbs; the value of silk goods of native manufacture, \$34,519,723—a figure which has largely increased of late. The Agricultural Department of the Government has been trying to revive the industry, and in this task, it has the co-operation of several societies.

In a communication on the relations between Canada and Australia, Mr. Douglas Sladen, after expressing his preference for Melbourne to Sydney as the representative Australian city, points out that Australia, having no soft wood, imports all her deal articles, and that her consumption of boards, doors, sashes, etc., is gigantic, since, outside the large towns, nearly all the buildings are of wood. Her consumption of canned salmon is also gigantic. Australia has no salmon, and Australians are inordinately fond of it. She imports all her dried fish, and lately imported a vast quantity of wheat from the United States to make up for a bad season. Australia has the most perfect appliances for the reduction of precious metals, and a ship, short of cargo at this end, might fill up with valuable ores. On the other hand Canada uses an enormous number of wooden bridges and wooden quays, exposed to the sea-worm, in addition to ordinary rotting from damp. Australia produces a timber, the jarrah, on which even the sea-worm—the limnaria and teredo—can make no impression, and a variety of hardwoods of rich dark colours, exactly suitable for the great furniture-making industry of Canada. Australia, continues Mr. Sladen, imports a great quantity of machinery and iron and wooden utensils from the States, which Canada produces equally well. Canada every year demands more and more the inimitable fine wools of Australia. Canada imports opossum and native bear skins, to make cheap fur coats in the place of the exhausted buffalo. She requires kangaroo-hide for her boot manufactories. The wool and hardwood from Australia to Canada, and the canned and dried fish and softwood from Canada to Australia, would ensure cargoes, apart from small items and the occasional large shipments of wheat to Australia. It must not be forgotten that Australia is one of the world's greatest consumers of softwood and canned fish, and that Canada only supplies her with a fraction of what she consumes; whereas if there were direct steamers, she would probably supply the whole.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, than whom there is no higher authority on the subject, protests with characteristic vigour against the present disaster-inviting high-pressure wires employed by the electric light companies. His denunciation of the system in vogue is all the more emphatic because he deems it unnecessary, ascribing it to mere greed, the object being solely to save outlay for ground and wire. He is convinced (and he ought to know) that a perfectly safe system in which only low tension currents would be employed can be made remunerative. The safeguard that he recommends is not the putting of the wires under ground, which, he is assured for reasons that he gives, would aggravate the danger in many ways, but the exercise of authority by state or civic governments in the regulation of the pressure. If such

regulation by means of strict laws properly enforced is possible in England, he does not see why it should be so hard to secure in America. All who are interested in the subject ought to read the article in the *North American Review*.

Among the many epithets that have been applied to the age in which we live, the latest and not the least appropriate (especially in view of the tendencies of industrial and commercial enterprise in the United States) is that of the age of trusts. Those who have made up their minds that the tendency in question is in the natural course of things and therefore resistless, have received a shock from a decision of the New York Supreme Court at its general term last week. The case was that of the People against the North River Sugar Refining Company, which had been dissolved by Judge Barrett on application of the Attorney-General. An appeal was taken, and the General Term sustained the judgment of the lower court. The decision was based on the proved fact that "the governing object of the Association was to promote its interests and advance the prosperity of its associates by limiting the supply when that could properly be done and advancing the prices of the products produced by the companies." Such being the case, and the objects in view being "the removal of competition and the advancement of the prices of necessities of life," the Company is "subject to the condemnation of the law by which it is denounced as a criminal enterprise." The plea that other combinations might compete with it and counteract the effects indicated was not admitted, the aim and practical result of the company's operations being to make competition impossible.

The result of the late elections in Newfoundland will probably be to throw the French shore question back into the vexing complications from which Sir Robert Thorburn's policy had set it free. Sir William Whiteway, who has won the fight, is determined to annul the Bait Act, and thus to place the French shore fishermen once more at the mercy of their alien rivals. In England, possibly, the change will be welcomed, as France had remonstrated (as was natural) against the operation of the excluding law. But with the restoration of the French to their old privileges, the Newfoundlanders of the coast are placed at a serious disadvantage, and all the old controversies and disputes will be renewed. The situation is deplorable at best, and it is a pity that two friendly powers, like France and England, cannot come to a definite settlement, which would free the Queen's loyal subjects in Newfoundland from an anomalous and intolerable position.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF CANADA.

During the last few years the study of constitutional questions in Canada has yielded some important works. The late Dr. Todd, the late Mr. Doutre, Mr. E. Lareau, Dr. Bourinot, the late Judge Loranger, Senator Trudel, the Hon. Judge Wurtele, the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Mr. Recorder DeMontigny, Mr. P. B. Mignault, and a number of others have written from different points of view on our constitutional history and practice. The subject has also been attracting considerable attention in England, where a work on "The Constitution of Canada" has just issued from the Cambridge University press. That these works should be all in entire agreement or that their combined wisdom should leave no question unsettled is hardly to be expected. The sources of authority to which they

refer us for the law and custom of the constitution are the same, but their interpretation of some of those sources varies. There is one point on which this variation is especially marked—that of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada. Some of them seem to regard it as equivalent to the Cabinet. Others leave the matter in doubt, and others do not appear to have given it any consideration. According to the 11th section of the British North America Act there was to be a council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, the members of which should be from time to time chosen and summoned by the Governor-General and sworn in as Privy Councillors. The members of this council might from time to time be removed by the Governor-General. Now, it is well known that the only persons so far nominated to the Privy Council have been members of the successive governments which have been in power since 1867. But Privy Councillors retain the title of "Honourable" after retiring from office, and, moreover, provision is made for such ex-cabinet ministers in the table of precedence. Members of the Privy Council, who are not of the cabinet, take rank immediately after the chief judges of the courts of law and equity. It is evident, therefore, that the Privy Council and the Cabinet are not identical. The Privy Council consists of the whole number of persons who have been sworn in as members of that body on taking office in any administration since the federal system was established. That is implied by the rules of precedence, both original and amended, and it is simply the following out of British usage.

The English Privy Council is, it is true, a much more comprehensive and complex body than that of Canada. A certain number of persons, besides Ministers of the Crown, are ex-officio members of it. It includes, for instance, the members of the royal family, the two archbishops and the Bishop of London, the judges of the Court of Appeal and other high officials. Ireland also has its Privy Council, which comprises, besides the members of the cabinet who are associated with the government of Ireland, certain judicial dignitaries and other important functionaries. Scotland has not had a Privy Council since the sixth year of Queen Anne's reign. To the British Privy Council persons may be admitted as a special mark of distinction, such as was conferred on Sir John A. Macdonald. The Council, through its committees, discharges certain important duties, both administrative and judicial. The Board of Trade, the Committee of Council on Education, and the Judicial Committee (which has been a permanent court of ultimate appeal since 1833) are instances of the jurisdiction which it thus exercises.

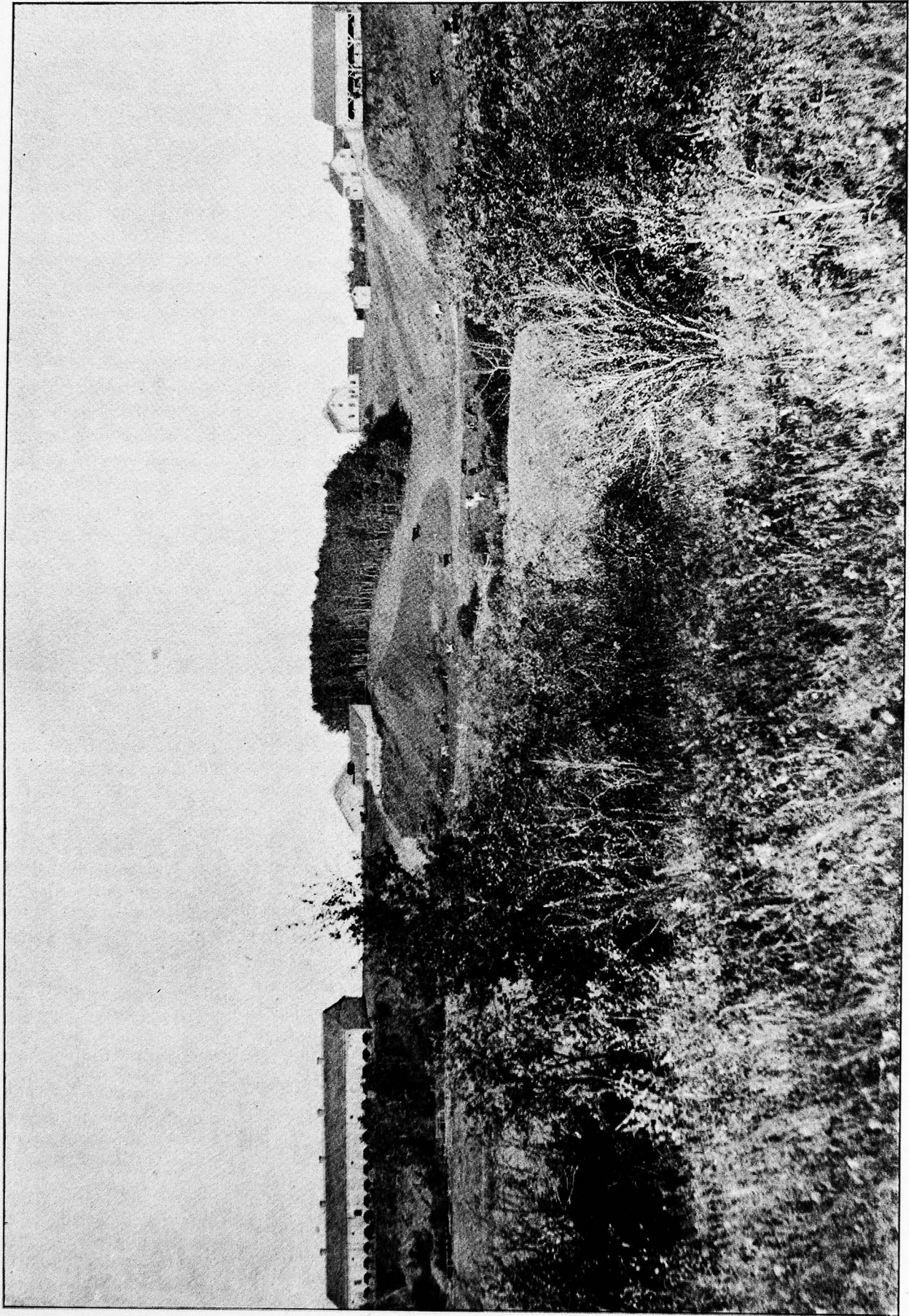
Some of the writers whom we have quoted seem to look upon the cabinet as the legal reality, privy councillors as such being, in their estimation, doubtful entities that "come like shadows, so depart." Mr. Munro says, for instance, that "these 'honorary' members are not in law members of the council." It is, on the contrary, the cabinet that has no place in law. One of Mr. Gladstone's most interesting essays bears on the anomalous position of that body and of its head in the British Constitution. It has been called a committee of the Privy Council, but such a description is inaccurate. There are, as we have just seen, several such committees, but the cabinet is not one of them. It has "not even this sanction to sustain its existence," says Mr. Gladstone. "It has and acts simply by understanding, without a single line of written law or constitution to determine its relations

to the monarch or to the parliament or to the nation, or the relations of its members to their head or to one another." As to the "Premier," Mr. Gladstone says: "He has no official rank except that of a Privy Councillor. His rights and duties as head of the administration are nowhere recorded. He is almost, if not altogether, unknown to the statute law." It is in harmony with the political genius of Great Britain that these points should have been left indeterminate by the framers of our Constitution, to be settled according as tradition and usage and our peculiar needs might suggest. We believe, therefore, that Mr. De Montigny, with whom Mr. Gemmill agrees (or *vice-versa*), is correct when he defines the Privy Council as composed of all the members already nominated, and the cabinet of those members of it who are actually *en fonction*. Whether, in the course of time, our Privy Council may, like its model, be turned to account, as a whole, for the service of the nation, by being parcelled out into committees, is a question for statecraft. If we allow for different conditions, its composition is not unlike that of its English exemplar. It is made up of members of either house of Parliament, of judges of the Supreme and other courts, and of Lieutenant-Governors. For the consideration of a certain class of questions a committee composed of such statesmen *emeriti* would be better qualified than the ablest minds in Great Britain, lacking as they must, their familiarity with Canadian needs and their sympathy with Canadian aspirations.

WHAT MACKEREL FEED ON.

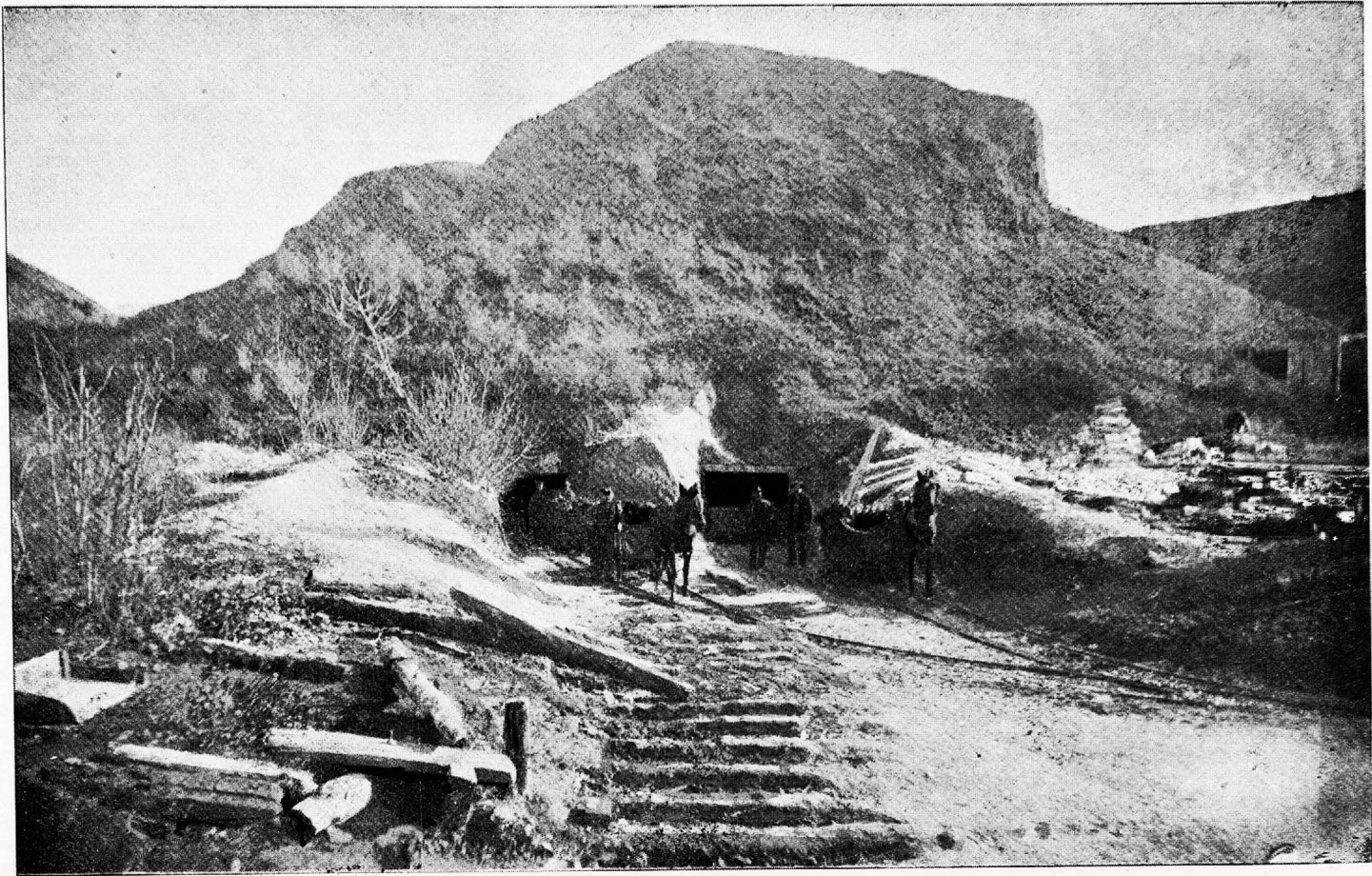
The contents of the stomachs of mackerel were preserved on two days only, May 10 and May 13. The size of the fish was from 11 to 13½ inches in length. On the first day mentioned the quantity of food taken from the stomachs averaged 4 drams to a stomach; on the second day it averaged 5½ drams, except in the case of one specimen, which afforded 8 drams. The average quantity of food to a stomach, therefore, agreed very closely with the average results of surface organisms when towing with the 12-inch net. These deductions, however, are based upon too few observations to have any special significance. It is well known that the surface organisms serving as food for mackerel and other pelagic fishes are very unequally distributed, and are constantly changing their position, appearing and reappearing under the varying conditions of the water and atmosphere. While sometimes they are apparently absent over wide areas, at others they form dense clouds, plainly distinguishable by their colour. Such swarms would readily attract the schools of rapidly-swimming fishes, while they might easily escape the notice of a fishing vessel moving slowly from place to place. It is also probable, from previous observations of the Fish Commission, that the mackerel feeds to some extent below the surface. As to the character of its food the mackerel probably exercises little discrimination, but swallows all the smaller objects occurring in its path. Certain species, or groups of species are, however, much more abundant than others, and these are recognized as its common or appropriate food. Such are the copepods, the pelagic amphipods, some of the pteropods, and perhaps *Sagitta*. On the present cruise several species of copepods, *Themisto bispinosa* of amphipods, *Spiralis*, species of pteropods, and *Sagitta elegans* were the most common and wide-spread, and they were all abundant in the stomachs examined. —*Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission*.

The first part of an illustrated serial edition of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "Holy Land and the Bible" will be published soon, by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The designs for the illustrations have been prepared by Mr. Henry A. Harper, of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who has spent several years in the East preparing drawings for the work.



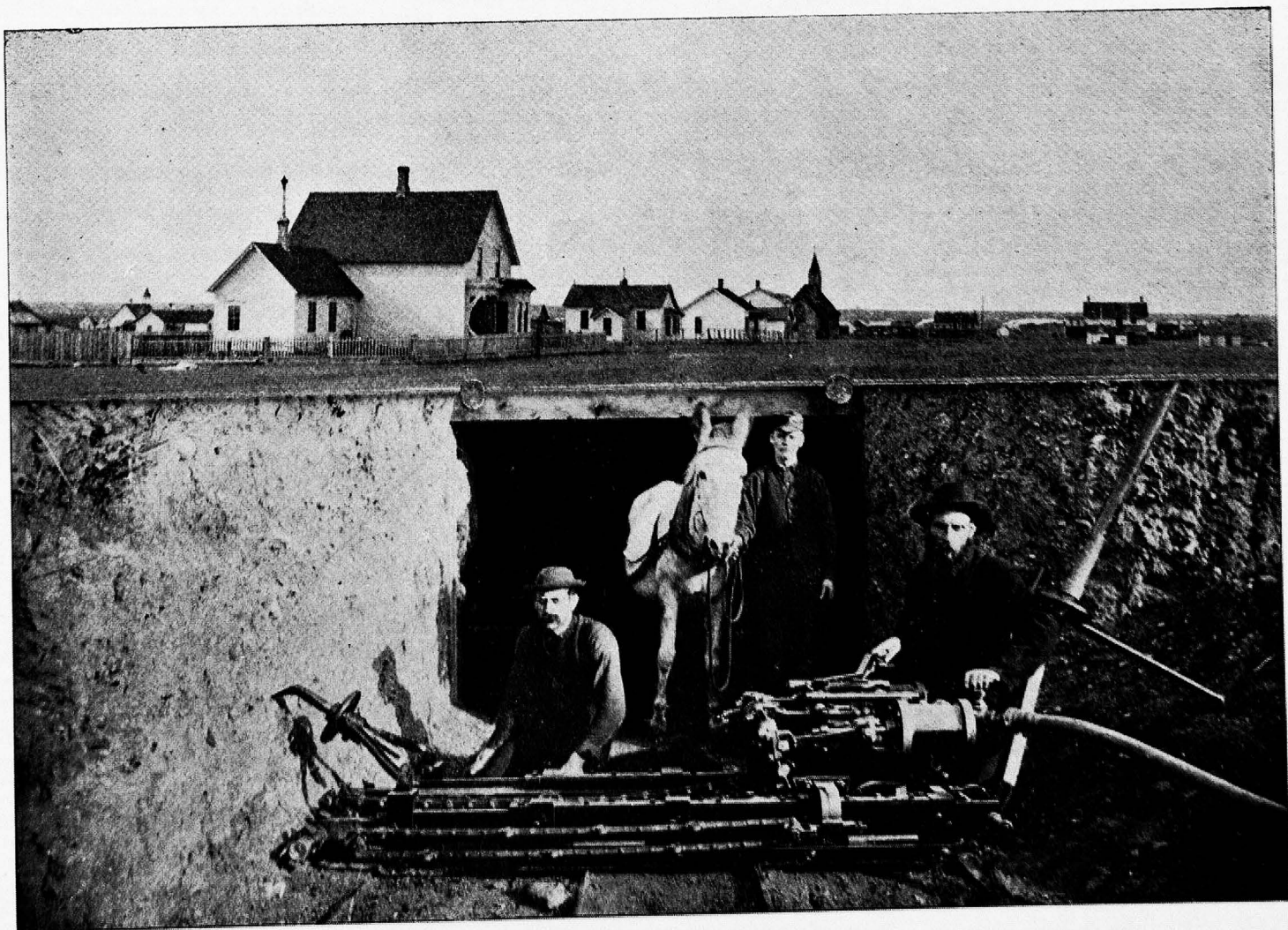
VIEW OF THE STOCK FARM, BINSCARRAGH, MAN.

J. F. Rowe, photo., Portage La Prairie, Man.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LETHBRIDGE COLLIERY.

C. MaGrath, photo.



PART OF FORD STREET, LETHBRIDGE, N.W.T.
ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE COAL SHAFTS, LETHBRIDGE.

C. MaGrath, photo.



LILY LAKE, ST. JOHN, N. B.—This charming sheet of water is about a mile from St. John, and is naturally one of the chief attractions of the neighbourhood. What lovelier scene could heart desire than that calm mirror with its frame of foliage? Artists have haunted it, anglers have searched its depths, oarsmen and oarswomen have impelled themselves across its glassy surface, and bathers have revelled like naiads in its refreshing waters, but no community of enjoyment can render it commonplace. It is a blessed sight after the dust and din of the city, the contemplation of which inspires tranquillity and contentment—just such a scene as poet, painter, lover, find rapture in. We do not wonder that St. John people are proud of it.

ON HOWE'S ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.—There is no fairer district in Canada than that of which the city of St. John is the centre. Both the harbour and coast and the scenes through which one passes on the roads to the interior are full of charming surprises. The variety of surface gives repeated chances of points of vantage from which the landscape may be surveyed. Cultivation has done much to soften any harshness in the natural features, so that the charms of an English country side are combined with the striking boldness that is so picturesque. The Fort Howe Hill commands a view of scenery that fully accounts for the attachment of St. John people to their native city. The glimpse of a well-known exit and peopled upland afforded by our engraving faithfully (though partially) illustrates one phase of this diversified scenery.

BINSARTH STOCK FARM.—This fine establishment, so characteristic of the North-West, is not far from the line of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway. The visit of the vice-regal party to it and the reception and address to the Governor-General, with His Excellency's reply, were given in our last issue.

THE LETHBRIDGE COLLIERY.—This important colliery—the property of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company, limited—which produces that coal known throughout Manitoba and the North-West Territories as "Galt Coal," has been in operation since 1882. Its active development, however, properly dates from the autumn of 1885, when a narrow-gauge railway—owned and operated by the same company—from the C.P.R. at Dunmore, near Medicine Hat, to Lethbridge, a distance of 109½ miles, was completed. This company owes its existence to the exertions of Sir Alexander T. Galt, G.C.M.G., who with other gentlemen in 1881 secured coal leases in Alberta, on both the Bow and Belly rivers. In the year following, after a thorough examination of these leases, it was decided to open a mine on the east bank of Belly River, where the town of Lethbridge now stands. Early in 1883 the North-Western Coal and Navigation Co., limited, with a capital of £50,000 sterling, was formed for this purpose, and during that and the following year about 3,000 tons were shipped by way of the Belly and South Saskatchewan rivers to Medicine Hat, and there tested on the locomotives of the C.P.R. These tests proved the value of the coal as a steam producer; but, owing to the season of river navigation being so short and uncertain, it became necessary to abandon this mode of transfer and to build the narrow-gauge railway. To do this, the company increased their capital to £150,000 sterling, and bonded the road to the extent of £160,000 sterling. It was formally opened by the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada, on the 24th September, 1885. Prior to the mining operations above mentioned, coal was extracted on the west bank of Belly river opposite the present Lethbridge Colliery, by the late Nicholas Sheran, who probably was the first coal operator in Western Canada. Mr. Sheran, early in the seventies, settled at the St. Mary's river, about six miles south of Lethbridge. This point being near the St. Mary's crossing of the Benton-Macleod trail, the freighters on their return trip to Benton used to load their "string teams" with coal and sell it on their arrival in Benton. In 1879 Mr. Sheran moved down the Belly river and established himself on the west side of the river, where the lower trail crossed, leading from Macleod to Benton. Here he conducted a ferry during high water, at the same time mining coal, which he sold at \$5 a ton to the freighters, who afterwards retailed it in Benton at \$20. The output of the colliery of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Co., since 1885, has yearly increased, even far beyond the expectations of the promoters of the scheme. Their monthly pay-sheet is now in the neighbourhood of \$20,000. This, it need hardly be remarked, is a considerable sum of money to be put in circulation in the town of Lethbridge, where but a few years ago, before the construction of the C.P.R., desolation reigned supreme. Owing to the very large and increasing demand for coal in the Smelting and Reducing Works in Montana, the N.W.C. & N. Co. have now good opportunities of placing their coal on that market. In the summer of 1888 several car-loads were shipped for the purpose of testing, by way of the C.P.R., St. P. M. & M. and N.P.R.—a distance of nearly 2,000 miles—to various smelters in Montana, which by a direct road could be reached in less than 300 miles. The results of these tests being favourable, negotiations are now in progress for the construction of a railway from Lethbridge to Helena, Mont.

As for the coal supply at Lethbridge, it is practically unlimited. In the report of progress of the Geological Survey of 1882-84, Dr. Dawson estimates the quantity of coal underlying one square mile at the "Coal Banks," the present site of Lethbridge, at 5,500,000 tons.

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.—The upper part of our engraving shows a part of Ford street, Lethbridge. This, the youngest town in Alberta, is not by any means the least important. The population is now about 1,200 souls. The town is and has been from the first in a most healthy condition. The monthly pay roll of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Co. aggregating some \$20,000, is altogether circulated in the town. Lethbridge is, moreover, the distributing point for the thriving settlements around Pincher Creek, Macleod and the Upper St. Mary river. It is noteworthy that an important Indian battle was fought on the site of Lethbridge in 1871, between the Crees and Piegiens. It appears that a party of Crees were down from the north hunting buffalo and had strayed westward, after game, into the hunting grounds claimed by the Piegiens. At a point on the river, about 12 miles west of Lethbridge, these Crees came suddenly upon a small party of Piegiens, and, not being aware of the presence of a larger band a short distance up the river, they attacked the Piegiens. In a very short time those up the river were communicated with and a war party sent out to fight the Crees. The latter, upon finding the forces of the Piegiens considerably augmented, retreated across the country and gained a deep ravine which enters the valley of the river opposite where Lethbridge now is. The Piegiens, on the other hand, after much trouble, succeeded in securing a shorter and adjoining ravine, separated by a ridge from 75 to 150 feet, from the one occupied by the Crees. The horses were kept in the bottom of the ravines, while the braves crowded to the brow of the ridge and exchanged shots whenever the men of either party were venturesome enough to show their heads. Others, meanwhile, kept throwing rocks into the air so as to fall on their respective enemies. After four hours of this system of warfare, in which probably one dozen were killed, the Piegiens decided to force a fight. A charge was accordingly made across the ridge upon the Crees, who fled down the ravine towards the river. A number of the Piegiens returning, mounted their horses, and moving rapidly across the ridge, drove the Crees out of the ravine, down which they were running, and over a point of a hill; the descent of which is from twenty to thirty feet, and almost perpendicular. Over this the Crees, on foot and on horses, rushed headlong into the river. While endeavouring to ford, the Piegiens slew their foes most mercilessly. Those who succeeded in gaining the opposite bank took refuge among some poplars and thick willows. Here they were virtually surrounded by the Piegiens, who withdrew as the evening approached, being satisfied that a sufficient number of scalps had been secured. Evidences of that bloody fray may still be seen, as small cairns of stones were placed where the different braves fell. These are visible, especially along the brow of the ravines occupied in the earlier part of the engagement by the respective parties, and in the ravine down which the Crees were driven. The lower part of this engraving shows one of the many entrances to the Lethbridge colliery. These entrances are situated at stated distances along the foot of the bluff forming the east side of the river valley. Out of these the coal is hauled by mules and horses to a common point, whence it is conveyed out of the valley by means of an inclined railway, and is afterwards dumped over screens into the railway cars.

KATHCHEN.—Perhaps Kate or Kitty, or Catherine, sweet in sound and pure in meaning, would better suit English ears. But what's in a name? Certainly this rose of youth and beauty will not be robbed of her sweetness and colour by any re-christenings. Who is she? And what is she thinking of? Some of our ingenious readers will doubtless have no difficulty in answering these questions.

OLD ST. GABRIEL STREET CHURCH, MONTREAL.—This venerable church, the eventful history of which forms the theme of a bulky volume written by the Rev. Robert Campbell, D. D., who ministered in it for many years and is still the pastor of the congregation that worships in its successor and namesake, is a familiar object to Montrealers. Its early annals are not lacking in features akin to romance, several of its founders and early adherents having been North-Westerns, and some of them, like the Mackenzies, Frobishers and others, famous men in their day, who have earned an honourable place in the story of Montreal's development. The church was erected in 1792 by Messrs. Telfer and McIntosh, the congregation having, however, existed for several years previous. The land on which it stands was purchased from Mr. Hypolite Hertel, with the exception of a strip of twelve feet in breadth which formed part of the Champ de Mars, and was granted by the Government of the day. Its dimensions are 60 feet by 48 feet, and it has a capacity of seating 750 persons. The old bell is said to have been the first whose tones called a Protestant congregation in this province and Ontario to Divine worship. The first minister was the Rev. John Young, of Schenectady, who remained till 1802, when he was succeeded by the Rev. J. Somerville, who founded the well known course of lectures in connection with the Natural History Society. In 1817 he received the Rev. Henry Esson as assistant. The Rev. Edward Black in turn became coadjutor to Mr. Esson, and held that position till 1833, when he ministered to the congregation of old St. Paul's. The Rev. W. Leishman was the next minister—the Disruption having meanwhile caused a secession. He

was followed by the Rev. William Rintoul, the Rev. David Inglis, the Rev. Dr. Kemp, and the Rev. Dr. Campbell, the present esteemed pastor and historiographer of the church and the many Presbyterian churches of which it is the honoured mother.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, FREDERICTON, N. B.—The handsome city of Fredericton, formerly St. Ann's, was selected as the seat of government for the newly made province in the year 1785. It is favourably situated for both rail and water communication, and apart from its political importance, is the centre of some thriving industries. The structure, presented in our engraving, is solidly built of grey free-stone. Its fine Corinthian façade has won it the admiration of experts in architecture. The building which it replaced (a view of which may be seen in Dr. Gesner's "New Brunswick") was of wood. Though clumsy and inconvenient compared with its successor, it had many associations with the early years of the province, which it had served as a Senate-house for more than half a century. The present edifice is thoroughly provided with all the essentials of a building of its class, and it also affords accommodation for some of the courts. The house adjoining, which is fire-proof, is used for a legislative library. Besides some valuable works, it comprises a number of interesting portraits. The departments of the Government have a building to themselves on Parliament Square. Fredericton is noted for the abundance, variety and beauty of its trees, and not the least attractive feature of the grounds of the Parliament and associated buildings is the tasteful arrangement of a variety of luxuriant and charming growths. The elms of Fredericton are not surpassed in grace by the fairest examples of that species which this continent affords. Those who are concerned in antiquarian lore will find in the New Brunswick capital and its vicinity occasional reminiscences of old Acadian times, though, as elsewhere in Canada, landmarks of the past are gradually disappearing.

LONDON, ONT.—On another page our readers will find engravings of some of the finest public buildings and most picturesque localities in London, Ont. There is none of our leading centres of population and business, the history of which is more interesting than that of the Forest City. It can also claim to be one of the oldest of the settlements that have grown up under British domination. It is now nearly a century since Governor Simcoe, arriving at a spot where two rivers united their waters, was struck with the scenic beauty and natural advantages of the situation. "Here," said he, "is just the site for the metropolis of my province. It is in a central position, in the midst of a region of rare fertility, having ample means of water communication with east and west and south, with grounds well adapted for public edifices, private residences and commercial buildings." But those first thoughts were succeeded by a multiplicity of considerations, which eventually deferred the execution of the plan thus outlined to another generation. It was not till Col. Talbot's enterprise was in progress that the survey was carried out. Some writers place the date at 1818; others at 1827. It is generally conceded that the survey was made by Col. Burwell, and whatever year be fixed for the starting point of its career, London, once it had become a local habitation and had received a name, did not lag on the path of progress. In 1828 the Westminster Bridge was completed, and by 1832 a thriving community had taken root in the neighbourhood. Persons still living can remember when the early post office was kept in a small log shanty by Major Schofield. We can imagine what it would look like, if set alongside the present splendid structure (see engraving) which was completed in 1884 at a total cost (including alterations and repairs) of nearly \$70,000. The Custom House is still more impressive from the architect's standpoint. The total expenditure on this building (which has undergone important modifications, comprising a considerable extension, during the last few years) since 1867 has been over \$100,000. It is now one of the finest buildings of its kind in Ontario. The Court House is, however, the most striking architectural feature in this group of public buildings. Its castellated character at once attracts attention, and we understand that it was really designed on the model of one of the strongholds of the Talbot family. The other scenes in these illustrations of London call for no special description. They have all their historic—some of them their romantic, and one of them, at least, its melancholy—associations. Ida's Nook (see engraving) suggests a trysting place of lovers, and, doubtless, many a vow has been breathed in its woodland stillness. Mr. George Taylor, the present mayor, is a gentleman of taste as well as wealth, if the view from his garden (see engraving) be taken as an example of his choice of outlook. Mount Pleasant Cemetery (see engraving) has that hopeful sound which the word "cemetery," in its original form, had to the Greeks who first used it, for KOIMETHION (Koimeterion) means nothing more than dormitory or sleeping-place. And the glimpse of it afforded by our illustration tends to justify the name of Mount Pleasant.

Whether the memory shall be a beautiful chamber of peace or a torture chamber of despair will depend upon the soul's obedience or disobedience to the admonition, "Remember thy Creator."—*Christian Leader*.

Faith in human nature is not merely faith in what it is, but still more faith in what it is to be. Compare Christianity with Christ, and you will see the difference between the Christianity of the present and that of the future.—*C. C. Everett*.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN ON ONE OF AMERICA'S
GREATEST POETS AND CRITICS.

"Have you met so and so?" "I suppose you have met so and so?" is the first question an American asks of a literary traveller. And after Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes there is no one about whom one is asked this question oftener than Edmund Clarence Stedman. For Stedman is the centre of literary life in New York—its bright particular star—one of America's great poets and her greatest critic. His great book on the Victorian Poets is in about its fifteenth edition, and is considered the best work on contemporary English poets that has been written, and some of his poems like "Pan in Wall Street," and "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry" are known to every man and woman who reads in the United States—and the adults who don't read in the United States are a scarcely appreciable proportion. These two poems are too long to quote here, even if it were not superfluous. But his noble "Undiscovered Country," worthy of the pen that wrote—

Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

and his pathetic "The Discoverer" and "Provençal Lovers"—the latter the best thing of its kind in the English language—are given below. A strange, picturesque career, a fascinating personality is Stedman's. It is no wonder that his battle pieces are so full of fire—vivid—for he was a war correspondent in the great Civil War. After this he saw, to use his own expression, how fools make money and made a great fortune, becoming one of the best known figures on Wall street as broker and banker. Then by no fault of his own, but by that of one in whom he placed implicit confidence, the whole was swept away, and he had to begin life again. Now his muse speaks too seldom, for his energies are taken up with editing the whole corpus of American literature—the great encyclopædic Library of American Literature, which he is editing for Mark Twain's firm, Charles L. Webster & Co. This is the most stupendous thing of the kind ever attempted. But America can ill spare one of her greatest poets for the editorial mill—it is cruel that he should not have the leisure to be writing lyrics and ballads, to form part of the household words of his country. What makes Stedman such a fine critic is the unusual combination of the generous, enthusiastic, poetical heart with a relentlessly clear and judicial intellect. His judgment detects every flaw in taste or workmanship, but his generosity makes it impossible for him to thrust a poisoned dagger where he finds these holes in the armour of his brother-poets. For to Stedman his brother-poets are brothers. It is delightful to know Stedman, to mark what an eager, enthusiastic poetical spirit burns in that spare body, what a keen intellect is revealed by that bright, intellectual face with its magnificent crown of silver hair. If he had but the leisure, no one would have a better chance of succeeding Whittier as the poet of the American people. For Stedman is essentially in touch with his people—an American of the best kind, cosmopolitan in his friendships, patriotic in his sentiments. He is proud of America, proud of being an American, satisfied with the people of America, but he feels that Europe is the complement of America—that America is an outline sketch, which wants the light and shade of Europe added to make it a complete picture.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills, and meadows low,—
Ah, if beyond the spirits' inmost cavel,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who could endure?

THE DISCOVERER.

I have a little kinsman
Whose early summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover;
Thou must take a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent hath been heard.

Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound!
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside the severed curl,
Some stray offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back,
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years—
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from farthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
And his eyes behold

Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers
told.

PROVENÇAL LOVERS.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair,—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin: "My love, my pet,
These old professors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the dropping priests are met;—
All the old cripples, too, are there,
That unto shrines and altars cling
To fetch the Peter-pence we bring!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briars,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folk like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, trusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valour and degree!
We'll join that gallant company,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonnaire,
The pretty dames, the merry brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquette

And have a friend or two besides,—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs and crests in vair and grey,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

WIMBLEDON.

In 1857 Brown Bess was still in use in India; in 1860 the Enfield rifle was not a very reliable weapon; in 1862, so imperfect was the Government manufacture that thirty-four rifles issued for use at Wimbledon did not pass the Government test; in 1860 but few men in England had ever fired a rifle; those who shot best, shot badly; the match rifles of that day, except Mr. Whitworth's, were of a very inferior quality. But little was known of ammunition, of wind gauges, of the flight of bullets; while the experience of rifle shots was almost restricted to the few deer stalkers who shot their quarry at very short distances. Our match rifles and those who use them now take the highest rank in the world; the Government rifles are of infinitely better quality. Our Wimbledon shots have beaten all previous records, while the science of shooting is known and thoroughly understood, I think, by more men in these islands than in any country in the world. As Sir Henry Halford said not long ago: "We have taught the army to shoot"; and to the National Rifle Association is it mainly due that many hundreds of thousands of men in this country have added rifle shooting to the pastimes of England, and though cricket and football are our national games there are more men in the country who shoot than play cricket. So far as numbers are concerned the rifle has more than taken the place of the bow.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE CAPTIVE'S QUERY.

Ah! Maiden fair, with waving hair,
And dark eyes deep and true,
Your searching glance, like Cupid's lance,
Has pierced my heart's core through.

It matters not, tho' I'm forgot,
And you are far from me,
I cherish yet, with fond regret,
My sweetest Memory.

As to a stream, the sun's bright beam
Brings beauty, light and grace,
So to my life, amidst its strife,
Has come Thy form—Thy face.

Thy winsome smile, devoid of guile,
Thy pure and artless mind:
A fountain bright of love and light,
Thy heart so warm, so kind.

O! Maiden fair, with waving hair,
And dark eyes deep and true;
Must I despair, or may I dare
To hope for love, and you?

Toronto, October, 1889.

T. E. MOBERLY.

SIBERIA.—A report from Vardoe, dated September 27, states that the steamer Labrador, Captain Wiggins, had reached the mouth of the Venesei, where she waited twelve days for the river steamer, but in vain. She has now arrived back at Vardoe without having discharged. The Labrador had on board the crew of the lost Arctic yacht Lyset.

WOMEN ARE NOT HUMOURISTS.—Women as a rule are not fond of jokes; they listen to clever stories with simulated amusement and forget them immediately. The reason for this lies in one of the essentials in the make-up of woman—her profound and tender sympathy. Humour deals with the weakness of humanity; it exposes foibles and punctures tender skin. Humour sets the world laughing at some blunder of a man. It is woman nature to cover up, excuse and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. If women were humourists they would not be the most earnest church workers, the most tender of nurses, and the most sentimental and refined portion of humanity. The same inherent quality which would make a true woman, a real woman, shrink as judge from pronouncing a death sentence, or as soldier from shooting an enemy through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humourist. Wit a woman may have, wit she does possess, and is a formidable adversary with her stiletto points of irony and satire. But humorous in the common acceptance of the term, in the careless, rollicking, stinging art of current quips and jests—never.—*Washington Post.*



KATHCHEN.
From the painting by A. Seifert.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CHAPTER X. AN ARREST.

Morning had passed into noon before Harry awoke. A glance at the window showed him the hour. Springing from bed, he hurriedly dressed, and was descending to the dining-room when he heard footsteps and voices outside.

His mother at that moment entered the hall with a look of alarm.

"What can it mean, Harry?" she cried. "There is a party of men coming to the house, two of whom are constables."

Before Harry could reply the door was thrown open and the men crowded in, evidently in a state of great excitement.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Harry. "May I enquire the meaning of this visit? Nothing official, I hope, Cline," he continued, addressing one of the constables.

"Yes, but it is, though," said the man, approaching Harry and seizing him roughly by the arm. "You are my prisoner in the Queen's name."

"What do mean, fellow!" cried Harry sternly, and throwing him off among his companions with such vigour that he lost his balance and fell.

The man sprang to his feet shouting in a frenzy of rage and vindictiveness:

"At him, my men! At him! he resists a peace officer; I will handcuff him for that."

The men, thus addressed, approached Harry, who, stepping back, placed himself against the wall and said:

"Look here, my good fellows, you most of you know me, and that what I say I perform. Have a care, therefore, for if one of you attempts to lay a hand on me, I will knock him down. If you want to arrest me show me your authority and I will go with you quietly, but attempt to put no indignity on me or you shall repent it. And first let me know of what I am accused."

"Of the murder of young Arnley," said one of the men.

"Of what?" cried Harry, starting forward; but his attention was called to his mother, who, with a piercing scream fainted, and fell upon the floor. Harry lifted her carefully, declining the assistance of one of the men, carried her to her room, where, under the care of an old and faithful servant, she at length showed signs of recovery.

Returning to the hall where the constables and their companions awaited him, Harry beckoned Cline aside and inquired if it were indeed true that Arnley was murdered. But that worthy, sore from his recent discomfiture and full of the conceit of office, rudely replied:

"Oh, you'll get no good by putting on a long face. You'll find out soon enough whether he's killed or not."

"Cannot you answer a fair question?" rejoined Harry sternly.

"Oh, none of your tall airs here, my young spark! You just come along or I'll put the darbies on you."

"Show me your warrant, my man; at present you are acting illegally, as you ought to know."

In his hurry and excitement the constable had forgotten this part of his duty; he now produced the document with sullen insolence, and upon examining it Harry found the warrant properly made out and signed, but by a magistrate whom Harry did not regard as above suspicion with regard to the MacKenzie agitation, and this awakened a suspicion of treachery in his mind.

Requesting the constable to wait while he spoke to his mother, who had recovered from her indisposition, but was painfully effected by the circumstances, Harry proceeded to leave a few necessary directions in case of unforeseen accident, but Mrs. Hewit had made up her mind to accompany her son before the justices and would hear of no other arrangement. All Harry could do was to persuade his mother to wait until Edwards could take her in the carriage.

Upon arriving at the village where the magistrates were assembled, Harry's suspicions, already awakened, were strengthened. A large crowd had already assembled, among whom Howis, Stratiss, and Davis, with their partizans, were conspicuous.

Of the three magistrates, two had already become notorious for their violent support of the Mackenzie agitation, while the third was a weak, ignorant old man, who was far more fit for fattening pigs and calves than for deciding a case.

After some preliminaries, Harry was asked if he was ready.

"No, your honours, I am not, and must, therefore, ask the court to wait until some people arrive for whom I have already sent."

"We cannot wait on you, young man," said one of the magistrates named Pugh, in pompous tones. "Our duty is to proceed with this, I may remark, most unfortunate business."

"But I must insist that the court wait until I shall have the opportunity, due to a prisoner, of summoning assistance."

"Your objection, young man, will pass for nothing," returned Pugh, "the court cannot defer proceedings on your account."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Harry, eyeing the magistrate firmly. "Am I not the party accused? Was I not brought here for examination? And have I a single witness here? Why ask me if I am ready unless you give me time to prepare?"

"You should have been prepared," cried Pugh loftily, evidently in high dudgeon at being met boldly by one whom he had hoped to see cowed and terrified.

"Sir," said Harry, with a smile of scorn, "is that your justice? I should have been prepared. I, who am but just arrested, and on what evidence I know not. It shows at once that you have condemned me unheard, and confirms what I have already suspected, that it is but a trick of you and such as you to secure my detention and imprisonment. I object, sir, to you sitting on the case at all, more or less."

"Beware, sir," cried Pugh, in a voice choking with rage, "such language to the court will not be tolerated, and if you do not find that the present charge gives you more than detention or imprisonment, you will be able to throw much more light on the case than I fear you can."

After a few minutes' consultation between the three magistrates, Pugh again turned to Harry, saying:

"By the kind courtesy of the court you are allowed one hour to prepare; at the end of that time see that you are ready."

"The court is bound to grant me as much time within reasonable limits as I desire," replied Harry.

Pugh eyed him sharply for a moment, and then rapidly exchanged significant glances with Howis, which Harry was not slow to observe. Taking a seat at a table he wrote the following letter to Dr. Leslie:

THE COURT-ROOM, LINEHAM.

DEAR SIR,—If you have not already heard, you will be surprised to learn, that I am under arrest and awaiting examination at this place for murder—the murder of Frank Arnley. That the charge is the result of a plot got up by the agitators in order to get me out of their way I am fully convinced. Last night three of the Samos brothers, together with Frank and myself, destroyed a pile of arms belonging to the traitors, which Frank and I had accidentally discovered hidden in Davis's mill during the afternoon. Davis had seen us at the mill, as we stopped there to rest after a hunting tramp, and no doubt recognized us again at night, for we had a fight.

On our return we parted with the Samoses at their own place, and continued our way together, parting at my house two hours before daylight this morning, Frank preferring to go home rather than give his uncle cause for anxiety.

I know not what testimony the prosecution has to bring forward, nor who are their witnesses, but it seems pretty certain that poor Frank cannot be found. Whether he has been murdered or kidnapped I cannot determine, but as you are a

magistrate and a man of influence I wish you would do me the favour to come to my aid. Howis, Davis and their crowd are here in full force, and two of the magistrates are as deep in the plot as any of them, I am convinced. They have already shown me much harshness, and will give me as little chance as they dare. My mother, who is greatly agitated by this untoward affair, is just arrived, alone, for I regret to say my brother is not at home just now.

Trusting to your kind assistance,

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully

HENRY HEWIT.

Despatching a messenger on his own horse with the message to Dr. Leslie, Harry occupied himself in the interval by watching the crowd that filled the court room, and more especially the demeanour of the chief conspirators, who, as though afraid to lose sight of their prey, remained at hand until the trial should begin.

CHAPTER XI. THE LESLIE'S.

The residence of Dr. Leslie lay on the shore of a beautiful lake, of which there were several in that picturesque locality. It stood off from the main road a mile or more, and was approached by a gravelled road under an avenue of noble trees, lords of the primeval forest. There they had stood for centuries braving the winds of heaven and the frosts of the cold north, in the summer throwing a grateful canopy of cool verdure over the way-worn traveller and a yielding nesting place for the robin, the oriole, the cat-bird, the beautiful song-sparrow and the indigo bird, and in the winter intoning in magnificent diapason the solemn music of the winds.

The cottage, wreathed on every side with woodbine and roses, rested among its flower-beds like a bird in her nest, and though chill winds had stripped the wide verandas of their tapestry, there remained an aspect of hospitable welcome for the visitor in the thick mats that lay before the doors, and the garden chairs that had not been removed from their sheltering nooks.

A small conservatory at the south-west angle of the house betokened wealth and taste, and ample stabling at a distance spoke of leisure and convenience.

Dr. Leslie had been drawn to Canada while yet a young man by the description of the natural beauties of the then newly-opened province of Canada West, and finding the life to his taste had settled in a pretty village with the intention of repeating the cultivated beauties of his English home amid the wilds of the west. His genial temper, large-hearted benevolence and skill in his profession soon won for him great consideration among his neighbours of all classes, and a large practice. He married a Canadian lady of great beauty, and with the exception of the loss of two little sons Dr. and Mrs. Leslie enjoyed to the full all the blessings of a happy married life. Three years before the time of which we write Dr. Leslie had proceeded to England, accompanied by his remaining child, his daughter Alice, to receive a large property of which he had become possessed by the death of a relation, and was about to return, accompanied by an orphan nephew who, he fondly hoped, would comfort the yet unhealed wound of Mrs. Leslie's heart, when the news of her sudden death reached him. Father and daughter hastened back at once, but Dr. Leslie never got over the shock of his wife's loss. He gave up his profession, bought the place on which he at present resided, and mixed but little in society. The little boy, Walter Somers, proved to be a great solace to the bereft father and daughter, and soon became the pet of the household. To Alice Leslie the tender and sympathetic friendship of her mother's friend, Mrs. Hewit, was a source of great comfort; together they could talk of the dear lost one, and to the elder lady the younger one could turn for guidance in the bringing up of her little charge, and for support in all circumstances in which a woman's friendship is most desirable.

Dr. Leslie also had the highest regard for Mrs. Hewit, whose husband had been among his earliest and most intimate friends, and it was, therefore,

natural that the young people of the two families should be very much thrown together. The absence of Alice with her father in England had broken up the boy and girl aspect of the young people's friendship, but only to replace it by the more strong and tender attachment of love. Henry Hewit had no sooner lost his old playmate than he discovered that his heart had gone with her, and upon the return of the young lady had hastened to assure himself, as soon as the agitation attending upon the painful nature of the circumstances had in a measure subsided, that Alice had not learned to do without him. He had begged to be allowed to speak to Dr. Leslie on the subject of an engagement, but this Alice had deferred for a year more, in consideration of her father's feelings. That Dr. Leslie looked upon the intimacy between his daughter and Henry Hewit with tacit approval was evident, therefore much of the reserve that must otherwise have existed between father and daughter on the subject was removed.

On the afternoon in which the events narrated in the previous chapter occurred, Dr. Leslie was seated in his own sitting-room, before a blazing fire amusing himself with his *protégé*, Walter, while Alice was busy with some sewing at the table. The doctor was in more than his usual spirits, and his fine face glowed with contentment and humour, as he chatted with Walter, or persuaded him to sing some childish ditty. While they were thus merry, Alice bent over her work in pensive mood. She was thinking of him who had become very dear to her; she had learned that he was in trouble on his brother's account, anxious and unhappy, and this, although she would scarcely own it to herself, caused her to feel very much depressed. Her father had noticed her gloomy dejection, and in order to divert her thoughts bade Walter fetch the accordion and ask Alice to play and sing for them. The little boy ran to obey, but in passing a window suddenly cried out:

"Look, look, uncle, Mr. Hewit's horse is running away with him."

Dr. Leslie rose quickly, smiling at the child's excitement, but Alice was at the window before him and exclaimed:

"It is not Harry, but a stranger."

"I'm sure it is Mr. Hewit's horse," cried Walter.

"Yes, dear," returned Alice, "but not Mr. Hewit."

By this time the rider had reached the door and dismounting quickly entered the hall without knocking. Dr. Leslie met him followed by Alice and the child.

"Dr. Leslie, I believe," said the man.

"The same, at your service," responded Dr. Leslie.

"Pray excuse my unceremonious entrance, but when you read the letter you will find an explanation." And handing Dr. Leslie a letter, he bowed, sprang on his horse and dashed away.

"Bless my soul, what does it all mean?" exclaimed Dr. Leslie, "that is one of David Samos's sons, I believe. I hope the old gentleman is not ill. Alty, dear, where are my glasses?"

Alice handed her father his spectacles, but she was very pale and trembled violently. Dr. Leslie did not see fit to observe her agitation, and broke the seal of the letter with due deliberation, seating himself quietly to glance over its contents. No sooner had he done so, however, than he tossed the letter on the table, strode to the door and calling to his man to saddle his horse, hurriedly returned to put on overcoat and boots.

You may read the letter, Alice," he said, while engaged in these hasty preparations, "only don't go into hysterics or anything of that sort. It is a scheme of some rascals, and will end all right, never fear."

Dr. Leslie rode at a sharp pace, and arrived at the court-house to find that the case had been opened and a witness for the prosecution was in course of examination. Greeting Mrs. Hewit who sat there pale and anxious, and assuring her that all would yet be well, Dr. Leslie bowed to the prisoner at the bar, and advanced to the bench. He plainly observed glances pass between Pugh and one of his associate magistrates, and also between them and Howis.

"Will you take a seat with us, Dr. Leslie?" said Pugh, "Although not a magistrate you are a man of experience and may be of service to us."

"I beg your pardon, Squire Pugh," replied Dr. Leslie, "I have held a commission of the peace since a short time after I left off practice, but I have never acted, and must decline doing so now."

The court, no way displeased at this resolution on the part of Dr. Leslie, proceeded with the case. The witness on the stand was Philip Jackson, a respectable farmer, living near the lower dam. He affirmed that he was out very early that morning, and on crossing the road at the mill bridge he found a rifle lying upon the ground that he at once recognized as belonging to Mr. Henry Hewit, having frequently seen it in his possession, but more lately in the hands of Frank Arnley. After picking up the rifle he looked around and just on the mill-dam he picked up a cap which had been identified by several who had seen it that day as one worn by Frank Arnley the day before. And near the cap he found a knife which was now produced and sworn to. The knife was covered with blood, but Harry knew it at once, a large clasp knife that he carried commonly when hunting. And he now recollected that Frank had taken it the day before, after killing the deer, and had not returned it.

Two other witnesses were called who swore to seeing Harry and Frank together at a late hour the night before.

"Did you overhear any of their conversation?" enquired one of the magistrates.

They both affirmed that Harry was speaking loud and using violent gesticulations, but the only words that they caught were, "it will kill you," or, "I will kill you," or words to that effect.

Upon being questioned by Harry, they could not swear that the words were not, "it will kill her," which, the reader will remember, were the words Harry used in referring to his mother.

Mrs. Hewit was next called upon to state the hour at which her son reached home the night before. To this she replied that she had not marked the exact time, but judged it to be about two hours before daylight, or perhaps more.

Dr. Leslie now enquired what search had been made for the missing man, and Pugh replied from his place on the bench that as he lived at no great distance from the place where Mr. Jackson found the articles, and was the first person the farmer encountered after his discovery, he had taken the case in hand judicially and had at once sent to Squire Arnley's house to learn when Frank had been last seen by his uncle. The servants stated that Master Frank had not been at home since the previous morning, and that Squire Arnley had departed very suddenly on the afternoon of the same day for Toronto. Under those circumstances he had consulted with his brother magistrates, and they had issued a warrant for the arrest of Henry Hewit, as the last person with whom the murdered man had been seen, and he thought, he added in pompous tones, the case was sufficiently established against him to warrant the prisoner's commitment.

"That is probably a straight enough conclusion," replied Dr. Leslie, "but I intend to stand bail for Mr. Hewit, and save you the trouble of sending him to jail until the assizes."

This was unexpected, and Pugh looked confused and exchanged significant glances, not only with his fellow-magistrates, but also with Howis, who all along had watched the proceedings with evident anxiety. Replying to Dr. Leslie, he said that he and his brother magistrates would undoubtedly be glad to accept bail on behalf of the prisoner, if it could be done, but in a case of like importance with the present they doubted if bail would be proper, even though it might be lawful. Moreover it would require two bondsmen, and for his part he doubted if there was another man beside Dr. Leslie in the county who could be found willing to aid in setting such a character as the prisoner before him loose on society.

"Tut, tut, sir!" replied Dr. Leslie with some severity, "you are prejudging the case, and I protest."

At this juncture Mr. Samos, sr., came forward and offered to join Dr. Leslie in security for

Harry's appearance at the assizes if called on. Pugh was, therefore, compelled to accept bail, and thus the case was closed for the time.

(To be continued.)

THE MUS. DOC.

I may be allowed to allude to an absurd habit which consists in the title of Mus. Doc. being taken for a guarantee that the man on whom it has been conferred must, besides a learned musician, be a great composer. A great composer must be a great musician, but it does not follow that a great musician must be a great composer, for a great musician is he who has learned all you can learn—thorough bass, harmony, counterpoint, composition. He will be pronounced a great musician if he offends against no rule, if, for instance, he can write an orchestral score and make no mistake, giving no instrument either notes or passages which it cannot play and violating no rule of harmony; but, just as a man can learn grammar, syntax, style, and, without offending against any rule, may not be able to write an interesting book unless he have ideas of his own or an original way of representing things as distinguished from the ordinary claptrap, so will no man write a great composition without new ideas of his own, or a style of his own. Being a musician is, in fact, a negative quality, not to make unallowed mistakes, just as a well-educated man will not offend against good manners; but being a great composer is an absolute merit. You must not only show what you don't do, but what you can do; you must create, you must give something that nobody before you has given; and though a doctor's diploma may prove that you have written a faultless manuscript, no title on earth can give you genius and make you a composer. A Welsh paper once distinctly stated that Dr. P. stands higher than Beethoven, since the latter was no doctor of music, and the former was. I was led to this digression on account of the difficulty Handel encountered with his "Te Deum," which could not be given in any church where the works of Doctors of Music only were admitted. There were five or six then; what has become of their names and their work, and where are they by the side of the name of the immortal "Sassone," who was a genius and no doctor? It is, as Dumas once said to a young gentleman who was invited to a Russian *soirée*, and was dazzled with the stars and ribands of the gentlemen present; "Vous êtes l'homme le plus distingué de la soirée," said Dumas to him, "vous êtes le seul qui ne soit pas décoré." And Frenchmen, who are so often ridiculed for this eager craving after the riband instituted by Napoleon I., attach not less value to that distinction than Englishmen do to the title of Mus. Doc.—*Temple Bar*.

BALLADE OF FALSE COUNCILLORS.

"Where are the snows of yester-year?"
—*Francis Villon*.

The roads are heavy with mud and mire,
Angry citizens vainly swear,
Little I ween avails their ire,
Little the callous Councillors care!
Little they reck of the maid's despair,
Crossing the streets in dread and fear,
Lest she her new fall dress impair—
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

When to office they did aspire,
Oh! they were modest and debonnaire,
Naught but our good did they desire,
Oh! but their speeches were frank and fair—
How could we deem they were all a snare?
That they at our complaints would jeer,
And not a "continental" care?
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

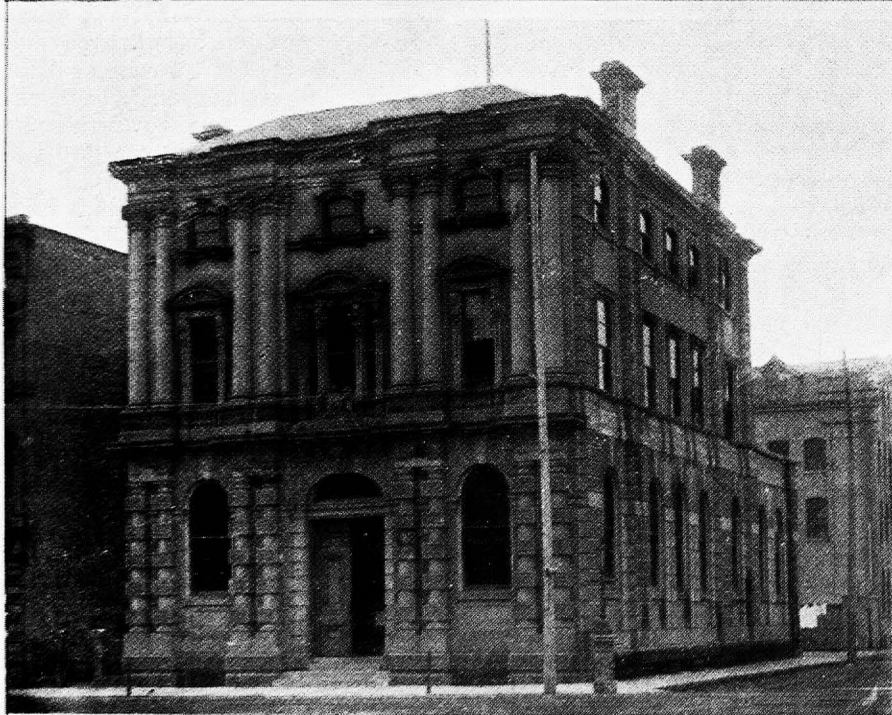
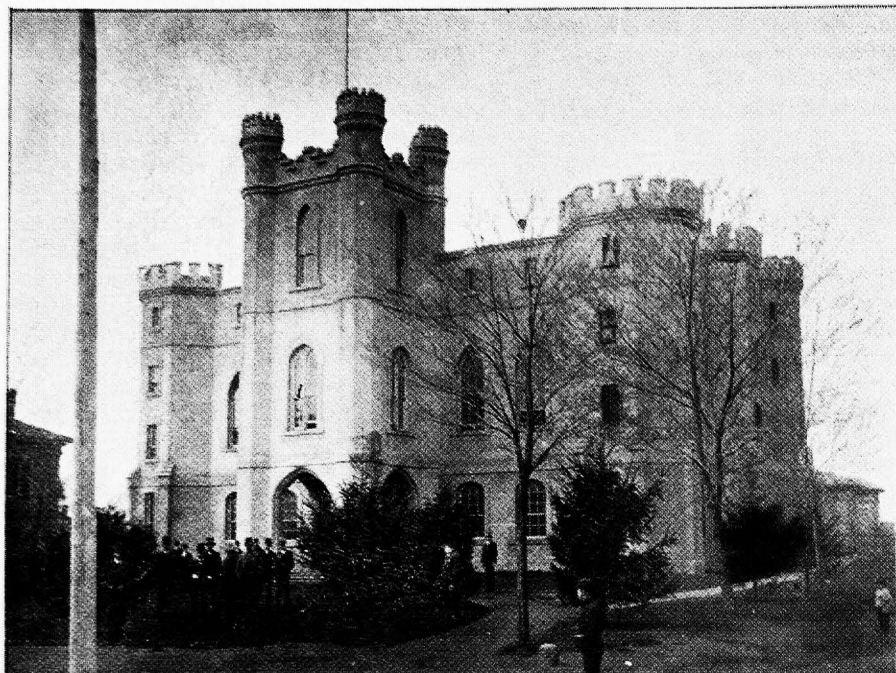
But when these Councillors retire
Of others like them we should beware,
And better guarantees require
Than speeches that are as empty air,
Or they once more may us ensnare—
But choose men honest and sincere,
Lest we again cry in despair—
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

ENVOY.

City Councillors, then, beware!
Keep your ways and your conscience clear,
So that to cry we may forbear—
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

Ottawa.

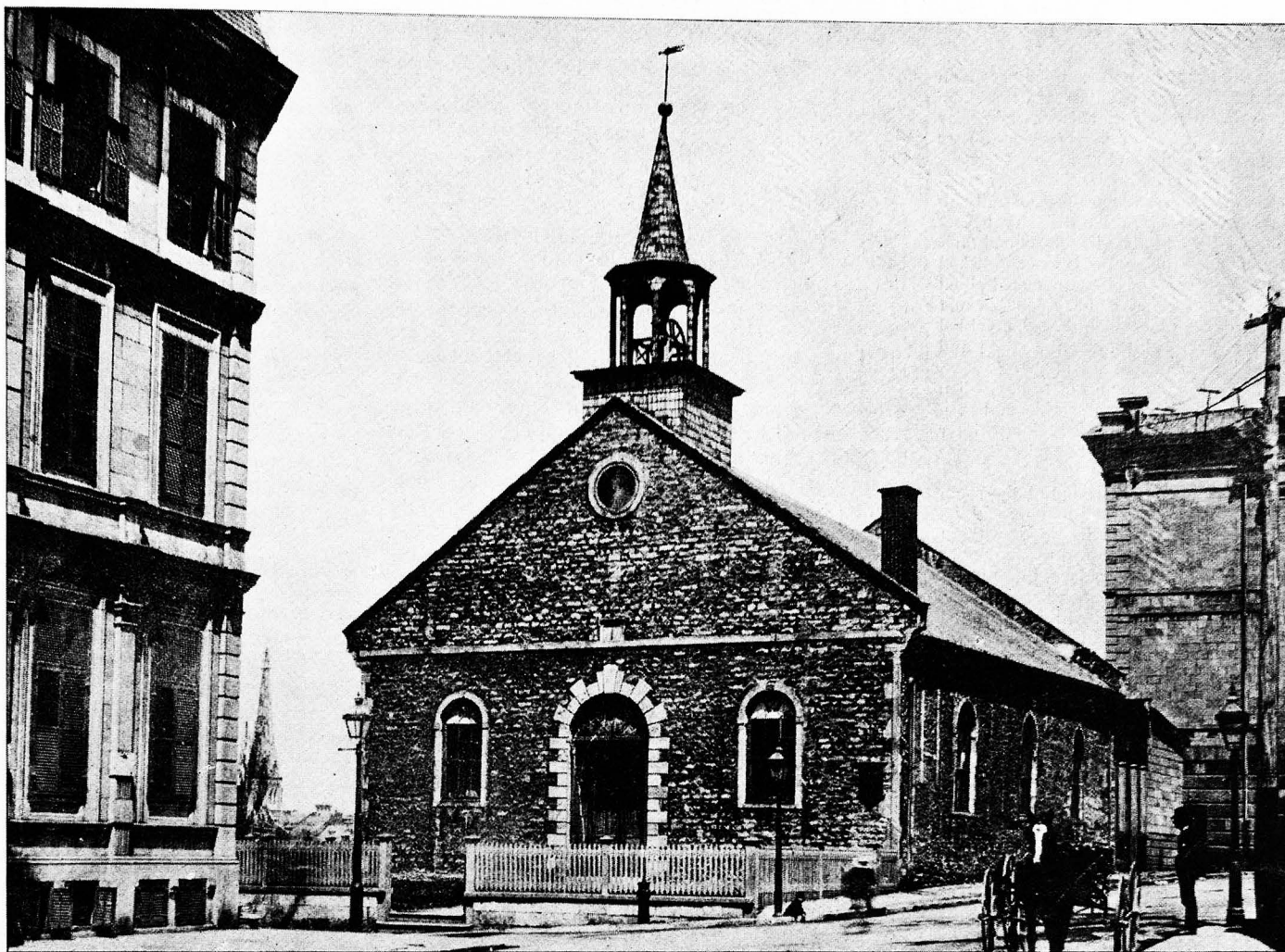
W. H. FULLER.



COURT HOUSE.
POST OFFICE.
WEST GATE, MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY.

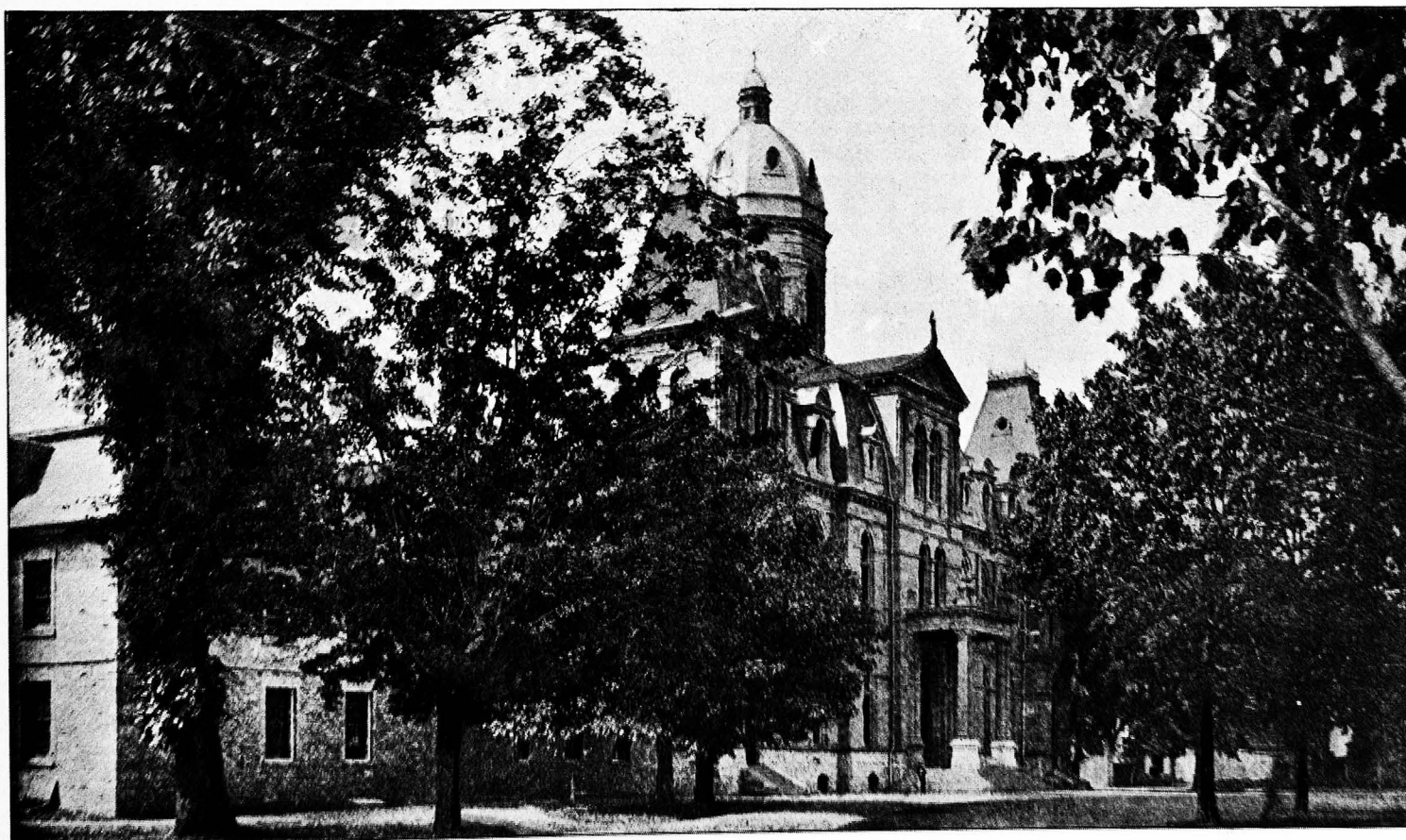
CUSTOM HOUSE.
IDA'S NOOK.
N. W. VIEW FROM MAYOR'S GARDEN.

VIEWS IN LONDON, ONT.



THE OLD ST. GABRIEL STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Parks, photo.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Geo. R. Lancelfield, photo.



The winter with its long evenings will soon be here, and in our country, as well as city homes, they are too often regarded as a wearisome time, or else frittered away in useless occupations, when, with a little care and thought, they could be of infinite value to the home circle.

In the homes of our great-grandmothers the winter evenings were a signal for all the members of the family to assemble in the general sitting-room, when the busy housewife plied her spinning wheel, and the girls fashioned their garments, and the boys mended their snowshoes or polished their skates for the next day's sport, while father read aloud the last news received from the old country. The great logs in the old fashioned fire-place blazed and crackled merrily away, throwing a warm glow over the scene and making a home picture pleasant to look upon.

Just such a room is needed in our homes of to-day, when the different members of the family can assemble and help to make the time pass pleasantly during these long winter evenings. The room should be made as cheerful and comfortable as loving hands can make it.

One of the principal items in the furnishing of the room was the lounge, the genuine old-fashioned lounge, with its broad, comfortable seat, where one can lie down without danger of rolling off. If you have consigned the lounge to the garret as being too old-fashioned nowadays, bring it out and never mind if it is old-fashioned; comfort before looks, besides, after you have upholstered it you will be surprised to see how pretty it looks. Give it a coat of varnish and make a good broad mattress and a couple of large pillows.

Make the covers to fit the mattress and pillows of bright-coloured chintz, which can be taken off and washed when required. Next comes the table; let this be large enough for the family to gather round with their work and books. Somehow it seems cosier to sit thus than scattered round in different directions. In the day time the table can be folded and pushed to one side. Some comfortable chairs, and, if possible, a grate fire. If the window has a broad sill, fill it with some choice plants, and one or two hanging baskets; with a little taste and ingenuity in arranging your plants, you may make this one of the most charming and effective spots in the room.

With a good fire blazing and plenty of light you will find your sitting-room requires no second invitation to enter. One by one the family will come in with their books and work, and there need be no yawning and ejaculation of, "Oh, how dull it is! wish I had gone out!"

A pleasant occupation for these evenings is reading aloud. Select carefully books of history, tragedy, adventures, biography, and a few humorous ones which will cause a general shout of merriment round the table, for who does not feel better after a hearty laugh?

Who cannot recall the enjoyment experienced over the adventures of Pecksniff or Pickwick, how the laughter bubbled up and overflowed till the reader was begged to stop. If one of the members of the family happens to have a blue fit, the mirth will become contagious, and lo! it will vanish, unless he were so unfortunate as to be like the lady, who, while a company were laughing over some of Betsey Bobbit's adventures, exclaimed: "I dinna ken what you are all laughing at, to me it is maun foolish."

Reading aloud in the home circle will not only be a source of enjoyment, but one which will help to form a taste for good reading and "open up the springs at which the human mind loves to drink and the sweet waters be freely given to everyone."

MORDUE.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Nothing furnishes a room like sunshine and flowers, and with a little care everyone may have a window garden, which will more than repay the trouble bestowed upon it. If one has raised plants from seed, with what pride and pleasure one watches their growth, discovering every day something new and pretty about them. For an amateur, it is better to have only those plants which are easily cultivated. Among these are the Geranium, a handsome one being the Pelargonium. The *Bridesmaid* which appeared in the October number of *Vick's Magazine*. The delicate colouring of its large flowers is exceedingly handsome. It requires a well enriched loam, heat enough to keep it growing steadily, and a full exposure to the light. Pinch in the shoots from time to time in its earlier stages. Do not let it bloom until it has become strong and shapely. The variegated *Aloe* is only occasionally seen among house plants, and yet it is easy to cultivate and makes a beautiful appearance, if only for its rare foliage; which can be washed with soap and water to keep clean of dust without injury. A suitable soil for it is one made up of sandy loam and a fourth part of dry mortar beaten up into a rough powder. If wanted to flower the plant must be strong and richly clad with leaves, which in a good plant are marked with transverse stripes of white. It will bear great exposure to sunshine and may be kept dry for a considerable time. Then who would be without the *Primula*, or *Primrose*, which all through the winter and late into the spring, gives an abundant supply of flowers? It requires very little care and will thrive as well in a shady window as a sunny one. If the room is very warm, give it the coolest place, and see that the earth is lower at the edge of the pot than in the middle,

as water standing around the crown of the plant rots the flower buds. One of the chief things in management of house plants is plenty of light and sunshine, and an atmosphere neither too dry, nor too close. In our next we will speak of the watering and syringing and give a further list of plants.

A SWISS FESTIVAL.

The "Fête des Vignerons" has its legend and its history. Tradition places the confrerie which celebrates it as far back as the Crusades, but its documents take us only to the seventeenth century. At that time its duties were to look after the culture of the vines and visit the vineyards at stated periods. Modest fêtes were held from time to time. Since then the society has obtained a place of great importance in Switzerland, and its fêtes, the last one of which was held in 1865, have developed into a superb and striking spectacle, which any nation might be proud of. The confrerie, while expending a great deal of its energy on these fêtes, has not lost sight of its principal object. It has always retained its motto of "Ora et labora," and undertakes to watch over the culture of vines, visiting the vineyards twice a year, and distributing prizes to those "vignerons" who have attained the highest degree of cultivation, and to whom is also assigned the place of honour in the procession. This year's fête, for which preparations have been going on during the past two years, was held the second week in August. Vevey, the scene of it, is a pretty little village situated on the north shore of Lake Léman, at the foot of some lofty mountains, which shelter it from the north wind. The heights of Savoy, on the other side of the lake, bound its southern horizon, while the long ranges of the Alps and the Jura extend west and east. In the immense open theatre were crowded spectators from every quarter of the globe. All eyes are fixed on the three magnificent arched entrances, artistically decorated with the attributes and symbols of Pallas, Bacchus and Ceres, the divinities of Spring, Autumn and Summer, and the heralds of the fête. At a blow of the cannon and flourish of trumpets, they made their triumphal entry. First comes the guard of honour, then a band of musicians, followed by a hundred Swiss soldiers, superb men, wearing the traditional red uniform with the white cross. After them comes the *personnel* of the confrerie, all the officers in Louis XV. costumes, and finally the bearers of the prizes and the successful competitors clothed in green and white. Nothing better could have been chosen to affect the mind of the spectator than this brilliant and solemn entrance. Under these costumes of a former time, the Swiss recognizes the Fatherland in its military and agricultural aspects, and feels with the foreigners on either side of him that something grand and worthy of the country has been prepared. The three large allegorical groups enter simultaneously, that of Bacchus in the centre, and we then have before our eyes a scene of incomparable richness and splendour. The bands marching before them are costumed *à la Grecque* white and blue for that of Pallas, red for Ceres, and white and green for Bacchus. Suddenly the vast arena is covered with people—followers of the divinities, grand priests and shepherds, sowers and reapers, satyrs and bacchantes, vintagers, gardeners and joyous villagers. How is it possible to communicate to those who were not present the charm of those rustic songs, of those representations of rural life, of the dances, so different from the theatre ballet, carefully studied and yet so simply and gracefully executed that they seem the attitudes and movements most natural to the dancers? Above all, how can we describe the "entrain," the gaiety with which everything is done by these voluntary actors who, in idealizing their daily life, instinctively unite the poetical and the real? The troop of Pallas was, perhaps, the gem of the fête. Spring was represented in all its virgin freshness by a young and smiling goddess, seated a care of azure blue, decorated with wild flowers and followed by a host of little children, all in Greek costume, shepherds and shepherdesses *à la Watteau*, mowers and reapers. Blue is the predominating colour, though in the ballets, danced to quaint village airs, pearl gray and pale rose form with it a beautiful combination.

The children's ballet was most fairy-like, the effect being heightened by quantities of light gauze, which the little ones threw around and over them as they danced.

The car of Bacchus was a masterpiece of art. Under a dome of green leaves, the whole having been grown especially for the fête, the god, a boy of fourteen years, is seated on a cask in a graceful attitude with two companions of the same age at his feet. The car is drawn by four superb horses, harnessed in red, and led by Ethiopian slaves of the finest colour. In this procession, mythology plays the principal rôle. Wild satyrs, with clubs on their shoulders, fauns and bacchantes are followed by Silenus on his ass, supported on each side by negroes.

The pleasures and toils of winter fitly bring the bewildering scene to a close. It is the season when the peasant is at leisure, the season of long nights and long talks. They have harvested together; she has seen in him a model workman and he has found her gentle and intelligent, and so the natural consequence follows and we have a wedding—a real bride and groom of three weeks standing taking the central place.

We must here put aside all ideas of paid artists. There is not a scene which has not been lived by those who play it. These vintagers, these mowers and reapers, are the children of the country who tend their vines and reap and mow each year. Everything in the fête is of an exquisite realism—the glorification of agricultural work—laborious but salutary, and joyously performed by a strong and free people. The purely æsthetic emotion of every Swiss must have been accompanied by one of deep patriotism, for although attached to their old republic-towns, they know it is not there that beats the heart of the nation, but, as an author of one of their national songs has it,

"La Patrie est sur les monts."

OUTRE MER.

THE CATCHWORD IN ADVERTISING.

Advertisers who wish their notices to appear more prominently than those of others, sometimes stipulate for preferred positions in periodicals, while others rely on the general appearance of their "ads" to attract attention. To these latter the catchword is a boon, for the reason that a few words, neatly put, will generally succeed in calling notice to the advertisement which follows. Sometimes the catchword is a question, and a few samples from current newspaper notices may be found interesting:—

ARE YOUR SHOES INSURED?

DO YOU WRITE?

DO YOU WANT A GOLD WATCH?

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME TO THINK OF A CHANGE OF CLOTHING?

DO YOUR CONGRESS SHOES RAG OUT?

Other advertisers insinuate:

IF YOU ARE IN NEED—

IT DON'T PAY—

LADIES, DON'T PIN YOUR CUFFS.

As to this last we would say that the advertiser has no cause to exult in the fact that ladies don't pin their cuffs. Ever since babyhood we have pinned them ourselves, and we generally do it with a cuff-button, anyway. In another column we are enjoined thus:

BE YOUR OWN TAILOR.

DO NOT STAMMER.

We must respectfully decline to be our own tailor, and the commandment not to stammer glances off us like water from a greased duck. True, we stammer a little, now and then, but it is from choice, and not in defiance of the advertiser. People, as a rule, don't like to be imperatively commanded on first acquaintance, even through an advertisement. The query strikes one as a more proper form of address. Scores of other catchwords could be shown here, many of them artistic in their powers for "fetching" notice. It is interesting to study them, and the field for studying them is one as large and fertile as it is interesting.

H. C.

The number of foreign students at the German Technical High Schools (*Technische Hochschulen*) is steadily increasing, especially at Berlin, where the number of English students preparing for the professions of mechanical and mining engineers, architects, and chemists, amounted last year to 13. Their presence at Berlin is attributed to the fact that technical high schools in the German sense do not exist in England.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

Built on the same plan of "Paul Kauvar," "The Suspect" is one of the best class of melodramas that are met now and again. It is a revolutionary story of a man and a woman sacrificing themselves alternately for each other's sake, and though mounted in first-class style with a good plot the play simply shows this all absorbing sentiment in its various phases. With the exception of the two leading characters, who take their parts in excellent style, the balance of the company is little above the mediocre.

"True Irish Hearts" is bound to come around and make its home at the Royal once a year at least. It is a veritable chestnut, but one that, strange to say, always attracts large houses.

The Ludwig concert was a treat. Of course Mr. Ludwig's songs were the principal items, but though they were rendered in most artistic style they hardly were such as one would expect a man of his ability to select. The balance of the company were very enjoyable.

Miss Aus der Ohe, Listz's pupil, so well known both in Canada and the United States, gave a recital on Friday in Queen's Hall that brought every lover of music out. It was a most enjoyable performance. Her touch is wonderful, her execution brilliant, and she is at present, without doubt, the best pianist that visits Montreal. A. D.

It may be rather late for us to lay before our readers an account of the opening on Wednesday last of the Toronto Academy of Music, but as we go to press on Wednesday morning, and the opening occurred on Wednesday night, the delay is unavoidable, and therefore, told as it is, we present the following short notice. The Academy has already been fully described, as also has the talent engaged for the grand opening. An unprecedented success was predicted, nothing else was talked of for weeks before the night of the 6th November. The house was hardly completed, and things were not running as smoothly as in future they are sure to do, and many and great were the annoyances to the management, but even in the face of these facts the opening of what promises to be Toronto's favorite house, was simply what was expected and hoped for, a most fully qualified and unprecedented success. When our representative arrived, he thought for a moment he was in New York, at the Broadway Theatre or the Casino, for King street looked just as Broadway does before and after the theatre. The street was literally blocked with Toronto's finest carriages, and access to the Academy was hard, indeed. The audience was composed of our most critical music-lovers and represented the élite of its fashionable society. In fact, all Toronto's fairest and best turned out *en masse* to celebrate the opening and welcome—what Toronto loses—the truly artistic talent engaged for the occasion. Those who took part have already been criticized to the full, let it suffice for us to say that the concert was equal to the expectation of the large audience and was select and expressively rendered in all cases, Miss Nora Clench being specially appreciated in her beautiful execution on the violin. Mr. Percival I. Greene, the manager, deserves credit for the success of the opening, and it took him all his time to answer the congratulations accorded to him. Let us hope that the Academy of Music may go on as it has commenced, and its success will be assured. Comfortable, well managed, with good attendants, all that is wanted is what we are promised—first class productions.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE have a treat on their house in Corinne in "Arcadia." Corinne is an old-time Toronto favourite and does not fail to draw crowded houses. "Arcadia" is a pretty piece and deserves success.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Rudolph Aronson's superb opera company present "Nadja" and "Erminie." The latter is well known in Toronto, but we are glad to have it again, its music being ever fresh and of the style which always pleases. "Nadja" has never been played here before and draws well. We have a large number of music lovers who never tire of pretty music, well rendered, and of this class of people the Grand has been filled all week. "Nadja" is well put on, the music is bright, pretty and catchy, the costumes original and good, and the choruses strong and well timed.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC will give theatre goers the attraction of the season this week. The most successful play of the day is being presented by a strong company. "Bootles' Baby" is the piece, and critics speak of it as being equal to, if not better, than "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The Academy is booked full every night and crowded houses greet this fine production. The play was produced in London, England, a year ago, and is still being played to large houses. The part of *Bootles' Baby* is played by Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson, an actor of high merit, who played with Kate Claxton in the "Two Orphans," etc. Mr. C. W. Garthorne plays a principal part in a most finished manner. He is a brother of Mr. Kendall, the celebrated English actor. *Mignon* (*Bootles' Baby*) is played by Gertie Homan, the original *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, who is conceded to be the cleverest child upon the stage at the present time. The balance of the company is equal to its leaders, and comes from the Madison Square Theatre, New York. G. E. M.

TEMPERANCE AND TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

"Every purpose is established by council; and with good advice make war."—*Proverbs*.

"Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do with all thy might," makes a splendid motto for us when we understand might as meaning, not a blind, unreasoning force, but the wise application of all the means in our power towards accomplishing the greatest ends in the shortest time.

In undertaking any great revolution, it is right to begin by obtaining the most powerful and most intellectual men on the revolutionary side, for the mass of a community always follow those leaders who can convince them. The first object, then, of a revolutionist is to gain by powerful arguments powerful men to embrace his cause, just as a great general first assaults the strongholds of the enemy, deeming that if they are taken the weaker forts will surrender. He uses all his strength and his most deadly ammunition against the greatest power of his foe.

In modern times a great revolution is beginning to agitate all nations in all lands. It is known as the "Temperance Cause." It is opposed by a force as strong as that with which Luther contended. It needs all the strength (that is, the integrity and mind) of the age to defend it; and yet, what are the weapons that some advocates of temperance use to gain to our side this integrity and this intellect. *Sugar-coated pills*. They tell us that the easiest way by which the public mind, unfavourable to temperance, can be made favourable, is by doctoring it with sugar-coated pills—sensational stories with temperance for a theme. But I say that we, first of all, do not want the *public mind* to be influenced. We first want the *leaders of the public mind* to believe in our cause, and the public will follow their direction.

Educated people as a whole are not wilfully selfish and wicked. The greatest number of people have their faces turned in the right direction, but are walking backwards. Could their eyes be opened to their true position they would stop appalled. To open their eyes is the work of good temperance literature. But do you think that cultivated people, leaders in society, will be greatly influenced by a great portion of the temperance literature circulated? In our land much of this is unread, and surely the horrors of intemperance are sufficiently exciting without the aid of grotesque trappings, so trivial and inane as to disgust temperance people themselves.

The great work of temperance literature is to show in the most true, powerful, and dignified manner the terrible degradation, misery and vice caused by the liquor traffic. To avoid all distinctions of class and appeal to men on their common feelings of humanity and Christianity. If this is done by fiction, let it be *true* fiction, which describes these evils as they are, as we all see them, and hold them up to our gaze in such a manner that we will never endure, pity or embrace them. Above all things, temperance writers should avoid the use of certain words and set phrases, which are commonly designated as *cant*, for though we may not agree with Carlyle in calling *cant* "The double-distilled Lie," yet Ruskin says truly that whatever marks us out as different from our neighbour weakens us in a common cause. A few writers on temperance do write in this dignified manner, but they are very few. We believe that whatever is pure, whatever is good, whatever is noble, needs no disguise. Our cause is good and noble, and truth is our only weapon before which all ignorance and all vice must quail.

One of our greatest English writers has beautifully symbolized this idea—the conquering power of truth: The lion, fierce with hunger and rage, rushes at the gentle Una; but, when he sees her beauty and her innocence, he forgets his passions and greed, and, sorrowing for her defenceless position, he owns her his mistress, yea, even crouches to lick her weary feet.

It is that power alone that can turn the strength that would devour us and convert it into our succourer and defender. It is the power of *truth* that shall raise as our champions all the brave, good, and wise men of the world. REGIA.

WOMEN OF BRAINS.

NEED ANY AMBITIOUS WOMAN DESPAIR OF HER OWN SUCCESS? HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

(Copied from the New York Press.)

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Chicago. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio. Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability, and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman; the poor as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The most remarkable thing, however, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born and raised in luxury, she met disaster bravely and unflinchingly when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and of whom in recounting the sad story of her life—and how in a few hours she found herself instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support—the *New York Herald* said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." To-day Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman of perfect breeding; as a well-born American, cultured and accomplished, she has been cordially received by the literati and beau monde of London and Paris. She speaks French and Italian as fluently as English, and her knowledge of literature is very extensive.

How Mrs. Ayer Accidentally Obtained the Formula for the Famous Recamier Cream.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvellous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was the one used by her beautiful and famous ancestress, Julie Recamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Recamier retained until her death.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades—white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas R. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

MRS. H. H. AYER, 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, JAN. 1887.
DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analysed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character. Respectfully yours,

THOMAS R. STILLMAN, M.S.E., PH. D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the CANADIAN OFFICE OF THE RECAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 374 and 376 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL. FOR SALE IN CANADA AT OUR REGULAR NEW YORK PRICES: Recamier Cream, \$1.50. Recamier Balm, \$1.50. Recamier Lotion, \$1.50. Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c. Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

HUMOUROUS.

MR. BANKLURK (at the close of the game): What do you think of me as a ballplayer, Miss Minnie? Miss Minnie: I think you'd make a splendid swimmer. Mr. Banklurk: A swimmer? Why so? Miss Minnie: You strike out so beautifully, you know.

LIKE HIS UNCLE.—Two young swells from Glasgow were recently spending their holidays at a fishing village in the North of Scotland. One of them who counted himself pretty clever resolved to have a joke with an old fisherwoman whom they met one morning coming from the boats. Accordingly he addressed her as follows:—"Ay, that's a fine morning, Janet." "Deed it's a' that, laddie," replied she, "but ye hae the advantage o' me, for I'm sure I dinna ken ye." "Know me," replied he. "Don't you? I'm the devil's sister's son." The old woman peering into his face, replied, "Ay, ay, man, when I tak' a richt look o' ye, losh me, but ye're like yer uncle."

TWO OF A KIND.—A lady was one day driving her husband down a narrow lane in Scotland when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's van. Neither had room to pass. The lady very tartly said, "He must go back, for I shall not; he ought to have seen us before entering the lane." "But how could he," replied the husband, "when there is this sudden turn in the lane?" "Never mind, I don't care; here I'll stay till doomsday, if necessary, before I give way to that man." The brewer's man overhearing the colloquy, said, "All right, sir, I'll back out of it," and then significantly added, "I've got just such another one at home!"

MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS.—The exclusiveness of the Scotchman when travelling abroad was never better exemplified than by a case which occurred the other day on the railway station between Boulogne and Paris. A Frenchman and a Scotchman were the sole occupants of a compartment, and both were smoking. The Frenchman's efforts to "make conversation" were of course failures, and his remarks on the weather, the exhibition, etc., only elicited monosyllabic replies. Suddenly he exclaimed:—"Pardon, m'sieur; but zee, you have drop some tabac on your knee; zee, he is burning." The Scotchman brushed off the morsel of the smouldering weed, and again buried himself in silence; but it was no good. "Zere, behold!" exclaimed the Frenchman; "you have drop him again. Mon Dieu! you will be on fire—killed." "Haud yer tongue, mon; haud yer tongue," said the other, angrily; "whit wey, can ye no' min' yer ain business? The pooch o' yer ain coat's been smoulderin' for owre ten meenits, and I've no' said a word." And so it had, too.



ONE BETTER.

SIMPSON: I say! Uncle Jim, you're way behind the age with your old muzzle loading rifle, why here's one that will shoot balls by the dozen without reloading.

UNCLE JIM: Why dat's nuthin', boss, dis yer old gun will shoot 'em by the barrel!

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

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(REGISTERED.)

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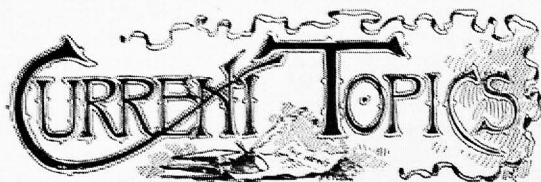
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

23rd NOVEMBER, 1889.



The wheels of the Foreign Office are in their motion like the mills in the famous oracle. This by no means novel charge has been brought anew against that branch of Imperial administration on which Canada is largely dependent for immunity from certain worries. The ground of the indictment is the delay in settling the Behring Sea question, and as Lord Salisbury is Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister, he comes in for some sharp censure. *Imperial Federation* thinks that the blame lies with a system that debars the colonies from any voice in Imperial affairs. If Ireland, Scotland or London has a grievance, each of them entrusts its representatives with the task of making it known and insisting on its being redressed. If Canada were similarly situated it would have its interests more properly attended to. But that would imply a proportional contribution to Imperial expenses. In a question like that of Behring Sea, not merely justice to Canada, but the prestige of Great Britain calls for a satisfactory adjustment of the conflicting claims.

Some time ago we referred to the appeal of the Chicago press to the journalists of Canada asking for their good will and co-operation in the endeavour to have the western metropolis chosen as the centre of the great World's Fair of 1892. The Canadian residents of Chicago have, in a circular letter, addressed to their fellow-countrymen in the Dominion, earnestly solicited their sympathy and assistance in securing the same object. The arguments used to induce Canadians to favour Chicago rather than New York, are almost the same as those of which we have already given a summary. Our compatriots strongly urge the superior advantages of the western city from the standpoint of Canadian interests, which they engage to do all in their power to promote. The letter being submitted to our City Fathers, on motion of Alderman Clendinneng, the Council declared in favour of Chicago as the most central and convenient point for the people of Canada.

The terrible exposure of Mormon doctrines and practices made recently at Salt Lake in the course of certain evidence adduced in connection with an application for citizenship by a man who had once taken Mormon oaths, will, and ought to deepen the repugnance entertained in the North-West to the admission of Mormons into the Territories. The applicant, John Moore, having sworn that he had been through the "Endowment House," objection was made to his claim on the ground that no person having such an experience and taken the oaths that it implied, could be a good citizen or bear faithful allegiance to the United States.

One of the most important events of recent years, in connection with the social and religious development of the United States, was the great Catholic Congress of Baltimore, to commemorate the consecration of Archbishop Carroll, a hundred years ago. It was attended by delegates, clerical and lay, from all parts of the United States, from Canada, from Mexico, from England, and from Rome. Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau, in the robes of their rank, and the assembled bishops and priests and distinguished laymen, made an imposing scene. The capital of the old Catholic colony put on holiday costume for the occasion, and the inhabitants, without regard to creed, opened wide their hospitable doors. The religious ceremonies were most impressive. Bishop Ireland (St. Paul) preached the sermon, and Bishop Ryan (Philadelphia) delivered an oration. Papers were read by laymen of famous names—Brownson, Bonaparte, Shea, Foy, Kelly, Spanhorst, Dougherty—representing all the nationalities that went to the making of the Republic. The tone of some of them gave evidence of the interaction of two forces, once thought to be in conflict, Catholicism and democracy. The subjects dealt with covered a broad range—the relations between Church and State, between religion and education, between the Church and journalism, between religion and literature, between labour and capital, the rôle of the laity in the Church, the new social order, temperance, Sunday observance, church music. Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, in an eloquent speech, contrasted the status of the Church to-day with the harsh treatment it had endured in the past. The Premier of Quebec was also among the orators, and his address was not the least noteworthy feature of the Conference.

Although the crusade against slavery, so earnestly advocated by Cardinal Lavigerie, has not taken the shape recommended by that venerable philanthropist, His Eminence's appeals to the nations of Christendom have not been fruitless. There has certainly been a far-reaching and profound awakening of the conscience of the civilized world to the inhumanity of a system which, within the memory of the living, had its advocates even in Christian pulpits. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the time when it was no very rare thing for the hunted fugitive of the slave-holder to seek on the soil of Canada that freedom from fetters which is now the birthright of all his race under the American flag. Whether or not the slave trade on this continent brought indirectly boons which would, save for its intervention, have been denied to the emancipated negroes, it is now generally acknowledged that the institution in defence of which brave and good men did not hesitate to sacrifice life and fortune had no sanction from the higher law of Christianity, and was inconsistent with the morality of an enlightened age. The conference that began this week at Brussels is significant proof of the strength and universality of anti-slavery sentiment in the civilized world. Among the nations represented, besides those of Europe, from Portugal to Russia, are Turkey, Persia and Zanzibar.

Imperial Federation with special reference to French Canada, has occupied considerable attention of late in the recognized organ of the movement. The basis of an important article in the last number of *Imperial Federation* is the series of utterances published by Mr. Tarte in the paper of which he is editor. The starting-point of the discussion was

the speech of Sir Charles Tupper at the annual banquet of the League, to which reference was made in our columns at the time. Naturally, the High Commissioner's position gave peculiar significance to his words, notwithstanding his simultaneous avowal that he spoke only for himself and not in any representative capacity. His object in proposing a conference in which every portion of the Empire would have a chance of expressing its opinion on the question of federation, was simply to give a practical character to the aims of the League. Lord Salisbury's refusal to take the responsibility of calling a conference tended, doubtless, to give some apparent justification to those who were already inclined to distrust the League's policy. At any rate, a good deal was written on the subject which was altogether wide of the mark and attributed both to the League and to Sir Charles Tupper sentiments and intentions which they never for a moment entertained. It was to explain what he believed to be the High Commissioner's real attitude on the subject of federation that Mr. Tarte wrote the articles in *Le Canadien*, to which the journal of the League pays a tribute of praise. Therein our Quebec confrère shows that Sir Charles Tupper's federation, so far from interfering with any privilege that Canada or this province now enjoys, would leave every hardly won liberty intact, while giving to the nations sheltered beneath the British Crown complete security against external aggression. We heartily agree with Mr. Tarte that great questions of economy and statesmanship should be kept entirely free from the belittling spirit of mere local partizanship.

THE FRENCH RACE IN AMERICA.

A good deal has been written of late about the mission of the French race in America. The subject is not a novel one. Directly or indirectly it has been treated by many patriotic pens of earlier generations. Every Canadian historian has had something to say about it. Indeed, even if we go back to the first years of the colony, we find that those who undertook to tell its story, all discharged the task from the standpoint of some cherished ideal. The clerical annalists, while, as a whole, they looked upon New France as a great field for missions, surveyed that field as the chosen stage for the triumphs of their respective orders. Père Sagard, for instance, regarded it as the peculiar allotment of the Recollets; Father Du Creux saw in it the Heaven-ordained scene of Jesuit evangelization. In the same light it was presented to the authors of the "Relations," and, as M. Faillon (who had the labours of St. Sulpice especially in his mind when he wrote his *Histoire de la Colonie Française*) takes pains to remind us, Charlevoix never forgot his allegiance to the Company of Jesus. Dollier de Casson and Father Belmont, in their synoptical records, also show severally their ecclesiastical leanings. To all these early historians Canada was mainly, if not solely, a mission field. The lay writers of the 17th century, while not oblivious of the religious aspect of their work, were much more vividly impressed with the advantages of colonization and the development of the country's resources. Before the close of Frontenac's administration the colonial policy had carried the day. In his valuable little book, *Colbert et le Canada*, M. Desmazures portrays for us the period of transition, when the germ of the national idea began to take root and a Canadian, as distinguished from a French, spirit

began to animate the people. In his *Histoire des Canadiens-Français*, M. B. Sulte has traced the course of that new-world patriotism from its rise to the present day. M. Rameau has also depicted it in his instructive pages, and has shown its fruits in the conquest of an empire which only needed a generous encouragement at home for its consolidation and permanence. But, unhappily for the dreams of men like La Salle, La Mothe Cadillac, d'Iberville and de La Vérendrye, as the pride of Canadians in their grand heritage increased, the demeanour of the French court grew more indifferent, till at last New France was surrendered with hardly a regret.

After the conquest, while aliens like Bigot, who had battered on extortion and embezzlement, and others, who, though comparatively guiltless, had no real attachment to Canada, transferred their penates across the sea, the true sons of the soil, who were Canadian more than French, chose to share the fortunes of their abandoned country and to hope against hope for the fulfilment of their cherished dream. In spite of its transfer to another Crown, Canada was still their home—a home which ere long they gladly defended from the foes both of themselves and their new fellow-subjects. The patriotic task was repeated in later years with triumphant skill and valour. For nearly a hundred years after the Cession, the descendants of those who founded the colony had the numerical preponderance. When DeSalaberry won the battle of Chateauguay, they were still more than three times as numerous as the British population. After that date began the persistent immigration which eventually turned the balance to the other side. It was not, however, till the period of the Union had half expired that the equation between the two elements took place. Then struggle was succeeded by deadlock. The conflict of aspirations, which before the Union had led to bloodshed, and which the development of parliamentary institutions had intended to modify, was now, through the working of those very institutions, forced into a new and critical phase. The deadlock once broken, after years of wasted energies, the ascendancy of one section over the other was sure to come, with equally certain resistance on the part of the minority. In such circumstances, some new arrangement was clearly necessary, and it was found in the federal union of all the provinces, with local autonomy and the guarantee of just treatment to minorities.

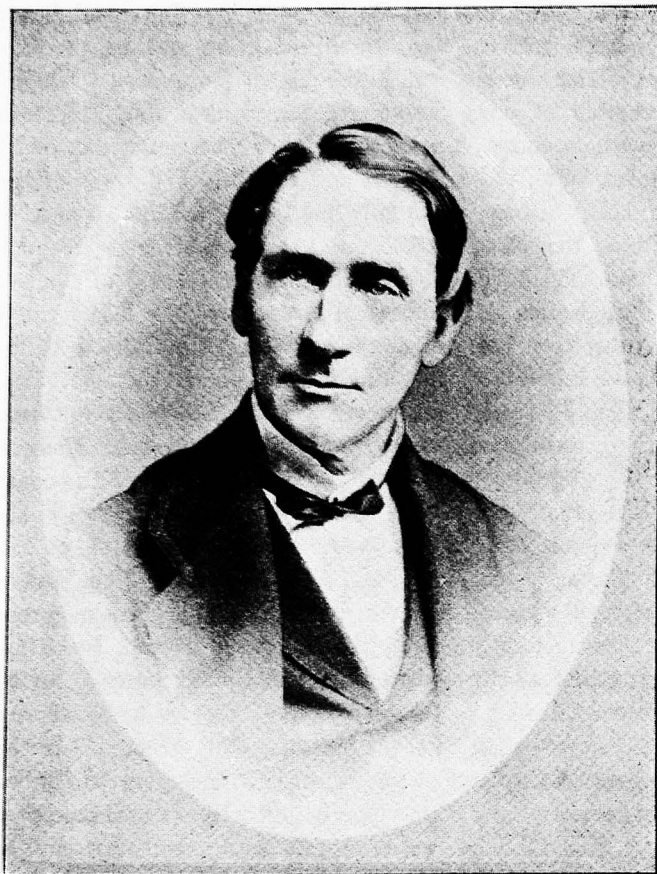
It is with the mission of the French race under these new conditions that we are now chiefly concerned. With the destinies of Louisiana, and of the voluntary exiles scattered through the New England, Middle and Western States, we must, of course, have a certain sympathy. But it is on the French population of Canada that the future influence of the race on this continent mainly depends. Save for the relations sustained (chiefly through the mediation of the clergy) between this province and the Franco-American communities, the latter would be more rapidly absorbed, like the millions of Germans, into the mass of the Republic's population. Gradually, from generation to generation, a certain proportion of them, must be so absorbed. If we have regard to the French-Canadians of the United States, it is difficult to see how they can accomplish the sort of mission that some of our journals have allotted to them. They may remain Catholics and speak French at home and in the social circle, but, unless they become naturalized American citizens, they are, and must continue,

political ciphers. M. J. Feyrol closes an interesting work on the French race in Canada, Louisiana and the other States, with these words: "Those valiant men who crossed the ocean to found a new trans-atlantic France have not succeeded; by the fortune of arms, they lost their territories, but united in a common thought, they have formed a people, *Les Français d'Amérique*." The words quoted express concisely what a number of our own writers have elaborated in various forms. Not to mention the historians, Garneau, Sulte, and others who have treated of our later history, Monsignor Labelle, Mr Joseph Tassé, the Rev. M. Mothon, ex-Mayor Beaugrand, etc., who have written expressly on the mission and destiny of their race in the New World, have dwelt on the surprising increase which seems like a literal fulfilment of Father Vimont's prophecy and prayer. For the most part, satisfaction at this growth of a mere handful into the dimensions of a nation is accompanied with gratitude for the preservation of their faith by the scattered sons of *La Belle France*. It is on this point that the ecclesiastical patriot naturally dwells. Yet, although the expressions of opinion are so numerous and the unanimity on the main question—that a great future awaits the fuller expansion of the French-Canadian people—is so marked, we are at a loss when we come to inquire what the mission entrusted to it really is. The answers at this point become vague and indecisive. The dispersion of the French race all over the continent, and especially its division into two great sections—one in Canada, the other in the States—make the problem for the present insoluble. Only one historian has come out plainly in favour of annexation, but he is a European and a Protestant—the only Protestant Frenchman who has written a history of Canada. It is just one of the questions with which strangers should not meddle, as Brasseur de Bourbourg found to his cost. Nevertheless, Mr. Reveillaud did not, we may be sure, express regrets that Canada had rejected the offers of the Revolutionary Congress and urge that the mistake should be corrected with the least possible delay, without prompting from some of his Canadian entertainers. His counsel echoes the wish of his fellow-religionists; not that of his French-Canadian kinsmen of Catholic allegiance. But though French Quebec is not likely to declare for absorption into the neighbouring Republic, it is clearly impossible to arrest the flow of emigration across the frontier. As for repatriation, it has failed wofully. Of the thousands of well-to-do French-Canadians that attended the conventions of 1874 and subsequent years, how many were induced to remain with their kindred in this province?

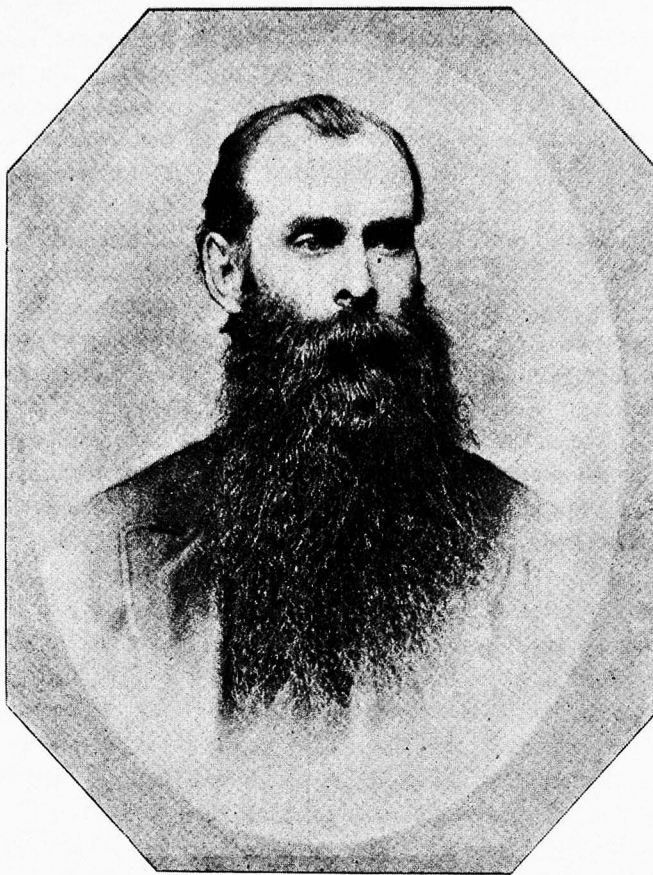
Of late political controversy has tended to interrupt the comparative harmony that had reigned since the initiation of the federal régime. With the bitter roots of that controversy we need not meddle now. Enough to recall that, after being confined for some years to this province, it has spread, in the most undesirable fashion, far beyond its limits. The natural result has been to draw French-speaking Catholics into closer sympathy. Needless to indicate where the fault lies—neither side being blameless. To us such a breach of the understanding, which had worked and was working so well, is most deplorable. To be sure, things are not so bad as demagogues and alarmists would have them appear. There is still a *modus vivendi*. But appeals to prejudices of race and creed always stir up old feuds that have been sleeping in

oblivion, and it would be strange if the discords of the last twelve months had left no trace. Again we hear and read all sorts of forecasts, more or less qualified by menace. If the advice of some of the preachers of enmity were taken, French and English, like the Jews and Samaritans long ago, would have no dealings with each other. But, in the face of plain facts, all these threats and taunts are the wildest folly. Whatever be the destiny of the French race out of Canada, the French and the British citizens of the Dominion can only quarrel to their mutual hurt. Providence has planted them together in a land surely large enough for them both and all their descendants that choose to enjoy their heritage. The mission of the French race in Canada is to aid in the material, intellectual and moral development of the great country that their fathers won from the savage and the wilderness. Their work in the exploring and opening up of the continent, which they had traversed to the Rocky Mountains, to Hudson's Bay and to the Gulf of Mexico, before Virginia, New England or New York had dreamed of the expanse behind them, is proudly told by Rameau and Parkman and Tassé, and by every historian of the United States. No race has more honorably won its share in North America. But in the building up of the Dominion there is enough to satisfy the highest ambition. Its oldest province is still a centre of French power, and nowhere else (as witness our own city) have the two elements combined more fruitfully for the attainment of high ends. Would the English of Lower Canada like never to see the faces of those who remind them that their country has a history, never hear the tongue spoken by Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac and Montcalm? Or would the French consent to banish their ruder, but energetic and not altogether ungenerous, fellow-citizens? The expected, the assured reply is a twofold negative. The mischief-makers are mistaken if they think they can put back the dial and arrest the march of destiny. The mission of the French and English in Canada is the same, and only by their friendly co-operation can that mission be thoroughly accomplished. But, apart from that great task, each of them is, in a very real sense, a missionary to the other. None of the writers whom we have quoted has brought this out more forcibly than Abbé Mothon, in his lecture before the *Institut Canadien*, of Quebec, on the "Present and Future of the French Race in America." He there shows that the qualities which distinguish the French are just complementary to those which make the English what they are. The defects of the one race are supplied by the other. The brilliancy, the grace, the winning courtesy and social virtues of the one supplement the steady industry, the manifold enterprise and rough endurance of the other. Together they have all the gifts and virtues which, well employed, will make a nation great. "Quis separabit?"—this must be our motto and the rule of our practice, if we would give Canada that place in civilization to which its resources, position and history entitle it.

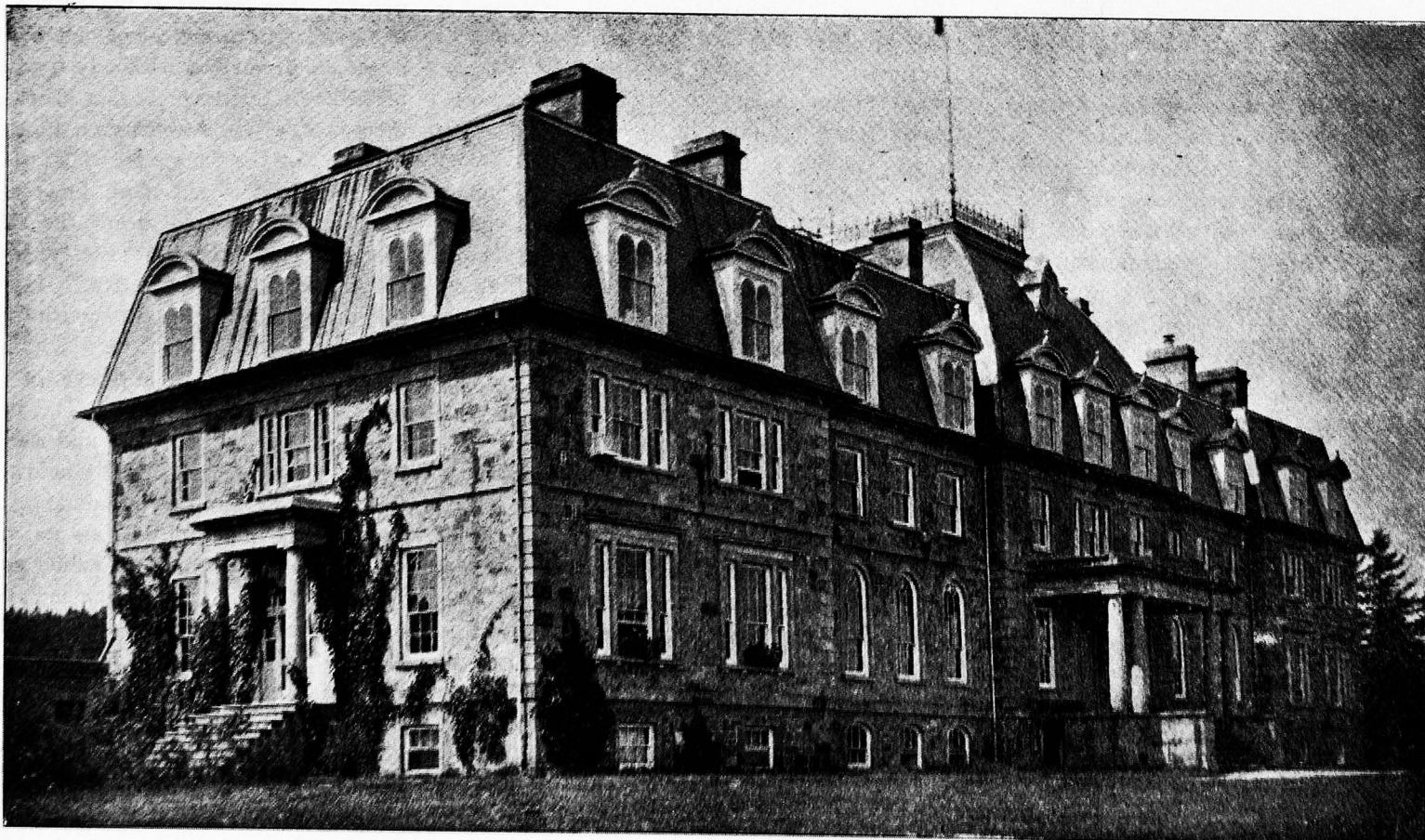
ROPES MADE OF WOMEN'S HAIR.—Speaking before a meeting of the Methodist ministers, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It was of enormous size, and the timbers for the temple from their mountain homes were hauled up to the temple and put in place by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair of women of the province, and two ropes were made from these tresses—one 17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around and 2,600 feet long.—*Minneapolis Journal*.



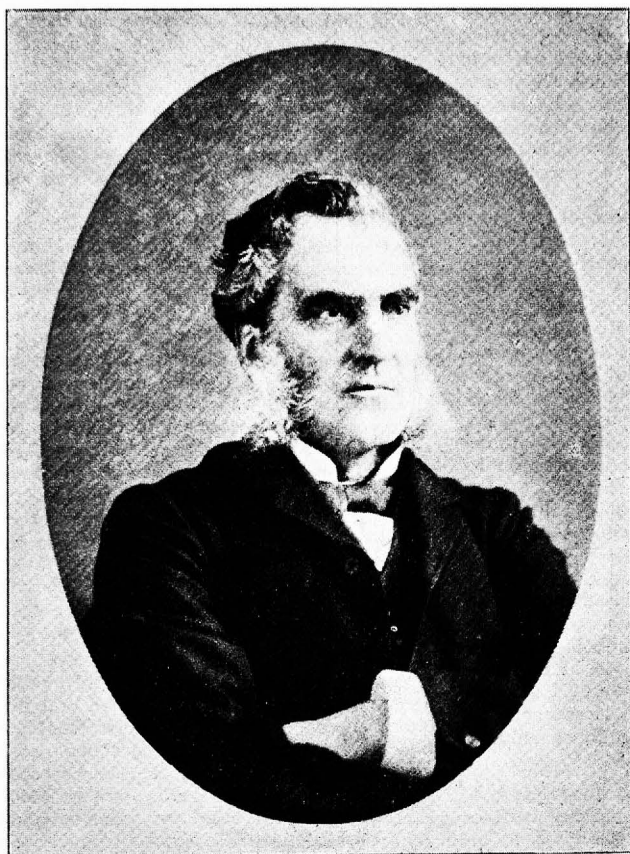
THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS.
Notman & Fraser, photo.



THE LATE HON. H. J. CLARKE.
Notman & Fraser, photo.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FREDERICTON.
Geo. R. Lancefield, photo.



THE LATE HON. JAMES TURNER.
Topley, photo.



THE LATE WM. F. POWELL, Esq.
J. Bruce & Co., photo.



F. H. Hébert.
L. C. Bélanger.

A. de Haerne.
J. A. Chicoyne.

M. D. Corey.
L. R. Robinson.

F. Avery.
W. E. Jones.

T. L. Quinby.
G. H. Bradford.

E. S. Thomas.
W. A. Morehouse.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS EDITORS' ASSOCIATION.
Presby, photo, Sherbrooke.



JAMES P. CLEGHORN, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE.—There is no organization that has exerted a more vivifying and fruitful influence on the enterprise and progress of Montreal than the well-known body over which Mr. J. P. Cleghorn now presides. It began its existence in the year 1838 and was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1842. From that time to the present it has been a power for good in the life of this community, quickening the movements of its home and foreign commerce, encouraging its industrial activity, and sparing no effort to make Montreal worthy of its position at the head of ocean navigation. The record of its services, which is found in the reports of the late and present secretaries, covers nearly every phase of the public weal that could occupy its attention consistently with its original purpose. To Montrealers it is most gratefully associated with the improvement of the harbour and the channel of the St. Lawrence below the city. The efficiency of our present ocean mail service is also owing not a little to its intervention. For the present, however, it must suffice to say that our Board of Trade, while ever alive to the best interests of Montreal, has not forgotten those of the country at large—if, indeed, it be possible to make such a distinction. Its generous public spirit has never lost sight of any opportunity of enhancing the prosperity and prestige of the Dominion. The earnestness with which it supported the proposal for the visit to Montreal of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1884 had its reward in the success of that meeting and in the satisfaction of the whole country with the result. It would be invidious to make special mention of the members of the Board who have distinguished themselves in its patriotic and eminently useful work. There is one gentleman, nevertheless, who holds a place which makes it impossible to avoid reference to him in treating of such a subject—Mr. J. P. Cleghorn, the actual president. The circumstances of Mr. Cleghorn's election in February last were such as to confirm in a remarkable manner the judgment of his colleagues as to the high esteem in which he is held; for never before in the history of the Board had the choice of officers been invested with so much interest or marked by so general a desire to secure the best men only for the respective positions. Mr. Cleghorn's promotion to the highest office was the reward of long and faithful service, and the heavy vote by which he was returned showed the practical unanimity of the choice. A senior member of one of Montreal's oldest and most important firms, that of J. G. Mackenzie & Co., wholesale dry goods, he had for many years been connected with the proceedings of the Board of Trade, and thus with the leading influences in Montreal's prosperity. After being a member of the council for many years, he was made vice-president in 1886 and second vice-president in 1887 and 1888, when Mr. (now Senator) Drummond was president. He had shown sound judgment in the discussion of the questions that came before the council, and more especially in those of the customs and of insolvency. His election was greeted with pleasure by the membership and the city, and the manner in which he has discharged his functions during the last eight months has proved that the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced.

THE LATE HENRY JOSEPH CLARKE.—The gentleman, whose portrait appears on another page, long a familiar figure in Montreal, was born in Donegal, Ireland, on July 7, 1833. His father, Francis Clarke, who was a well known citizen of Montreal, representing St. Lawrence Ward for many years as councillor and alderman, immigrated to Canada in 1836, and took part in the Rebellion of 1836-7 as Sergt.-Major of the Quebec Garrison Artillery and afterwards as commandant of police at Belle Isle. Mr. Clarke, the subject of our engraving, was educated at the old Montreal Academy and St. Mary's College. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1855 and practised his profession till 1858, when, taken with the California craze, he went to the Pacific coast, where he made his mark as a journalist on the *Alta Californian*. Returning to Montreal, he resumed his law practice and established a reputation as a criminal lawyer beside such men as Driscoll, Kerr, Ramsay, Carter, Ritchie and Devlin. His defense of Stanislaus Barreau, the murderer, is still remembered as a masterpiece of forensic ability. In politics he was a Conservative, and, under the leadership of Sir George Cartier and T. D. McGee, did good service to his party on all occasions. He contested Chateaugay in 1863 against the Hon. L. H. Holton and was defeated by a small majority. He served as captain in the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales Rifles during the Fenian Raids of 1866, and received flattering mention in a General Order for special courier service. In 1867 he was appointed a Q.C. In 1870 he was commissioned by the Cartier-Macdonald government to assist the Hon. A. G. Archibald in the organization of a provincial government for the new Province of Manitoba, and in December of that year took office as Premier and Attorney-General, with Hon. M. A. Girard, treasurer; Hon. A. Boyd, public works and agriculture, and Hon. Thos. Howard, provincial secretary. In 1874 his government resigned, and ill-health caused him to go to California, where he remained till 1877, when he re-

turned to Winnipeg and practised his profession till his death, which occurred suddenly on Sept. 13 ult., on the C.P.R. train near Medicine Hat.

THE LATE HON. SENATOR TURNER.—The late Hon. James Turner, Senator of the Dominion, whose portrait we give elsewhere in this issue, was born in Glasgow on the 31st of March, 1826. His father, the late Mr. John Turner, was a member of a noted loom manufacturing firm. Having been educated mainly at the Glasgow High School, Mr. Turner came to Canada in his 22nd year and settled in Hamilton, where he remained till his death a few weeks ago. In 1850 he married Caroline Huldah Greene, of Kingston, Ont. In business he early attained success, becoming head of the firm of James Turner & Co., importers and wholesale grocers, as well as that of Turner, Rose & Co., Montreal, and Turner, Mackeand & Co., Winnipeg. The latter branch was started in the first year of Confederation. Mr. Turner wisely foresaw the destiny that awaited Fort Garry when (as he confidently expected) the North-West would be included in the Dominion. In Hamilton he had his brother Alexander as partner. Senator Turner was widely known and esteemed, especially in the city of his adoption. He was a vice-president of the Bank of Hamilton, a director of the Hamilton and North-Western Railway Company, a member of the executive committee of the Northern and North-Western, and a director of the Northern and Pacific Junction Railway Company. In the affairs of Hamilton he always took an active interest; he was a member of its Board of Trade, of which he was president in 1869, and it was a source of universal satisfaction to his fellow citizens that he was nominated a member of the Dominion Senate. In 1869 Senator Turner visited the North-West Territories in company with the late Hon. Joseph Howe, and from that date till his death seldom failed to pay Manitoba an annual visit. He travelled through a great part of the Territories, traversing the continent to the Columbia river and Edmonton. In 1882 he sailed down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton. His career throughout was one of unceasing industry, success and usefulness. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

WILLIAM FREDERICK POWELL.—A CANADIAN PATRIOT AND STATESMAN.—Among the names of Canadian worthies that of William Frederick Powell will always hold an honoured place. Endowed with qualities of the highest intellectual order, a generous disposition, a ready wit that never deserted him, a commanding presence, he seemed designed by nature to take a leading part in public life. When he passed away, it was felt that one who had done noble service to his country, and had given character to the early aspirations of our Canadian nationality, had left a vacancy that none who survived him could adequately fill. Mr. Powell was the youngest son of the late Colonel James Hamilton Powell, of Manor Hamilton, Ireland, and Matilda Hume, daughter of the founder of Hume's County Sligo Bank. Col. Powell came to Canada with his regiment, the 103rd, as commandant of Quebec military district. When the regiment was disbanded, with a view to the formation of a military settlement in the township surrounding Perth, Upper Canada, Col. Powell was appointed High Sheriff of Lanark and Bathurst, with his residence at Perth. There the subject of this memoir was born, April 8th, 1826, and there he received the education which he used with such brilliant advantage in after life. In 1844 he took up his residence at Bytown, now Ottawa, and at once entered upon a career of active journalism. His influence was speedily felt throughout the whole Ottawa valley and extended to all parts of the province. He was master of a vigorous, polished, yet chaste and picturesque style, and brought to the questions he discussed the luminous reflections of a mind that soared to the mountain-tops of thought and embraced in its vision the glories and triumphs of the future. In 1854 he entered the Parliament of the United Canadas as the representative of Carleton County, where he immediately rose to distinction in the ranks of the Conservative party. It was always a matter of regret to those who knew and appreciated his great abilities that he saw fit to retire from public life, which he did by accepting the shrievalty of Carleton in 1866. Confederation was then practically accomplished, and though it might have seemed that the grand purpose to which he had devoted himself had been attained, there can be no doubt that in the larger field of Dominion politics he would have taken a foremost position. As early as 1853 he advocated confederation in his newspaper with statesmanlike precision and convincing eloquence. "British connection," he then wrote, "has not yet lost its charms to our ears; and, we trust, never will, until these colonies, having in that fulness of time, when arrived at mature manhood, they shall be called upon to take a position for themselves, shall be compelled to look neither to the right nor to the left for support; but shall assume an attitude of independence, as one of the nations of the earth. To indoctrinate the people in principles of self-dependence, which may teach them to trust themselves, when prepared to issue forth from the abnormal condition of a colony, is an ambition worthy of the highest statesmanship." Mr. Powell was also among the first to advocate the Ottawa valley as the best and most natural route for railway connection with the great West, and was the chief promoter of the Canada Central, which now forms so important a link in the Canadian Pacific Railway. Another proof of his far-seeing judgment was shown in his advocacy at the time that he first championed confederation, of the commercial policy which was afterwards adopted under the name of "the

National Policy." But to his exertions more than to those of any other of his contemporaries was owing the selection of Ottawa as the seat of the federal government. Having called the representatives of the Ottawa constituencies together, when the question of upholding the Queen's decision in favour of Ottawa was pending, he was deputed by them to inform the Government that unless they were prepared to uphold that decision, he and his fellow members would be compelled to vote against them. He made his statement before a full meeting of the cabinet, and the question was then and there decided. After Mr. Powell resigned the office of sheriff, he appealed to his old constituents of Carleton for election to the House of Commons, in the general election of 1882. His address on that occasion was a masterpiece, both as a political and literary performance. Now that he is dead and gone, we may repeat what he then said of himself, admitting its truth and justice:—"During four parliaments I was your trusted representative. I fear no contrast with any man ever sent to represent the Ottawa Valley. Without one word of disparagement to the living; with kindly reverence be it spoken, without one syllable of disrespect or depreciation of the dead, I boldly call on you to say whether, when trusted with your confidence, I may not safely appeal to the record as to the faith, the honour, and the ability with which the sacred trust was discharged—if when a duty was to be performed, or an elector to be served, I ever knew any distinction of class, creed, or nationality, or failed in acting well my part." This necessarily brief sketch of an honoured and honourable career might fittingly close here. But in paying this tribute to the memory of a noble-hearted man and personal friend, the writer feels how feeble are his words to express all he would say of one who, though not without his faults,

Was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

In social life Mr. Powell was a most entertaining and agreeable companion. He had all the kindness, geniality and eloquence that belongs to his Irish origin, to which was united an immense fund of historical and general information, a most attractive and pleasant manner, and a spirit of generosity only limited by the means at his disposal. In 1857 he married Miss Wallis, of Port Hope, daughter of the late Colonel Wallis, and grand-daughter of the late John Brown, M.P. He leaves a widow, five sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Mr. F. C. Powell, is a practising barrister at Ottawa. Mr. Powell was a brother-in-law to Senator Clemow. When Canon Wilberforce went to Ottawa, and, in the interest of the Gospel Temperance Association, addressed an immense audience, Mr. Powell was the first to set the example of taking the blue ribbon, which he wore and honoured till his death. It was Sir George Cartier, we believe, who gave Mr. Powell the appellation of "The Beauty of Carleton," on account of his handsome person and the elegance of his appearance and manners. Probably no man was more beloved and admired by his children and relations. In the family circle he was fairly idolized, and the pride with which he regarded his sons and daughters was reciprocated by the most tender affection. At the time of his death Mr. Powell was president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and ex-Grand Master of the Orange Association, both of which societies followed his remains in a body to their last resting place.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS PRESS ASSOCIATION.—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers—especially those of them who are concerned in journalism—with a fine group of Eastern Townships journalists. Though a young organization, the Eastern Townships Press Association numbers in its ranks some of the ablest writers and business men in the Province of Quebec. A glance at the portraits on another page will, indeed, be sufficient to show that the association is made up of men of no inferior stamp.

MR. W. E. JONES, M.A., THE EDITOR OF THE RICHMOND "GUARDIAN."—The central figure in the front row of the group is Mr. Jones, the President of the Association, who, next after Mr. Robinson (who sits to the right of the president) is the senior of the Eastern Townships journalists. He is a native of Swansea, the manufacturing capital of Wales, where he was born on the 12th of May, 1828. His earliest connection with journalism dates back to 1847, in which and the years following he was special correspondent for the London *Morning Chronicle* in Ireland during the rebellion and famine periods. He afterwards went into business as a shipowner and timber importer, and in 1858 emigrated to this country. Soon after coming here he purchased the *Advocate*, then recently established by Mr. Smith, now of the *Coaticook Observer*, and changed its name to the *Guardian*. Some of the earliest articles on the protective tariff and on confederation appeared in this paper. Mr. Jones is a very vigorous writer, of marked independence. In politics he is a Conservative with strong reforming tendencies. His strong individuality has put the *Guardian* in the front rank of the Eastern Townships journals. Though his style of writing is vehement and positive, he is popular among his *conféres*, as is proved by his unanimous election to the presidency of the new Press Association. Mr. Jones is an active politician, and has been twice defeated as a candidate for parliamentary honours. For thirty years he has been secretary-treasurer of the Municipality of Cleveland, and is a recognized authority on municipal law and practice. He is also a J. P. for the province, and for many years was chairman of the local Board of Examiners of school teachers. He was

sent to England in 1871 by the Provincial Government as special Emigration Commissioner, and his lectures there and in Scotland received very flattering notices in the leading newspapers. He is a very ardent prohibitionist and an active temperance campaigner. He was the founder, in connection with his son-in-law (the late Wm. Bowden), of the *Coaticook Observer*, and for a couple or more years published, all at one time, no less than four newspapers—editing them all—viz., the *Canada Scotsman*, the *Megantic Argus*, the *Danville Union*, and the *Guardian*. Mr. Jones has written some creditable poetry, but of late years he has not courted the muses with his old-time ardour.

MR. F. H. HEBERT, OF "LE PIONNIER," SHERBROOKE, P.Q.—Mr. Hebert has been local reporter since the fall of last year, and was previously engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was born in St. Aimé, County of Richelieu, on the 7th September, 1861. For several years before he joined the regular staff of the *Pionnier*, he was a voluminous correspondent of that paper, and contributed a number of interesting articles to its columns.

MR. A. DE HAERNE.—This gentleman, one of the editors of *Le Pionnier*, is a native of Belgium and thirty-nine years of age. He was chief editor for four years. He was a non-commissioned officer in the Pontifical Zouaves, in which he served at the siege of Rome in 1870. In the Franco-Prussian war he had a lieutenant's commission in the corps of General Chanzy, and was a lieutenant-colonel in the Turkish army during the last Russo-Turkish war. The Belgian Conservative Government appointed him a Vice-Governor, but he was removed on the advent to power of their Liberal successors. He afterwards resided for five years in Paris, where he was employed as translator for a number of foreign papers. The breaking down of his health obliged him to give up a sedentary life, and he came to Canada, settling in Stoke, near Sherbrooke, where he farmed for some time. He took the oath of allegiance and became a British subject in 1886. Mr. de Haerne is correspondent for several leading French and Belgian journals.

MR. J. A. CHICOYNE, MANAGING DIRECTOR AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF "LE PIONNIER."—Mr. Chicoyne is in the prime of life, being forty-five years old. His connection with the press dates almost from his boyhood, and at twenty-one he was regularly in harness as an editorial writer on the *Courier de St. Hyacinthe*, contributing also to *L'Opinion Publique* and *La Minerve* up to 1874. Quite an amount of literature from his pen is scattered over the record of these years on his favourite subject of colonization and agriculture; many of these articles appeared in *Le Pionnier* before Mr. Chicoyne became permanently attached to the staff of that paper three years ago. He made four European tours in connection with Canadian colonization, visiting and lecturing in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, and studied the political and social questions of the day in these countries. The agriculture and advanced farming of many parts of Europe occupied much of his attention, and have been the subject of many valuable contributions to the press of Canada. Mr. Chicoyne is a strong and graceful writer, thoroughly informed on all the political and social questions of the day. He is also a fine platform speaker, in which rôle he has few superiors. He is one of the councillors for the city of Sherbrooke.

MR. GEORGE H. BRADFORD.—This gentleman, who is publisher of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, was born in Sherbrooke. He first worked on the *Canadian Times* in 1856-58. He was connected with the *Sherbrooke Times* in 1858-59; with the *Sherbrooke Leader* in 1859; with the *Commercial Advertiser*, New York city, in 1860-61; with the *Green Mountain Express* in 1862-; with the *Morning Post and Times*, Chicago, in 1864-67; with the *Caledonian*, St. Johnsbury, Vt., from 1867 to 1870. He purchased the *Sherbrooke Gazette* in 1870 in partnership with Mr. W. A. Morehouse. In 1875 he bought out Mr. Morehouse's interest and the good will of the business, and entered into partnership with his brother, Mr. H. Bradford and the late Mr. John Calder. In 1884 he purchased his brother's interest in the business, and since then he has carried on the business alone. Mr. Bradford rarely writes for his paper, his attention being almost exclusively given to the publishing department. He is a good man of business and has been quite successful. Under his careful supervision, the *Gazette* has kept its place as one of the foremost newspapers of the Townships. It is the oldest of them and has a large circulation.

MR. EDWIN AVERY.—This gentleman, now editor of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, was born in London, Eng., in 1836, and came to Canada in the year of Confederation, 1867. The first few years of his residence in the Dominion were spent in Cayuga, where he acted as Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Haldimand, and was a frequent contributor to the *Haldimand Advocate*. In 1873 he came to Lennoxville, and was for some time English master and bursar at Bishop's College School. On the retirement of Mr. Hunter Bradford from the *Sherbrooke Gazette* in 1884, Mr. Avery entered that office, and subsequently, in 1887, assumed the position he now occupies of editor of that journal. He is a careful writer and well informed on general topics. His editorials frequently afford proof of scholarship and are always readable. Mr. Avery may be classed as a good all-round man for a country journal, and has many qualifications for a more ambitious position in the "fourth estate."

MR. M. D. COREY.—This gentleman, who is editor and publisher of the *Bedford Times*, is the youngest son of the late Lindol Corey, P.L.S., and was born at Stanbridge

Ridge, Missisquoi, on the 10th of June, 1849. His first venture in journalism was made in June, 1885, when he founded the *Missisquoi Record*, published at Stanbridge East until the destruction of the office in 1888. He then removed to Bedford, to take charge of the *Times*, which he purchased from Mr. Loynes. As previously with the *Record*, he fills both positions of editor and publisher, and not unfrequently stands at the case. He is a Conservative in politics. The editorials in the *Times* have great merit both for sound sense and literary finish. He is a thoughtful writer, with a good deal of reserved force, which is kept in check by a temperament peculiarly modest and amiable.

MR. L. C. BELANGER.—This well-known journalist was born at Rapide Plat, near St. Hyacinthe, in the parish of Ste. Rosalie, County of Bagot. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe College, an institution famous for having sent forth many distinguished politicians. He moved to Sherbrooke in 1860 and entered upon the study of law under the late W. L. Fenton, Q.C., and was admitted to the Bar in 1866. He formed a law partnership with Mr. Cabana, now Q.C. and joint prothonotary of the St. Francis district. He is still actively engaged in the practice of law, and is Crown Prosecutor for his district. In conjunction with Mr. Cabana, he started the *Pionnier*, the first French newspaper published in the Eastern Townships. The partnership was dissolved in 1874, when, with his brother, L. A. Belanger, he assumed control of the *Sherbrooke News*, and published *Le Progrès* from the same office until 1878. In that year the removal of his brother to Worcester, Mass., and the sale of the *News*, severed his connection with the press for a while. The *Courier de Worcester*, which was conducted by Mr. L. A. Belanger, some time after passed into the hands of two other brothers, and Mr. L. A. Belanger returned to Sherbrooke in 1883. *Le Progrès*, which had been printed in Worcester, resumed publication, and is still continued. The subject of this sketch is an occasional contributor to its editorial columns. The *Progrès de l'Est* has fought its way very successfully amongst its older contemporaries, and is edited with great spirit and ability. It is the only semi-weekly paper in the Townships, and publishes also a weekly edition. In politics it is Independent-Conservative, and at present very warmly supports the Mercier Government. Mr. Belanger was married in 1866 to Miss Unsworth, a daughter of James Unsworth, who was for many years engaged on the editorial staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, and afterwards, until his death in 1854, G.T.R. agent at St. Hyacinthe. Mrs. Belanger is a niece of John Hatton, the celebrated musical composer, and her brother is chief superintendent of government railways in P. E. Island. Mr. Belanger has a recognized standing among Quebec journalists as a man of great ability.

MR. E. S. STEVENS.—The eldest son of Major S. A. Stevens, Mr. E. S. Stevens, was born in Sherbrooke on the 21st of November, 1856. He commenced the printing trade in 1870 with Messrs. Bradford & Morehouse in the office of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*. In 1875 he entered the office of Mr. W. A. Morehouse, where he held the position of foreman until May, 1882, when he purchased an interest in the *Sherbrooke Examiner*, and became a member of the firm of W. A. Morehouse & Co. Upon the formation of the Eastern Townships Press Association, he was elected secretary-treasurer.

MR. W. A. MOREHOUSE.—This gentleman, who is proprietor of the *Sherbrooke Examiner*, was born in the parish of St. Thomas, P.Q., Dec. 8, 1843. At an early age his parents removed to Stanstead Plain, where his youth was spent. In 1859, at the age of 15, he entered the office of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, edited and published by the late Joseph H. Walton. He remained with that gentleman until the winter of 1864, when he went to the Military School in Montreal, then under command of Lord Alex. Russell, of the 1st Batt. Rifle Brigade. He remained in Montreal a year or so, being twice called to the front to serve with his company during the Fenian excitement. In 1867 he took charge of the *Guardian* office, Richmond, during the candidature of the editor of that paper, W. E. Jones, Esq., for parliamentary honours. In 1868 Mr. Walton persuaded him to return to Sherbrooke as foreman of his office. He continued with him until 1870, when he succeeded, with the assistance of some friends, in purchasing the plant and good will of the *Gazette*, and, in company with Mr. G. H. Bradford, entered on the publication of that paper. In 1875 he sold out his share in it and opened a job printing establishment, and in 1878 undertook the publication of the *Sherbrooke Examiner*, which he continues to publish. He still retains his ardour for military life, and is second in command of the 53rd Battalion, one of the best equipped corps of the province. Mr. Morehouse rarely writes a leading article, though his natural ability and long experience of journalism eminently fit him for that work. His broad liberality of sentiment and great amiability are reflected in the *Examiner*, which in many respects is a model country newspaper. It has an extensive circulation.

MR. ERNEST SIMPSON THOMAS.—This young journalist is the eldest son of Charles M. Thomas, Esq., Registrar of Stanstead. Born at Melbourne, P.Q., November 18th, 1867, and educated at Stanstead Wesleyan College, under Principal A. Lee Holmes, he entered the printing business eight years ago as a job printer at Stanstead, P.Q. After four years' jobbing, he began the publication of the *Stanstead Advertiser*, which he edited. The *Advertiser*, at first a monthly, was changed to a weekly in December, 1887, under the name of the *Independent Times and Advertiser*.

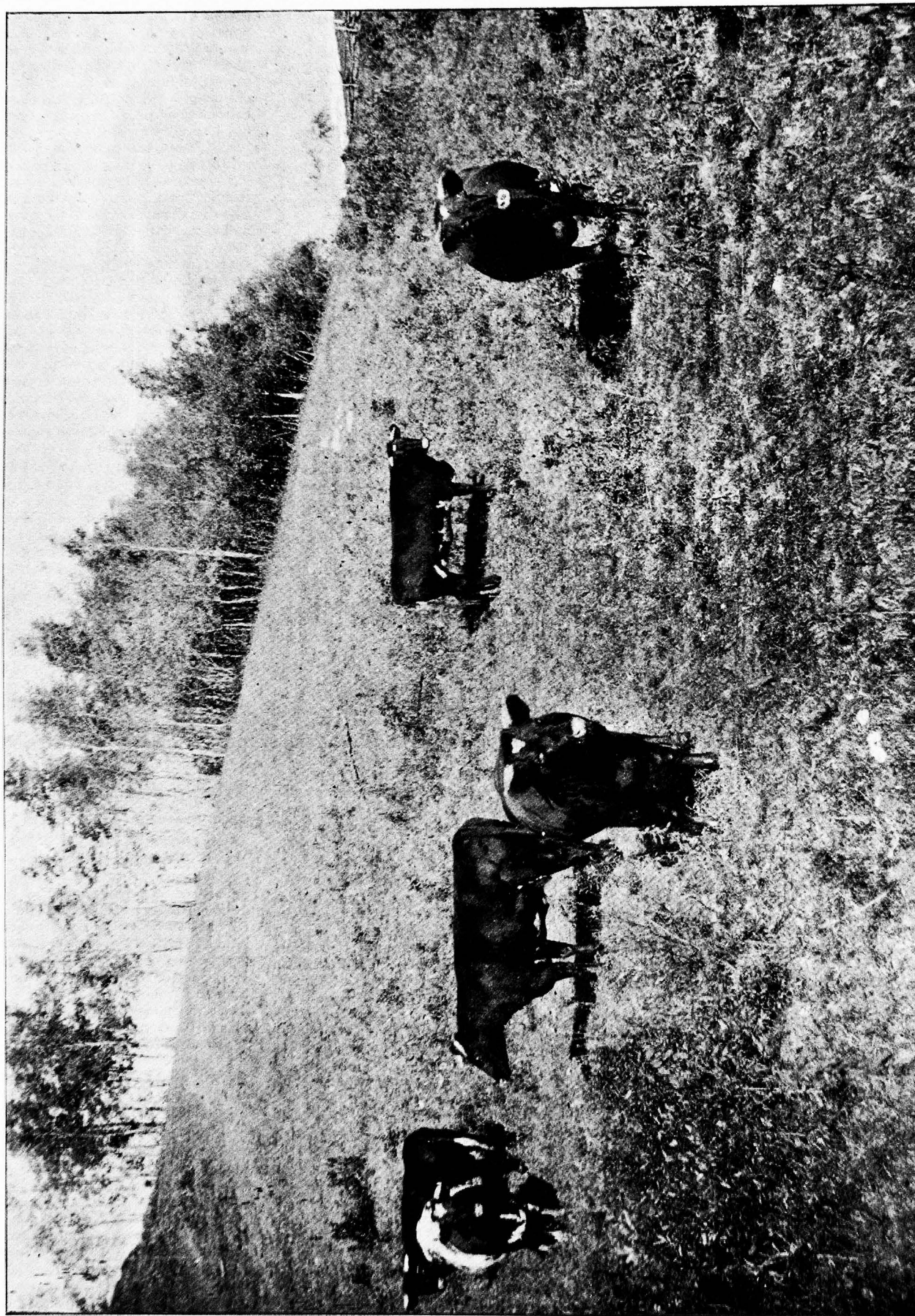
In June, 1889, together with Mr. T. L. Quimby, he purchased the *Cowansville Observer*, and removed to Cowansville. Mr. Thomas has not yet "won his spurs," but his articles in the defunct *Times* gave promise of unusual editorial ability. His partner has principal charge of that department.

MR. L. R. ROBINSON.—Mr. Robinson, the editor, proprietor and publisher of the *Stanstead Journal*, is the father of the Townships press, having started the *Journal* in 1845, when there was only one other English newspaper south of the St. Lawrence. It was quite a small sheet at first, but was afterwards twice enlarged. He is a native of Fairhaven, Vermont, where he learned the printing trade—commencing at 15 years of age. His father, a Congregational minister, was a lineal descendant of John Robinson of Pilgrim fame, who was the acknowledged leader of the heroic band that landed at Plymouth Rock. The subject of this sketch is a great-grandson of that historic character. Mr. Robinson has closely attended to his business for now over forty years, and has been fairly successful, having succeeded in bringing up a large family and placing them in advantageous positions in life. He is very greatly respected, and has been honoured by his fellow citizens on several occasions, by being invested with positions of trust and responsibility. He has been mayor of Stanstead, and being a solid man of excellent judgment, and more than ordinary ability, he is regarded throughout the country as a wise councillor and friend. The *Journal* bears the stamp of these qualities, the articles in it and its comments on current events are always marked by a vigorous common sense and moderation. There is nothing *blatant* or sensational in Mr. Robinson's writing; but it shows the man of strong and honest convictions, and hence it has always been an influential moulder of public opinion. The *Journal* is a newsy sheet and a household institution in Stanstead. Mr. Robinson is also very popular with his *confères*, and has established a high character for conscientiousness. He is, moreover, an extremely modest man, and a stern moralist—one whom politics have not corrupted.

MR. T. LEE QUIMBY.—Mr. Quimby is the Benjamin of the Eastern Townships editors, though he writes with all the confidence of an old stager; and he writes well—with uncommon freedom and vim. When a mere boy he showed great aptness for what the old people around him used to call "scribbling," and he has cultivated that faculty with not a little success. For years before he wedded himself to journalism, he had been a frequent contributor to the periodicals and newspapers, and many of his contributions are decidedly good. His forte is pungency; he hits hard, but, withal, is good-natured. Mr. Quimby was born in Stanstead on the 13th of June, 1864. His father, Mr. T. A. Quimby, was one of the best known and most highly respected men in the county, where he held many positions of trust. Quimby, jr., was educated at Stanstead Wesleyan College. In the summer of the present year he and his present partner, Mr. Thomas, purchased the *Cowansville Observer*, which he edits with considerable ability. It is scarcely safe to predict what his future as an editor will be, but in all human probability it would be a pretty sure guess to say that he will prove himself much above the average country journalist.

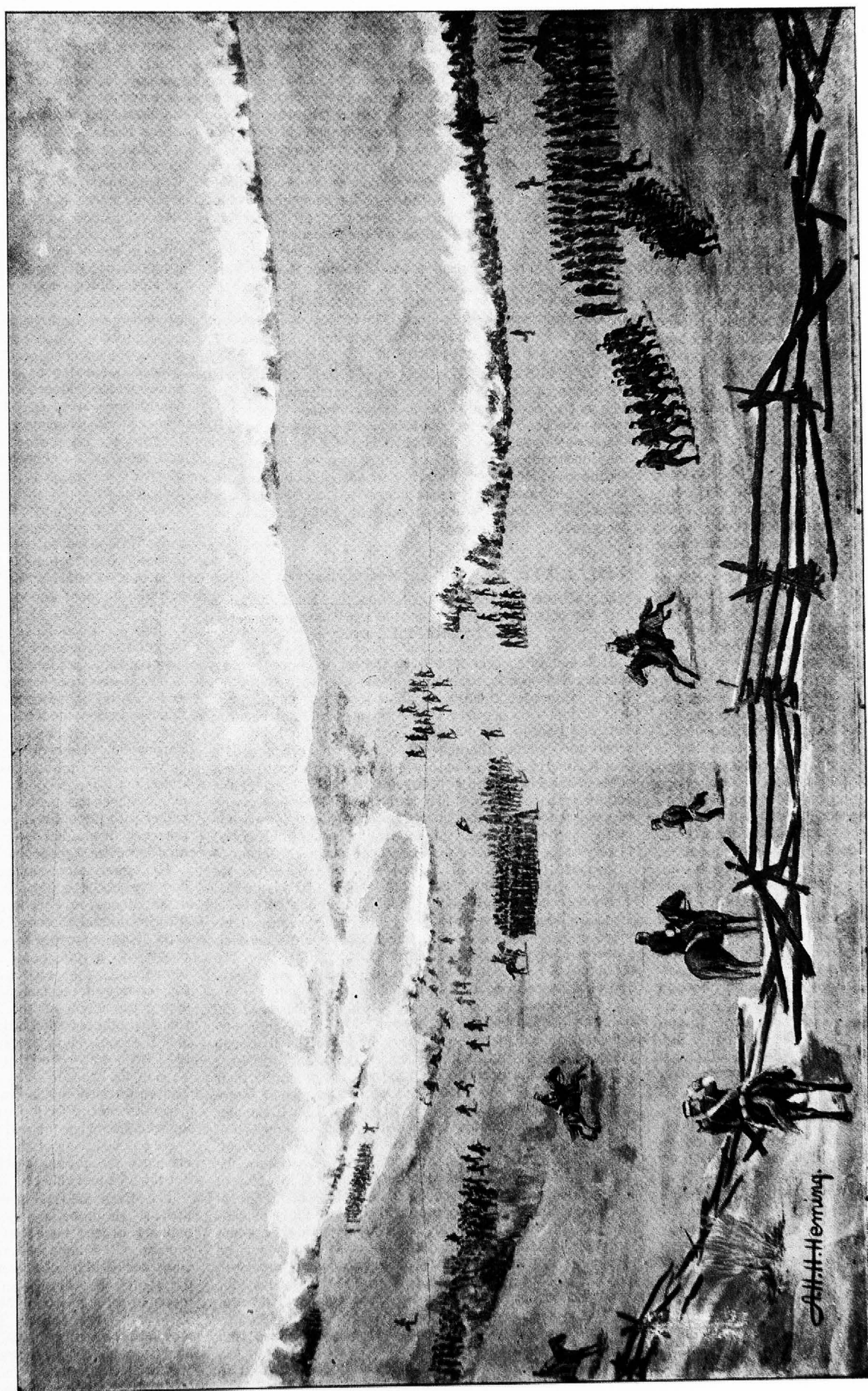
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FREDERICTON.—This is one of the oldest degree-conferring institutions in the Dominion. In 1800 the College of New Brunswick was established by provincial charter. In 1828 it received the further privilege of incorporation by Royal Charter, under the name of Kings College, Fredericton, with full university powers. By an amended charter its constitution was still further modified in 1860, when it was denominated "The University of New Brunswick," by which name it is still known. The university building is a fine substantial stone structure, and is situated on a commanding elevation in the rear of the city. The prospect from the tower is comprehensive, embracing portions of three counties. The university is well equipped, has an efficient staff of professors and has trained some of the most eminent of the professional and public men of the province and the Dominion. The Lieut.-Governor is Visitor of the University on behalf of Her Majesty.

SHORT-HORN CATTLE ON BINSARTH STOCK FARM, MANITOBA.—Even before the North-West was opened up, it was known that it offered unusual advantages for the raising of cattle. For centuries it had supported countless herds of buffalo, and its value as a grazing country was, therefore, beyond question. Since the beginning of immigration in recent years, its facilities in that respect have been abundantly tested. The richness and luxuriance of the native grasses, the vast ranges of unoccupied land, the dryness and healthiness of the winter, were all inducements to the investment of capital in stock-raising. The testimony of those who have engaged in ranching is no less favourable than that of the wheat-growers. Published letters from settlers in Manitoba and the Territories speak volumes as to the results of this class of farming, which, nevertheless, is yet in its infancy. The export trade in cattle fed on the juicy grasses of the prairies has already reached a point which is more than a fulfilment of the hopes entertained at first, and the development of this industry is becoming more rapid every year. An interesting feature of it is the organization of great farms, some managed by companies, others by enterprising individuals, of which there is now a considerable number, both in Manitoba and beyond it. One of these is the Binsarth Stock Farm, on the line of the Manitoba and North-Western, about forty



SHORT HORN CATTLE, BINSARTH STOCK FARM.

J. F. Rowe, photo., Portage La Prairie, Man.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO, ON NOVEMBER 7th, THANKSGIVING DAY.

From a sketch by A. H. H. Heming.

miles from the terminus at Saltcoats. It may be remembered that it was one of the points visited by the Governor-General during his recent tour. His Excellency was much pleased by the signs of prosperity that he saw, and especially with the various breeds of cattle, of which some specimens are shown in our engraving. Some of the finest strains of short-horns are to be met with in these Manitoba and North-Western ranches, and the Binscarth Farm is justly proud of what it can show in this line. Such cattle thrive in our North-West in a manner that has surprised and gratified British experts like Professors Tanner and Fream.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—We present our readers with three engravings of this interesting military display, which will long be remembered with pleasure by volunteer circles in Toronto as well as by their brethren from Hamilton and Brantford who took part in it. The event had for some weeks been looked forward to with eager expectancy and, when the day arrived, nothing occurred to disappoint the hopes of those who had taken so much pains to make it a success. For the crowds, to whom it was a desirable holiday pageant, the satisfaction experienced was unmingled with either anxiety or toil. Occasionally, indeed, the spectators were too much *en evidence* for the free movement of the troops engaged in such critical evolutions. The site chosen was favourable, and, as the successive corps marched on to the ground, their soldierly appearance aroused deserved admiration. The *locale* was a clear level plain a few miles outside of the westerly limit of the city. On three sides of it were deep, brush-covered ravines—a feature which offered sufficient scope for the exercise of generalship to either the defending or attacking force. At half-past nine the umpires were present—all mounted and distinguished by broad white bands on their left arms—to receive instructions from the general. These gentlemen, who discharged their duties very effectively, were Lieut. Col. Otter, D.A.G.; Lieut. Col. Grasset, R.L.; Lieut. Col. Miller, R.L.; Lieut. Col. Gray, Dist. Staff; Lieut. Col. Wayling, York Rangers; Major McSpadden, York Rangers; Major King, Welland Field Battery; Major Vidal, C Co. I.S.C.; Major Dunn, G.G.B.G.; Capt. Wise, Headquarters Staff; Capt. Baldwin, 2nd Regt. Cavalry; Capt. Manton, Royal Engineers; Capt. Dickson, G.G.B.G. The troops on the field were the Queen's Own, the Royal Grenadiers, a detachment of eighty-two men from "C" Company, Infantry School Corps, the Thirteenth Battalion from Hamilton, and the Dufferin Rifles from Brantford. The Queen's Own was commanded by Major Delamere, with Major Sankey and Captain and Adjutant Macdonald as field officers. The total strength of the regiment was 590. Surgeon Lesslie, Assistant-Surgeon Nattress and Quartermaster Heakes were also present. The special corps of Mounted Scouts was commanded by Lieutenant Mercer. The Royal Grenadiers numbered 425. Lieut. Col. Dawson, Majors Harrison and Mason, Captain Bruce (Paymaster), Captain Tassie (Quartermaster), and Capt. Manley (Adjutant), constituted the staff. The officers of the Infantry School Corps were Lieuts. Laurie and Macpherson (Governor-General's Foot Guards), and Lieut. Stevenson (57th Batt.) These were created *pro tem.* two companies of the Thirteenth. The latter, who reached Toronto by train in the morning, attracted notice by their fine appearance and steady march. The total strength was 393, thus distributed:—A Company 43; B Company 50; C Company 38; D Company 53; E Company 37; F Company 44; G Company 45; H Company 41. Capt. Stuart, the adjutant, was acting as senior major, while Lieut. Carpenter assumed the duties of adjutant. The regimental surgeon was Dr. Griffin. The addition of two companies formed from the Infantry School Corps put the battalion in possession of two sergeant-majors, Sergt. Major Cummings, of C Company, and Sergt. Major Athawes, of the 13th. The Dufferin Rifles had a total strength of all ranks of 365—the authorized strength being 278. Lieut. Col. C. S. Jones commanded, with the following gentlemen as staff officers: Majors B. R. Rothwell and T. H. Jones; Adjutant, Capt. W. A. Wilkes; Surgeon, W. T. Harris; Assistant-Surgeon, H. Minchin; Paymaster, Capt. S. S. Hamilton; Quartermaster, Capt. R. R. Harris; Chaplain, Rev. R. Ashton. The Rifles were composed of six companies, a brass band of 24, a bugle band of 23, an ambulance corps of 8, 8 pioneers, and a bicycle signal corps (8), which attracted much attention. The men were all in soldierly trim, their bearing was excellent, and they performed their evolutions with precision. As soon as the Dufferin Rifles (who had been delayed by a railway accident) fell in, Col. Jones, as senior officer, took command of the attack, and the plan of attack was laid down and the disposition of troops made. Capt. Macdonald was given command of the west flank, consisting of F Company Dufferin Rifles, Capt. Nelles, I Company Queen's Own, under Lieut. Crean, and G Company Queen's Own, under Capt. Bennet. They were instructed to follow Jane street, and turn the enemy's right. The east flank, in command of Major Jones, consisted of D Company Queen's Own, Capt. Mason, and D Company Dufferin Rifles, Lieut. Curtis. This detachment was ordered to proceed along Ellis avenue, and attack the enemy on the left. The main attack was on the centre, the route being up Windermere street. The skirmishers were extended in the following order from the left:—A Company Dufferin Rifles, Sergt. Kilmaster; H and B companies Queen's Own, Capt. Gunther; C Company Dufferin Rifles, Capt. Leonard. Major Sankey and Capt. Wilkes were in command of the skirmishers. Supports were extended as follows from the left:—A Company Queen's Own, Captain

Thompson; E Company Queen's Own, Capt. Mutton; E Company Dufferin Rifles, Capt. Jones. The reserves were: F Company Queen's Own, Capt. McGee; K Company Queen's Own, Capt. Brock, and B Company Dufferin Rifles. The Dufferin Rifles' bands and the Queen's Own Rifles' bands acted as a third reserve line. Lieut. Col. Gibson was in command of the defending brigade. The following were his arrangements:—D and G companies of the Grenadiers were temporarily disbanded, and were distributed to make up a six company battalion. E, A and F companies were to form part of the firing or first line of defence, and were to take position on the right of the centre line. Three companies of the 13th would constitute the centre of the firing line, and the two companies composed of the Infantry School Corps would be extended to the left. The second and third lines, or the reserves, as they may be termed, would be composed of the remaining five companies of the 13th Battalion, and of B, C and H companies of the Grenadiers. This plan was, on the whole, in accordance with the arrangements prescribed in the drill book. The defending force, after a tough fight and some marvellous escapes from annihilation, was driven back. After the mimic war an inspection took place. Our engravings show the positions of the contending armies at three stages of the conflict. One of them gives a general idea of the fight. A second shows the Grenadiers and the Thirteenth Battalion in the act of taking up their positions. The third shows the Queen's Own skirmishing in the woods, and is a vivid illustration of a class of warfare, the ignorance of which contributed so much to England's defeat in the American Revolution. Our readers will, we are sure, agree with us, that in these sketches our artist, Mr. Hemming, has done himself credit.

THE BABY SHOW.—This suggests a kind of exhibition with which we in Canada have not grown familiar, and which is a not infrequent addition to the attractions of fairs on the continent of Europe, and has occasionally been tried in the same connection in the United States. It comes under the same category as the beauty competitions, some of the results of which we have already presented to our readers. In our engraving the artist has seized a characteristic feature of a show of a less reprehensible character, which every mother will understand.

THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS.

FIRST CHIEF-JUSTICE OF MANITOBA, EX-LT.-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA, THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES
KEEWATIN, P.C., ETC.

It is not often that it falls to the lot of man to see the dream of his youth, the object of his life realized. Such has been the exceptional case with the subject of the present memoir. This dream was not a commonplace one; but was that of an enthusiastic patriot, who sought to secure the union of the then disjointed provinces of British North America, and to embrace therewith the vast possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, then the home of the Indian and the Bison. The part that he took in securing this object may here be briefly stated, leaving it to some future Parkman to trace this interesting epoch in Canadian history step by step, or to some Tennyson to chant an *in memoriam*. It is with Mr. Morris's public career that we have to deal, although it may be stated that his private character was irreproachable, and that his works as a zealous Christian, a practical supporter of educational institutions, and of commercial activity, were most marked. In person and manner he was noble and attractive. To see him was to feel that he was a friend and a gentleman, and to know him was to love him.

As a pioneer in the patriotic work he undertook, the brunt of the battle told heavily on him. Confining ourselves to Canadian history, it may be remarked that such men as La Salle and Dollard were pioneers, and, although their heads will ever be crowned with the laurel, their deaths could only have been cheered with a hope of future appreciation by their fellowmen. The late Hon. Alexander Morris was born on the 17th March, 1826, in the town of Perth, Ont., and was the eldest son of the late Hon. Wm. Morris. After leaving St. Andrew's College, Glasgow, he entered McGill University, and there graduated in Arts and Law, his object having been chiefly to aid, with a few of his fellow students-at-law, in starting a law class in connection with the university. This was done under the late Hon. Mr. Justice Badgley, and, although it may not be generally known, it materially aided in reviving interest in the McGill College, and eventually prepared the way for the appointment of the present Principal, Sir Wm. Dawson, to this university, which he has raised to its high educational rank. In this connection it may be added that Queen's College, Kingston, which owes its charter to the late Hon. Wm. Morris, realizes the aid afforded to it in later years by the Hon. Alexander Morris, his son.

When a student-at-law Mr. Morris secured the passage of a Bill in the legislatures of Quebec and Ontario for reciprocity in admission to the Bar. This was done to bring the two systems and the members of the two Bars together for mutual action and the assimilation of the commercial laws of the two provinces. Shortly after, having been called to the Bars of Quebec and of Ontario he evinced that enthusiasm for political, or rather patriotic, effort to place Canada in her true position in connection with the British Empire and in her right status before the world. Doubtless the writings of Haliburton, Carmichael-Smyth, Howe, Roebuck, Roche and others, had inspired him, but the seed fell in ground ready to bear fruit. In 1858 he de-

livered two lectures in Montreal—the one entitled "Nova Britannia," the other "The Hudson's Bay and Pacific Territories." We quote the key-note of the first lecture, which detailed the extent, resources, and possibilities of the several provinces of the then Canada in truthful but glowing terms:—"The dealing with the destinies of a future Britannic Empire, the shaping its course, the laying its foundations broad and deep, and the erecting thereon a noble and enduring superstructure, are indeed duties which may well evoke the energies of our people and nerve the arms and give power and enthusiasm to the aspirations of all true patriots."

In the second lecture, after describing the North-West Territories and the Pacific Coast, he says:—"Who can doubt of the future of these British provinces or of the entire and palpable reality of that vision which rises so grandly before us of the British Empire of the north—of that new English-speaking nation which will at once and at no distant day people all this northern continent—a Russia as has been well said, it may be, but yet an English Russia, with free institutions, with high civilization, and entire freedom of speech and thought, with its face to the south and its back to the Pole, with its right and left resting on the Atlantic and the Pacific, and with the telegraph and the iron road connecting the two oceans."

That a little leaven leavens the lump when ready to receive is herein exemplified, as Sir George Stephen, who presided over the syndicate which built this "iron road," told Mr. Morris a few years since, but after the Canadian Pacific Railway had been completed, that he had listened to these two lectures and was then fully convinced of the possibilities of Canada and the correctness of Mr. Morris's anticipations and suggestions.

It is interesting to note in connexion with Mr. Morris's parliamentary career (which began as the member for the constituency long represented by his late father, the Hon. Wm. Morris, namely, South Lanark) that our present Premier, the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, owes his first seat, as a Cabinet Minister, to the late Hon. Wm. Morris, the then Solicitor-General in the Ministry of Lord Metcalfe, and the strong man of the then Government. Thus our Premier, who has ever since maintained a supremacy in the Councils of Canada, and who will hereafter be truly recognized as the "Father of his country," was destined to have the son of the Hon. Mr. Morris to be the pilot in the Confederation of Canada, which has been successfully attained under his administration, and will be his chief glory. That Mr. Morris was a faithful pilot of his Captain's ship and carried it safely through a stormy and dangerous voyage is well known. No one knows it better than the Captain himself.

Mr. Morris from natural capacity was broad in his views and his professional training helped him to grasp constitutional questions and to secure wise legislation, while the magnetism of the orator gave effect to his statements in Parliament. He spoke but seldom, but when he did speak he was listened to, and his sound counsel afforded food for reflection. To judgment he added tact, and to tact the magic of persuasion, which he successfully used in his after career with the native-born orators of the prairies. It was not easy to combat his logic or to evade the effect of the kind but earnest gleam of his eye.

His opportunity soon arrived in Parliament, where he had accepted the portfolio of Minister of Inland Revenue at the hands of his father's early *protégé*. When the Macdonald and Brown parties had from even balance and consequent impotence brought the political direction of the country to a state of collapse, Mr. Morris sprang to the rescue, and, of his own motion, exposed the necessities in the interest of the common weal of a union of power to secure the union of the disunited members of the then Canada and succeeded in inducing a coalition government, and the consequent confederation of the provinces under the British North America Act of 1867 and the purchase in 1870 of the Hudson's Bay charter rights. To this D'Arcy McGee testified in his speech before Parliament in 1865 when he said, referring to the member of South Lanark and the pamphlet "Nova Britannia" before mentioned:—"He has been one of the principal agents in bringing into existence the present government, which is now carrying out the idea embodied in his book."

The division of these North-West Territories next followed. Manitoba was erected as a province and the remainder of the territories left for future partition. The present Sir Adams G. Archibald was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, and he treated for the surrender of the rights of a branch of the Cree Indians to the territories in proximity to Manitoba. (See Morris, *Indian Treaties*, Clarke, 1880.) The organization of a new territory now attracting immigrants from the older provinces, and the conflicting interests of the half-breeds, who were "showing their teeth," necessitated the establishment of order through courts of law. Sir John A. Macdonald considered Mr. Morris "the right man in the right place" to effect this; and, thereupon, created him the Chief-Justice, on whom fell more labour in organization than usually falls to the lot of such a dignitary of the law.

That Mr. Morris appreciated his duties is shown by his address when he entered on his charge, from which we quote:—"The establishment of social institutions—the laying the foundations of law and order are always eras in the history of a new country; and respect for the laws, and due and orderly regard for the requirements of civil power are prominent characteristics of the races who are under the British supremacy." Much had to be done and but little time was allowed to Mr. Morris, who, considering his

opportunities, worked wonders, as two months after his appointment as Chief-Justice, he was wanted to fill the office of Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba on the retirement of Sir Adams G. Archibald, and to "dress into line" the inexperienced legislators of the new province and to direct to a great extent the legislation. This he did to the satisfaction of the Macdonald Ministry, and of the Mackenzie Government, who succeeded it on the retirement of the former government. This, it will be remembered, occurred in consequence of the negotiations for a transcontinental railway with the late Sir Hugh Allan. The urgency of the case to meet the pledge to British Columbia for railway connexion within a short time, which was on the eve of expiring, necessitated, if it did not justify, precipitancy. The policy the Macdonald Government aimed at was the immediate construction of a railway to anticipate settlement. The Mackenzie Government projected a combined water route with a railway to be built as immigration advanced. But, delay occurring, British Columbia became restive, and the loyalty of the Pacific Province to the Confederation of Canada, if not to British connexion, perilous. Added to this, the Indian proprietary rights in the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan prairies had not been acquired, and however the Crees might be regarded, there was no doubt as to the power and warlike propensities of the Blackfeet and Sioux Indians, the latter fresh from the United States and brooding over their wrongs, while their hands were still red with the Custer massacre. Immigrants particularly from Britain were anxiously looking from afar at the coveted prairies stretching from the Red River to the Rockies, but dared not enter. In this crisis of affairs Mr. Morris was called on to treat with the Indians and to offer them terms to secure safe and peaceful occupation to the white settler, and to provide for the temporary sustenance of the Indian and his future civilization. The story is well told in the "Treaties of Canada," before referred to, and explains the policy proposed by the Government:—"They are wards of Canada, let us do our duty by them and secure in the North-West the success which has attended our dealings with them in old Canada for the last one hundred years."

Mr. Morris completed his term of office and returned to Ontario, where, feeling his health to be failing, he did not seek re-election to the Dominion Parliament, but entered the Legislature of Ontario as member for East Toronto, from which he retired in 1886. Since then he has been an invalid and died at Toronto on the 28th October, 1889, eulogized by all parties, but most by those to whom he had been politically opposed in the great work achieved, and in which they differed from him only as to details. That his work should be eulogized to the disparagement of any one would be offensive to his generous nature. That Mr. Morris was the prophet standing on the mountain top who pointed to the land flowing with "milk and honey" ready to be entered, and that he showed the way and led the van to those who did enter and now possess this Canada is what is claimed for him. If this claim be not now conceded, the time will come when it will be.

He loved his native land and appreciated it. Here was the birth-right of the sea kings of the north, who first discovered and are now in possession of the land. Here was the seat of their future empire, and it may be said he saw the aurora of the northern sky forming a halo over her brow; the oceans beyond the sunrise in the east and the sunset in the west, grasped in either hand; whilst the iron girdle on her breast bore the fire-waggon to carry the descendants of Shem and Japhet to where they might coalesce in peace and prosperity under British civilization. Was this a dream? Aye, but a realized one, which Mr. Morris lived to see, and, if not yet fully developed, still now fully assured. Thus he lived, thus he died, and he stands accredited as a noble by a power higher than earth affords, a noble who loved and served his Creator and lifted his own beloved Canada from insignificance, to be the key-stone of British supremacy.

W. B. L.

THE VALEDICTORIAN.

Coral lip and budding bosom, rippling locks and eyes' coy shade

Whisper that behind her learning Cupid lies in ambushade.

Gowned and happy, capped and hooded, radiant with the glow of youth,

Flute-voiced, like a bird full-throated, she upholds the cause of truth.

By the beard she plucks the greyheads, laughs to scorn the pride of man.

"Woman free is woman victor, let him rival her who can!"

Crying: "Woman shall have freedom;" crying: "bitter be her strife

That, as unto man, be opened unto her the walks of life.

"Under foot man treads the animal, dies the ape, the tiger dies;

Man climbs upwards unto knowledge, shouldering through the centuries.

"Climbs the man and woman follows, yearning for the sunlit goal,

Yet he needs must thrust her downwards, her with like immortal soul;

"Thrust her down with brutal utterance: 'This and that is not for thee,

Keep thy kitchen, nurse thy children, leave the realm of thought to me.'

"Buoyant through the infinite æther, swings the world around the sun,
Blinded half by the other's shadow, else of darkness there were none.

"Let not man his selfish shadow cast upon the sister soul;
All is silence and desolation when the midnight shrouds the pole.

"Comes a cry from utter darkness, out of silence comes a wail,
Ignorance for light is pleading; surely succour shall not fail!

"Maiden-buds of woman-beauty, hot-housed by a father's love,
See the soul of man before them onward to perfection move.

"See, afar, the light of knowledge, breaking on life's top-most height
And with opening hearts and yearning bend towards it through the night.

"Wherefore bows the soul in worship, if there be no God to hear;
Why doth woman yearn for knowledge if her mind be not man's peer?

"Freely woman plucks the blossoms in the shady dells that grow;
On the maid as on the stripling Nature doth her gifts bestow.

"Sorrow's shafts nor winds of winter woman's beauty ever charms;
Death spares not his torturing kisses when he takes her to his arms.

"Man has many a mortal conflict, equal conflicts hath the maid,
Shall she not in equal armour for life's warfare be arrayed?

"Grant the maid the shield of knowledge, gird the maid with learning's sword:
Let her at man's side do battle with the powers that hate the Lord.

"Evil shuns the open sunlight, Ignorance a tyrant rules,
And the history of the future is determined in the schools."

Maiden bachelor, well you reason; all your burning words are true,
And I see the chiefest reason man should heed your prayer—in you.

You are eager, you are kindly, knowledge dwells upon your lips;
Nathless you are yet a woman, feminine to your finger tips.

"Nay, but"—flash man's eyes indignant,—“would she call me Ichabod?

Would she drag me from mine eminence, she, the after-thought of God?

"I am man; 'tis mine to follow all the beckoning shapes of life;
She is woman, and her duties lie in household, mother and wife.

"Unto man belongs the forum, unto man the desk and field,
Unto man the war with Chaos to reveal the unrevealed.

"Massive head and stalwart shoulders, breast of bone and sinewy limb,
Trumpet-toned, cry out that Nature gives life's victories to him.

"Shall the father bring forth children, shall they on his bosom lie

While, before the judge, the mother wrangles lest the murderer die?

"Mother! must man ever live to utter in a careless breath
Mother, his first lisp in childhood; mother, his last cry in death?

"She that hacks the blackened body stolen from the kindlier tomb,
She that holds the fruit of learning dearer than the fruitful womb,

"Leather lunged and brazen-visaged, she, the sacred home that wrecks

On the reefs of vain ambition, shames her virtue, shames her sex.

"When man holds the moon at mid-day, like a cloud-wraith faint and white,
Nobler than the silver splendour of the harvest moon at night,

"He will hold the unsexed woman of the forum and the mart
Nobler than the stately matron reigning in his home and heart.

"Manhood is a storm-vext ocean, womanhood a rippling rill,
Which with sweet and sunny waters doth the bitter sea-heart fill.

"Man life's warrior is and victor, ever was and ever shall be

Woman's champion and provider; and his crowning solace she."

Stern my master, well you reason; all your stormy words are true,
Empress of the home is woman, warrior of the world are you.

Youth is full of fire, and wisdom comes not instant with the hood;
Aye and man is fiery also and a tyrant in his blood.

Love will tame that fiery maiden eager now to rule the earth;
Love will whisper her true kingdom at her helpless firstling's birth.

Wisdom is the fruit of knowledge, blossoming in the sun of years,
Rounding in the noon of life and ripening in a rain of tears.

Rare as golden sands is woman dowered with wisdom at her birth,
As Athena sprang full-statured, from the brain of Jove to earth.

Like a summer sunbeam gliding softly through a tangled grove,
Through the earthlier throng she wanders, and to see her is to love.

Perfect woman of perfect woman, helpful daughter, gentle bride,
Rules she all with unseen influence, as the fair moon rules the tide.

Like the harp whose soul of music wakes responsive to the wind,
Wakes her soul to thrif thought's labyrinth guided by the husband mind.

Motherhood nor cares of home her progress unto death can bar;
Knowledge comes to such as she as to the twilight comes a star.

Genius soars on tireless pinions to the peaks of thought sublime,
Talent creeps, and meets a thousand cruel barriers in its climb.

Grant the woman-soul its wishes; let the hosts of talent learn;
Maids will choose the better husband, maids the sensual fool shall spurn.

Let them learn; in perfect woman knowledge shall not conquer love,
And the cultured wife a helpmeet fitter for the man shall prove.

Those whom God hath joined together act of man may sunder not,
Fear to part the wife and husband by a barrier of thought,
Fear to have the woman only share the husband's lower life;
Fear to hide his soul's true guardian from that kindred soul, his wife.

Nature hath no shameful secrets, let the maid her pages scan,
Fearlessly though some, foolhardy, strive to wrest his crown from man.

Woman may have need of woman; purity endureth much;
From the rude sun shrinks the violet, yearning for the dew-drop's touch.

Love rules not in every bosom; let the woman choose between
Glimmering like the noonday moon and glowing like the midnight queen.

Grant her choice, nor fear the issue; man will wed no unsexed maid;
Childless shall she die, and with her shall her sterile learning fade.

Man's heart in the breast of woman, what though such desert their trust,
Let not man, that weeds may perish, tread the golden grain to dust.

Fear no evil, all the beauties of the intellect and art
In true woman cannot still the yearnings of the mother heart.

Open fling the doors of learning, all the wisdom maidens win

Some day shall the child that nestles at the mother's breast drink in.

Woman learns and man discovers; he is the pioneer of thought;
Yet in vain he strives and conquers if his children follow not.

Man is the promise of the present, woman of the year to be
When to manhood grows the prattler learning now upon her knee.

Woman stands at heaven's portals, at the gates of hell she stands;
Wraps her silken tresses round us, leads us as with iron bands.

Priestess of our birth and burial, empress of our joy and pain,
Grant her knowledge, lest she drag us backward to the ape again.

Detroit, Mich.

ARTHUR WEIR.

SKETCHES AT THE SHAM FIGHT, TORONTO.

By A. H. H. Heming.



THE GRENADIERS AND 13th BATT. READY TO TAKE UP THEIR POSITIONS AGAINST THE ATTACKING FORCES.



SKIRMISHING LINE OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.



THE BABY SHOW.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING MAN.

Notwithstanding the condemnatory circumstances which had been adduced at the trial, few of Henry Hewit's immediate neighbours believed him in any way to blame for the disappearance of Frank Arnley, but among those at a greater distance there was evident a very unfriendly, not to say inimical, feeling towards him.

No sooner had he arrived at home than he published his intention of scouring the country in search of the missing man. A letter from Frank's uncle, whom he had informed of all the circumstances, corroborating his statement by the signatures of the young Samoses, put him at his ease in that connection by its expression of perfect trust in his affection for his young companion and friend. It also informed Harry that owing to the great unrest in the public feeling of the city, Mr. Arnley found himself compelled to remain with his sister, who was dangerously ill and alone, with the exception of servants, but it bade Harry spare no expense in the search for Frank, or his body.

December had come, bleak and wild; a fierce frost had set in and high winds careered through the woods with mournful cries, driving before them a light snow, and scattering the dry and withered leaves of the forest like criminals forsaken of mercy. On such a morning Harry began his search. Two hours before daylight he stood at his own door, rifle in hand, attended by his faithful hound Beaver. He had arranged to meet George and Richard Samos at the mill bridge, where Frank's rifle and cap were found.

His mother, who had grown very nervous since the trial, being alarmed at the criminating nature of the evidence, and the bad feeling exhibited towards him by Howis and his partisans, in vain urged Harry to awaken Edwards that he might accompany him as far as the bridge. He smiled at her fears, and bidding her keep up her spirits, hurried away amid the darkness and storm.

Mrs. Hewit returned to the now lonely room where she had prepared an early breakfast for her son with her own hands. A few days had wrought a great change in her: her face, once so calm and happy, now wore a troubled and faded aspect. Anxiety and care were rapidly doing their fell work on her. She remained standing for a moment, then dropping on her knees she poured forth her whole soul in a long and earnest appeal to Heaven for strength and guidance for herself and those who were dear to her. William was the chief object of her solicitude, for she felt sure that Harry would at length come out unscathed from the meshes his enemies had laid for him. She had every confidence in his firmness and integrity. She also implored the Divine blessing and care for Frank, who was almost as dear to her as her own boys.

When she rose from her knees, comforted and calm, she proceeded to write to William. She told of the circumstances in which they were placed, of the disappearance of Frank and the peril of Harry, and used all a mother's tenderness, all a mother's power to induce him to fly at once to their aid and comfort.

When the letter was finished she called for Edwards, and directed him to procure a trustworthy person whom she could despatch on horseback to deliver the letter into William's own hand, for she was not willing to run the risk of delay or miscarriage by sending it in the usual way. The only messenger Edwards could find was his own son, a lad of eighteen, who was well used to riding and knew the road to Tonson well. He was accordingly sent, being strictly enjoined to use the utmost despatch and to deliver the letter to none but Mr. Hewit. The lad, proud of being trusted, promised strict compliance, and so well did he perform his part that he placed the letter in William's own hand that very evening as he sat at tea with Miss Howis and a gay circle of her friends.

William turned pale as he glanced at the well

known handwriting, and begging to be excused for a few moments retired to read the letter.

He was deeply moved at its contents and returning to the company explained that it was necessary he should return home at once.

"A fine story, truly!" said Miss Howis, "do you think I can ride all the way home to-night, the weather has cleared and the moon is bright, but I am scarcely romantic enough to try a ride of fifty miles just now."

"Indeed, I would not ask you to make so great an effort, Emily; no doubt you can stay with your friends to-night and return in the stage to-morrow, when I will meet you and see you safely home. It is almost a matter of life and death, or I should not be so urgent."

Miss Howis cast a cold and scornful glance at William, and answered haughtily:

"Certainly, I can remain here with my friends, and return home when it suits my pleasure, Mr. Hewit," and turning to a fine looking man at the end of the table, she said, "You will take me home when I wish to return, will you not, Mr. Marks?"

"Certainly, Miss Howis, with the greatest pleasure, but if Mr. Hewit will allow a friend to advise he will not start until morning."

"Indeed," said William, in much distress, "my mother begs me to return at once as she needs me, and I feel it my duty to go."

"Permit me to judge," said Miss Howis, holding out her hand for the letter.

William placed it in her hand, and she read it with as little embarrassment as though it had been an extract from a newspaper. Then, turning to William with a smile, she gave him a letter from her pocket, saying:

"Read this, I received it from James this afternoon, it throws light enough on the subject to show you that there is no need of haste; to-morrow will do as well as to-day."

William read the letter, and its contents seemed to satisfy him, for he went out and giving the messenger a verbal message to the effect that he would be down home at once, returned to his new friends.

The next day his horse was sick, so that it was the third day after receiving his mother's letter that he started for home, a home he was destined never to reach until such changes as he little dreamed of had taken place.

During these three days Harry was out night and day, attended by a large party from all parts of the country, not all of whom were, indeed, his friends, but all of whom were interested in getting light on so mysterious a subject. They tried the dog Beaver to see if he could get scent, Harry having a pair of Frank's gloves at hand; that failing, they tried him at the spot where Frank's cap was found, but the frost proved too severe, and all they could do was to separate into parties and scour the surrounding neighbourhood.

The close of the third day found Harry returning to his home in a state of great excitement. Not the slightest trace of the missing man had been met with, and he was beginning to fear that murder had actually been done, and the body probably thrown in to the still water below the dam, where the ice had already formed pretty thick. As he walked disconsolately along, thinking less of his own danger from the law than of the tragic end of the merry youth he loved so well, a woman's voice, in tones harsh and broken, fell upon his ear. In a sort of chant it said:

"Not dead! Todd and Egan. Not dead! Not dead!"

Startled though he was, Harry recognized the voice as that of poor Helen, a maniac who haunted the neighbourhood. She was the only child of parents long dead, whose property had been swallowed up in a disastrous chancery suit, the result of which had alienated the affections of the orphan's lover, and thus had turned her brain. Once rich and beautiful, she was now a wretched outcast whose only refuge was the kind charity of the few from whom she would accept it, or Toronto jail.

"Is that you, Helen?" called Harry, standing and looking in the direction of the voice.

"He's tall and he's straight as a poplar tree,
And his cheeks are as red as a rose,"

was the only reply vouchsafed.

"Don't you know me, Helen?" said Harry.

"I know the owl and I know his mate,
'Twas a poor little mouse the couple ate,
They left not a hair, they left not a bone—"

"Did you say Todd and Egan?" interrupted Harry, who knew her moods.

"Todd and Egan. Todd and Egan. Not dead. Not dead," came the chanted response.

"Frank Arnley, not dead," answered Harry, in the sing-song of the maniac.

"Frank Arnley, not dead," she repeated after him in the same tone.

"Frank Arnley. Todd and Egan," spoke Harry, in the hope of proving a connecting link to exist in the poor creature's brain.

"Frank Arnley! Yes; I saw him!" she cried in the earnest tones of awakened reason. "They didn't see me, though," the girl continued, as a gleam of light seemed to strike into her mind. But as rapidly relapsing, she began to sing in a wonderfully pure childish treble:

"Cat's in the cupboard and can't see me!
One, two, three,
Cat's in the cupboard and can't see me."

"Come with me to my mother, Helen, and you shall have a warm supper and a good bed this cold night," said Harry, as much in charity as in the hope of learning something more satisfactory from the poor girl under happier circumstances.

"Cold! Oh, so cold!" moaned the maniac. "Cold! COLD! But they're after me! They're after me!" she suddenly shrieked, and Harry heard her plunge through the underbrush in all the frenzy of fear, and knew that she was gone beyond his reach or influence.

But the maniac's words had startled him; from them he gathered that Frank was still alive, and, as he thought, in durance vile, whence he could get no word to his friends. That he had been kidnapped he doubted not, and that Egan and Todd had something to do with it he felt convinced. But why, and in what manner, he could not resolve. Todd he knew to be an outlaw and sheep stealer, but of such wizened proportions that he was no match for a young athlete like Frank. Egan was a rough and dangerous customer, he was well aware, but he had heard that the man had left the neighbourhood, and even if that were not the case, Harry was wholly unaware of any reason he had to be inimical to Frank. Why Todd and Egan should work together to kidnap Frank was inexplicable, or where to put him so as to retain him, still more so, for Todd's dwelling was an old log shanty tumbling to pieces, and no prison for a strong man, and Egan boarded anywhere they would take him for his services.

Determined to take some one else's opinion in the matter, Henry entered his home sore-hearted, yet not without a ray of hope for the morrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN KEEPING.

Let us now return to our gay and spirited acquaintance, Frank Arnley, catching him up immediately after his parting with Harry Hewit on the fateful night.

After leaving Harry he continued homeward, whistling and singing as was his wont, for Frank's spirits were seldom low; he was no crying philosopher, but valued a merry heart and a hearty laugh more than a lesson from Horace or a problem of Euclid. He had proceeded about half a mile on his lonely walk, when, in passing a clump of bushes, some half dozen men or more, leaped out and surrounded him. The ready rifle was instantly raised, but he was seized and overpowered before he could offer resistance, a handkerchief was bound over his mouth and eyes, his arms were pinioned behind him and he was dragged along he knew not whither. It would be impossible to describe Frank's feelings as gagged, blindfolded and pinioned, he was hurried along. Rage at being taken without a chance of striking a blow in his own defence predominated, or if he had knocked three or four of his assailants down before being overpowered he would have felt much more contented. He knew not how far he had been dragged, when suddenly he felt the band

around his wrists give way. He at once thought of Harry's knife, which was in his belt; he drew it and struck with terrific force at the man on his left, having thrown off by a sudden effort the fellow who held his right arm. The blow took the man in the left arm, inflicting a flesh wound only. A fierce scuffle now ensued, for blindfolded as he was Frank was no mean antagonist. The knife was struck from his hand by an assailant and both fell to the ground. Two or three of the party now threw themselves upon the prostrate men, and in the *mêlée* Frank got a chance or tearing the bandage from his eyes. Still gagged, he was unable to shout, but he sprang to his feet intending to run for dear life. He had reckoned without his host, for the leader of the party whom he recognized as the "fighting boy" of the mill, the worthy Captain Stratiss, was standing quietly by watching the affray, and now sprang upon Frank. But he was no match for the courageous youth, and Frank seizing him by the neck-cloth, twisted him to the ground with a grasp of iron. The delay was sufficient to place Frank again at the mercy of the party, who seized him as he struggled with Stratiss and once more blindfolded and pinioned him and dragged him forward, this time *minus* cap and knife. Stratiss laughed as he rose, saying:

"That's more than I bargained for, Egan, my bones are getting too old for embraces like that, I find."

Having comforted himself with a smart resistance, Frank proceeded more quietly until he was conscious of being brought to the shore of the little lake. Here some of his captors tied a thick shawl over his head "to protect his ears from the frost," as they said. He was then assisted into a boat, and his captors separated, two only of them, Captain Stratiss and Egan, getting in with him.

The morning was rough and the boat small, and Captain Stratiss, though a man of undoubted courage, was timid on water. He constantly urged Egan to make greater speed, which it was not easy to do. Egan at length lost his patience and told Stratiss to row himself if he could not suit him. Stratiss replied that he would gladly do so if he knew how, for it would keep him from freezing. He suggested, however, that Frank should have his hands loosed and take an oar, since he was sure to know how to handle them. After a whispered consultation between the two, Stratiss said to Frank:

"Young man, you are a gentleman, and believe in keeping your word of honour, I presume. If we loosen your hands will you assist in rowing, and promise not to make a fuss, which would be useless."

"Give me an oar," replied Frank, whose teeth had been playing a double quick march, for it was fiercely cold.

Captain Stratiss cut the binding from Frank's wrists, and between him and Egan the little boat bounded over the waves in a way that made Stratiss change colour more than once. They had rowed a couple of miles when Stratiss cried:

"Here we are, at length," and at the same moment the boat touched the shore and the party disembarked.

No sooner did Frank find himself on land than he attempted to unloose his blindfold, but Egan was upon him in an instant, shouting, with a fierce imprecation:

"Come, come, young cove, don't you think you've made muss enough a'ready. I've not forgot the cut you gave me yet, though Captain Stratiss seemed to think nothing on it when he kep' shoutin' at me to hurry."

"If you were not fit for rowing why did you undertake it?" asked Stratiss sharply.

"Because I knew that among such a pack of cowards there was not another who would face the storm and the prisoner together," answered Egan insolently.

"You had better be cautious to whom you apply such an epithet, my man," said Stratiss.

"Epithet or no epithet," returned Egan, "contradict it who dare."

(To be continued.)

THE WAR OF 1812.

Ever since the Revolution the anti-British feeling in the United States had been on the increase; fanned as it was, by the foreign population of refugees of the Irish Rebellion, German socialists and French pupils of the "Reign of Terror." Washington and his party endeavoured to check their strong anti-British feeling by every means in their power. Why, they urged, go on and wage war with a nation from which they had sprung, whose laws, religion and language, were identical with their own? They had achieved their independence and were now free from the rule of Britain; and it ill became them as a nation whose boast was freedom and liberty, to be constantly bringing up old grievances and giving ear to the tirades of those whose aim in life was to plot against the peace and prosperity of a country.

Such, were the noble sentiments of those who had fought bravely for their country in her hour of need; and who were ready to lay down their lives again, but not, in such an ignoble strife as was now proposed. Before Washington retired in 1796, he had the satisfaction of seeing a treaty of peace established with Great Britain. But it did not stem the torrent of angry abuse which the Democrats continued to hurl against Britain; while those who dared to think otherwise, were branded as traitors to their country.

Why this unreasonable hatred of all that pertained to Britain? If she had defeated them in their rebellion, there might have been some reason for it, but surely, the victory achieved at that time ought to have allayed all bitter feelings. But instead, the anti-British feeling became stronger than ever during the ensuing years, until it found vent in the war of 1812. During the years leading up to this war, the Democrats did all in their power to widen the breach between the two countries, while the Federalists, or peace party, who were especially strong in the New England States, protested against the war.

Meanwhile the unfortunate occurrence of the Chesapeake and Leopard took place, and though the English Government disavowed the act and offered to make reparation, as the right of search, when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a simple requisition, and should not be carried into effect by actual force. But all overtures made by the British were of no avail to stem the fierce anger which was stirred up by this act. The Democrats, hoped by broken stipulations and insults to make Britain declare war first, and by so doing unite the disaffected section of the Americans with those in favour of the war. But finding this useless, Congress determined to take the initiative and on the 18th of June, 1812, declared war against Britain, thus taking her at a most unfair advantage as she was engaged at that time almost single-handed in fighting for her existence against the combined powers of Europe.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

Until very recently the natives of Terra del Fuego were regarded as the nearest of all races of human beings to the brutes. Captain Cook was in doubt whether they possessed an articulate language, and Darwin described them as being in the lowest state of any of the inhabitants of the world. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that there is now in their midst a Christian church, with schools, orphanage, Bible and mothers' meetings, and all the machinery of an English parish. A portion of the Bible has been translated into the native tongue, and the missionaries have prepared a dictionary and a grammar. The pioneer in this work was Captain Allen Gardiner, R. N., who first went to Patagonia in 1844, and whose missionary efforts, unsuccessful as they then seemed, have since borne good fruit.

INDIAN CURIOS.—Two very strange Indian curiosities have been found by Mr. G. W. Henry on his grounds, adjoining the banks of the Fraser River at Port Hammond. One consists of a stone carved very symmetrically, and made to resemble the head of a man, whilst the other is a carved stone mortar for grinding corn. Both these relics of days gone by were found whilst ploughing up the soil after clearing up the surface. Mr. Henry has found other relics of a like nature, all of which would lead him to suppose that where his house is built and all the adjoining ground used to form a camping-ground for Indians. Of this there can be no doubt. There are other indications which point in the same direction. The strange thing is what the Indians carved the stone with? Mr. Henry is thinking of sending these relics either to the museum being formed by Mayor Oppenheimer or to that already established in Victoria.



Disappointed isn't the name for it, but then what could be expected of a company with twenty star artists and a play called the "Shanty Queen." If Miss Kemble will take advice, let her change the thing around a little, introduce some more tights and a lot of marches and have, after hours, a few good songs written; a musical absurdity it would not then be, deceiving the public. It won't do the Academy much good, that's certain.

"Wages of Sin," well played as ever, opened at the Royal on Monday. It is a fine play, well liked and always draws crowded houses.

I'm afraid that our American friends, Nye and Riley, did not come quite up to the expectations which people had of them. No one will try to deny that they did not furnish an evening's amusement, as promised, but neither will any one successfully be able to hide the fact that the "intellectual" and "genuine humour," features of the advertising, was slightly overdone. These two features in Nye's work, with but a few exceptions, will never be appreciated in the United States, and though he made people laugh, he disappointed many, I am sure. As to James Whitcomb Riley, though not exactly a humourist, according to my views, he pleased people with his simple ballads, which were recited in really excellent style. People got their money's worth, however, and it would have been worth the entrance fee to simply see these two modern wonders of American literature.

The Men's Financial Guild of St. John's Church gave an excellent concert in aid of the church debt on Tuesday. It took place in the new schoolroom and was greatly enjoyed.

The Cercle Talma gave a most interesting dramatic entertainment at St. Jean Baptiste on Saturday.

Amateur theatricals are becoming a great factor in local amusements. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Grand Trunk Club gave "Little Em'ly," a difficult and long play with many changes of scenes, which were given in first class style. Pieces of this kind suit the Grand Trunk contingent. They are first class scene shifters and excellent melodramatic players, but it is doubtful whether out of the twenty or more that took part in the piece, more than six males and four females could be found that could take part in more quiet farce of homely plays without overdoing it one way or another. There is lots of talent, but the trouble with melodrama is that the accomplished players become careless and the beginners and less bright members do not get a chance. Amongst the people that really distinguished themselves were Messrs. Fabian, the two Dougherty's and Miss Macey. That the club has a most efficient stage manager is evident.

The Irving Club gave their first entertainment at the Armory on Thursday. Their people are not fitted for melodrama, though the social glass and horrible example play went off without a hitch, barring the Armory scenery. Mr. Fabian, as *Charles Thornley*, who, according to the above, played the night previous at the Grand Trunk, if he be the same man, did well as usual. Mr. Gilveray, as *Hollis*, was a perfect villain with too low a voice. *Bob Brittle* was a revelation as presented by Mr. Grady, and Miss A. Burns would have been quite up to him if she had been less constrained. Mr. Spanjaardt took *Farley* as well as he could, but he did better work in the farce, his element. Miss Fmo was fitted well for her part, her acting was good, but she elocutionized too much. Both died in the traditional manner. Miss Leonora Burns, as *Eva*, knew her lines to perfection and delivered them with grace, but she makes very spare uses of action. Messrs. Cool and Mann took the smaller parts creditably. The farce was a great success and went off without a hitch. Everyone did well and the only two new people, Mr. Taylor, as *Friendie*, and Miss Montgomery, as *Susan*, did very well. Throughout it was a most enjoyable entertainment.

A. D.

CANADA.

Who, conscious of their country's swelling needs,
In idle dalliance waste the noontide prime;
Or, mindful of their sires' heroic deeds,
Ne'er forward press to reach those heights sublime—
Not such for Canada, our land, we ask;
But stout, brave "hearts of oak" would inly pray
To guard our homes, the subtle foe unmask,
Bring peace and plenty round our onward way,
Rouse ye, then, brothers, for a noble name,
Deep-root the right, eradicate the wrong—
Rouse, Saxon, Norman, Celt—or whence ye came,
To each and all deep patriot ties belong;
Or high or low, or rich or poor, the same—
For Canada, home, fatherland—be strong!

Amherst, N.S.

HENRY H. PUTMAN.

A British naval officer has devised a method by which boats may be propelled without the use of oars. It consists of a screw propeller worked by hand, which will enable a boat to be driven by any one, although unacquainted with rowing. In case of shipwreck it would be of great value, as passengers could manage a boat without the aid of sailors.

HUMOUROUS.

LITTLE ELSIE: Oh, take me up, mamma: it's so muddy. Mamma: Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido.

MISTRESS (to applicant for cook's position): Why did you leave your last place? Applicant: You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you.

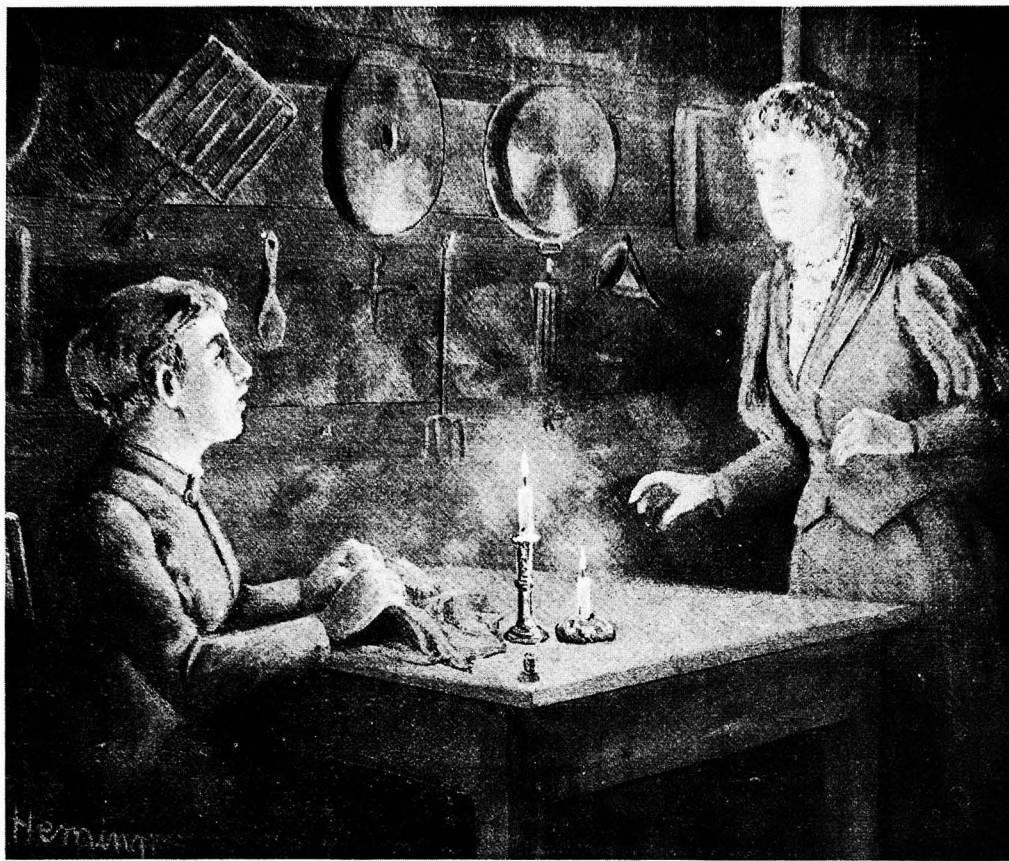
DOG FANCIER: Yes, madame, we have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish? Old lady (who reads the papers): Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound.

FRESHLY (rising to go): I'm sorry to break up your hand at whist, Miss Rosalie, but really I can't stay any later. Miss Rosalie: Oh, never mind, Mr. Freshly, I am sure we will get on with a dummy just as well.

IRISH GUIDE TO AMERICAN TOURIST: And there is no king nor quane naythur in America, they're tellin me, sur? Indifferent tourist: No. We've a president there. Irish guide: And how long have you been havin' a president, moight I ax, sur? Indifferent tourist: Oh, something over a hundred years. Irish guide (stopping, paralyzed with astonishment): Howly saints! And do they live that long beyant there?

A STORY is told of a good old homespun lady, who had attended for some time an Episcopal church in which the service was intoned. Meeting the rector on the street one day, she said to him: "Mr. Pasture, I have a little favour to ask of ye; I've been a-sayin' my prayers in F now for nigh on to five years, and I would reely like to say them in G for a while. I'm gettin' so husky in F now that I can't jine in as I used to do." To please the old lady, the rector at once gave directions to have the prayers said in G.

"If that's a tramp," said Mrs. Slick, "I dont want to see another around here again. Why he ain't got common manners, and that's a fact. He came abeggin' and atellin' me that he hadn't seen bread for a week, and I got all worked up to think of anyone bein' so hungry right here in Nova Scotia, and so I just bustled around to the pantry and brought him out a whole half loaf of good bread, and says he, 'Marm, I've heard say that half a loaf's better than no bread, and I reckon it's true.' Says I, 'just look here, I can't stand ungratitude, and if half a loaf's not enough you'll have to get more elsewhere, and now,' says I, 'just leave my house, and next time you're starvin' find a few manners afore acceptin' favours from folks as is strangers to you.' The fellow went off all crest-fallin' as if he was dazed-like, and didn't know what he'd done, but I guess it'll be a lesson to him."



KITCHEN PHILOSOPHY.

"But Bridget, how is this! two candles burning!"

"No ma'am; sure and I wouldn't be that extravagant; it's only the one candle, cut in two!"

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All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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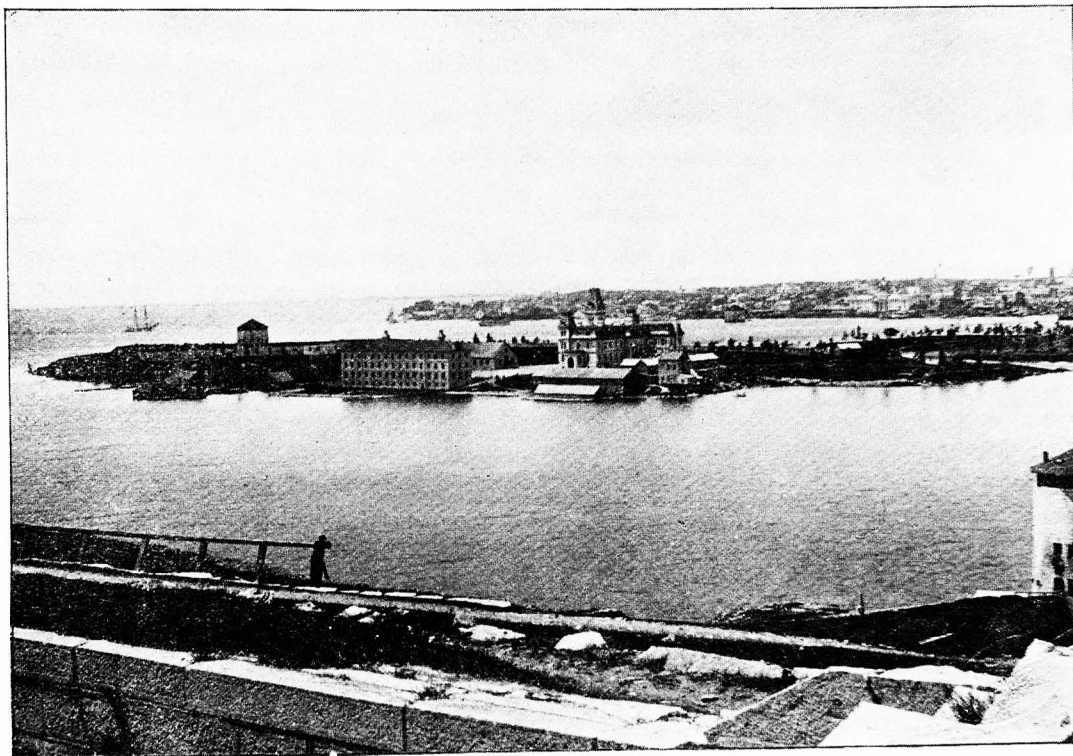
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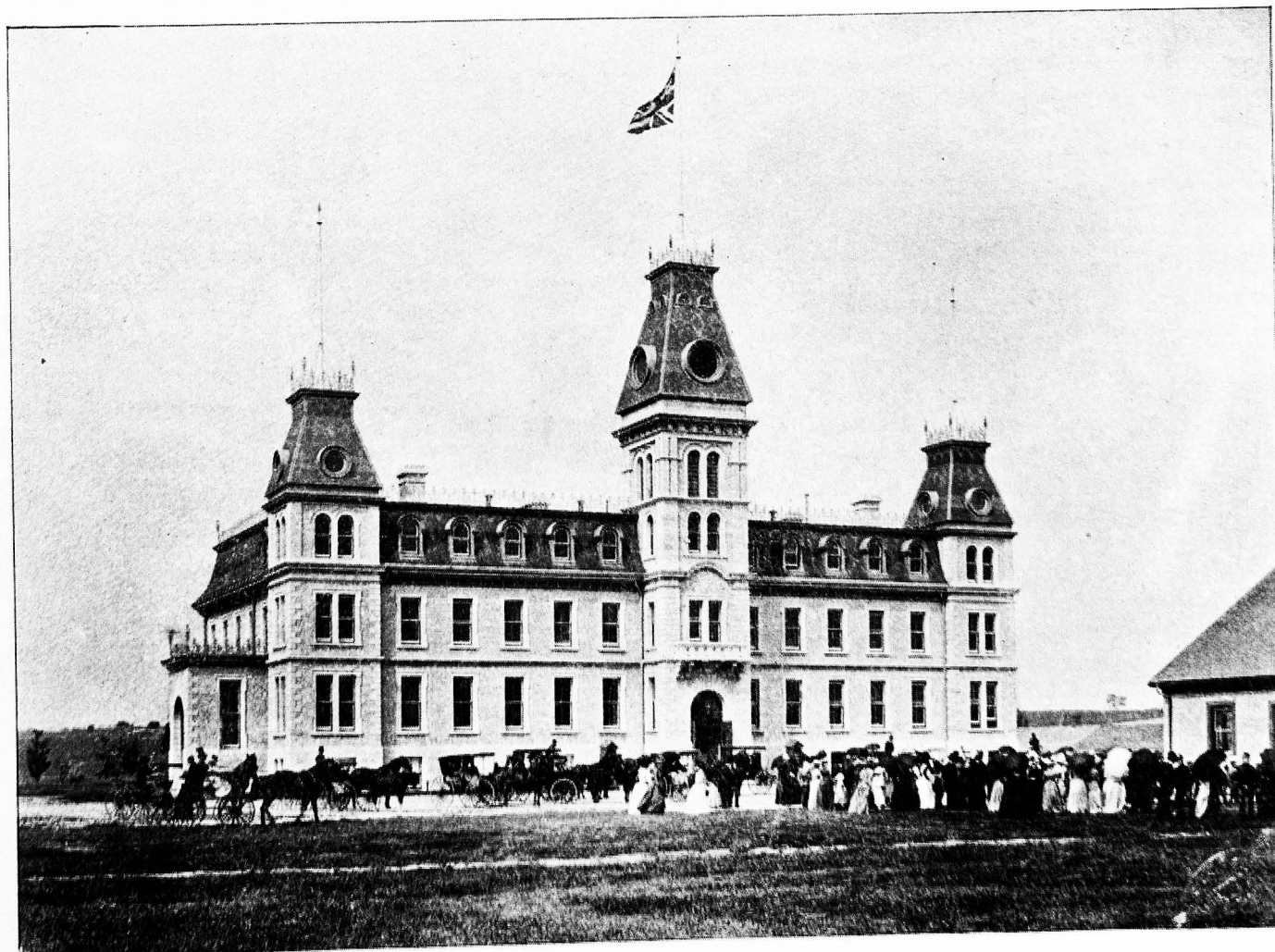
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ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson, Kingston, Ont.



GENERAL VIEW OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, FROM FORT HENRY.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, ON CLOSING DAY.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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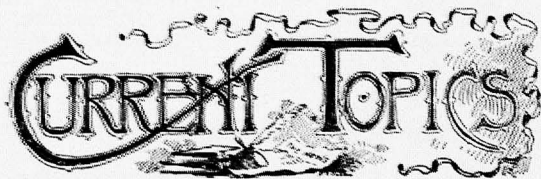
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30th NOVEMBER, 1889.



The absurd mistakes that English writers, even of the highest attainments, are prone to make when they undertake to deal with Colonial questions have often been the subject of comment. These mistakes are sometimes due to pure ignorance, aggravated by rash self-confidence; sometimes to sheer carelessness. An instance of a blunder of the later category is found in a work of more than average ability on the Constitution of Canada. The author, in treating of the method of appointing Lieutenant-Governors, gives what purports to be the form of commission issued on such occasions. It reads as follows: "Whereas we did by Letters Patent under the great seal of our Dominion of Canada, bearing date at the City of Ottawa, the ——— day of ———, in the ——— year of our reign, appoint A. B. to be Lieutenant-Governor of ———, for and during our will and pleasure, as upon relation being had to the said recited Letters Patent will more fully and at large appear. And whereas the said A. B. has since died and we have thought fit to appoint you to be such Lieutenant-Governor in his stead. Now know ye, etc." If such form were *de rigueur*, we fear that it would not be easy to secure statesmen to assume a position which, by implication, would be fatal to the incumbent. It is evident that the commission just quoted must have been issued under exceptional circumstances, resulting from the death of a Lieutenant-Governor in office. Two instances of the kind occur to us—the death of the Hon. Joseph Howe, while Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and that of the Hon. R. E. Caron, while Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

A journalist who paid close attention to the late Paris Exposition from its opening till its close, makes the unexpected statement that notwithstanding its remarkable success as a popular attraction, it will leave hardly any trace of progress in the domain of industry and science. What he pronounces the most curious invention produced at the Exhibition is the artificial silk, made by Count Chardonnet out of cellulose, to which was awarded one of the grand prizes. The materials made from this ingenious product of inventive skill are said to be very beautiful and can hardly be distinguished from fabrics of real silk. The great advantage claimed for it is its cheapness—the cost being about the third of the genuine article. It has, however, corresponding drawbacks which detract considerably from its usefulness. It is excessively, indeed dangerously, inflammable, and is much inferior to silk in durability. Its chief rival in point of ingenuity is the Thorne type composer and distributor. An American machine of the same

kind has also attracted much attention and gained wide favour in England.

The quiet revolution in Brazil has attracted more attention to South America than the three-quarters of a century of revolutions, revolts and *coups d'état* that preceded it. It is to be hoped that the impulse which it has given to our interest in the America of the Tropics and the region beyond them will be quickened and enlarged. Save that most students of history read Prescott's works on the "Conquest of Mexico" and the "Conquest of Peru," it is surprising how little attention Spanish and Portuguese America receives in the northern half of the continent. Its trade relations are almost wholly with Europe. Even before Mr. Blaine had summoned his conference, the Canadian Government had sent a commissioner to treat with Brazil and the South American States, as to the diversion of a share of their commerce to the Dominion. What the result may be we cannot say as yet. There are other points on which intercommunication might be profitably established. Some years ago several of the South American Governments agreed to exchange their publications, so that each of them might be kept informed of the literary and scientific progress of every other. Now that the 400th anniversary of the great achievement of Columbus is approaching, all Americans ought to know what the New World has contributed to civilization, to art, to culture, to discovery, to the making of mankind better and happier.

The share of Mexico, Central and South America, in such contributions is by no means unimportant. Besides, several distinguished naturalists, historians, novelists and poets, Mexico has produced some praiseworthy artists. The painter, Fred. E. Church, called that country the "Italy of America," not only on account of the resemblances which he saw in its scenery and life, but also because the artistic faculty was so strongly developed among the people. The literature of Brazil has obtained recognition in Europe, and is marked by considerable originality as well as taste. The Argentine Republic comprises a large number of scientists, whose services in various fields of research have been thankfully acknowledged in Europe. Guatemala, Chili, Peru, Uruguay and the other States of Central and South America have also their men of science, artists and *littérateurs*, some of whom are not unknown in the learned circles of the Old World. Among the noted names may be mentioned the Vizconde de Bom Retiro, Arteaga, Parra, Quiros, Penafiel, Martiniano de Alencar, Velasco, Lacerda, Macedo, Cruls and the Emperor Dom Pedro.

We learn, through the courtesy of the consul of the Argentine Republic, in this city, that an International Rural Exhibition will be held in Buenos Ayres next year, beginning on the 20th of April. The classes will comprise live stock, horses, cattle, sheep, poultry and animal products and their manufactures, machines, implements, harness, models of rural architecture, fencing, gates, apparatus for the dairy and wine-making, etc. There are altogether thirty-five sections in the classification of the exhibits. The first ten enumerate various breeds of cattle; the next seven all kinds of sheep; then come horses, pigs, goats, dogs, fowls (including native and African ostriches), all kinds of grains, roots and vegetables, coffee, hops, tobacco, indigo, textile plants, medicinal plants, seeds of trees and flowers, fruits (including those dried and preserved), vegetable oils, sugar, yerba maté (Paraguay tea),

bridles, saddles, and other horse gear, ploughs and other implements (including mowers, reapers, etc.), wheelbarrows, and other vehicles, mills and other machines, wools, hides, pigskins, dried meat, meat extract, condensed milk, cheese, feathers, silk, honey, wax, and models of troughs, sheds, fowl houses, farm buildings, water reservoirs. These are only a few of the items taken from the sections, which comprise every imaginable animal, product or commodity that can in any way be associated with agriculture in its most comprehensive sense. The list of prizes is large, and the prizes are valuable. Four of \$2,500 each are offered for the best essays on the exportation of meat; the future of Argentine agriculture; Argentine vine-growing and wine-making, and the situation and prospects of sugar-making in the Republic. Applications for space should be made before the 1st of January next. Full particulars may be had from the consul-general at Quebec, or the consul in this city, Mr. Henshaw. This exhibition offers an excellent chance to Canadian manufacturers of agricultural implements to introduce their business into the most thriving of the South American States.

So much that is pessimistic in tendency, if not in actual statement, has appeared in recent economic speculation that any work which, while dealing honestly and lucidly with the present conditions of struggling and suffering humanity, finds justification for a hopeful outlook, merits a welcome from those who have not lost faith in the wisdom that rules the world. The Hon. David A. Wells, who, before publishing his "Recent Economic Changes," had travelled extensively in Mexico, Canada and the Old World, as well as in his native land, has found reason, after a comprehensive review of the last twenty-five years, to conclude that the movement during that period has been for mankind in general, upward, not downward, for the better and not the worse. Mr. Wells considers this generation as unparalleled in many ways in the world's history. Like every eventful epoch that raised humanity to a higher level, it has been marked by social disturbances of serious import, but these disturbances will be but temporary and their influence for evil infinitesimal compared with their beneficent effects on the world's population. Already the means of comfortable subsistence are more widely diffused than ever before, while they are secured without that exhausting effort which once left the majority "flaccid and drained" of all capacity for any intellectual or æsthetic enjoyment. He believes that the day is approaching when poverty will no longer exist save as the fruit of vice or idleness or physical disability.

Those of our readers who are concerned in the progress of our Pacific Province will find much to interest them in the admirable *resumé* of its resources and various progress which Mrs. Arthur Spragge furnishes in the present number. The whole series of contributions, entitled "Our Wild Westland," constitutes a valuable survey of British Columbia, its natural wealth, scenery and life, such as, we believe, cannot be found elsewhere. It has the great merit of being the result of actual observation, and Mrs. Spragge, as our readers know, is no common observer. These papers, with the accompanying sketches, have an historical importance. When British Columbia has in part fulfilled its great destiny, they will form a trustworthy basis for comparing its era of grandeur and power with the day of small things, which was its starting-point. Already, indeed, that starting-point is

growing dim with increasing distance, as any one who reads Mrs. Spragge's surprising and gratifying account of Vancouver's development will gladly acknowledge.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

The sudden overthrow of the empire and the establishment of a republic in Brazil have naturally given rise to a good deal of discussion. While the admirers of democracy on this continent hail it as an omen of the speedy disappearance of the last vestige of monarchy in America, European republicans make it the ground of predictions almost as confident. Among those who seized upon the news as an occasion for joyous presage, the most noteworthy is Senor Castelar, the Spanish statesman and orator. For certain reasons what that gifted son of the great Latin race may have to say on a question of this kind is deserving of the utmost respect. He is a man of lofty moral character as well as of strong convictions, fair in his dealings with those who differ from him, and as anxious to save his country from needless agitation as to see her aspirations for complete freedom fulfilled. It is for this reason that he has refrained from factious opposition to the monarchy since the restoration of the old dynasty, deeming it wiser to let the nation develop gradually than by forcing on a revolution to repeat the experience of France. In adopting this policy of caution, Senor Castelar is simply turning to account the lessons learned by Spain in his own lifetime. To say that the Spaniards had no grievances under the dispensation which was brought to a sudden close in the fall of 1868 would be far from accurate. But England under its constitutional monarchs has at times endured provocations—not omitting scandals in high places—which might with equal reason have been made a justification for revolt. Constitutional agitation proved a sharper weapon for the excising of abuses, and the assured and growing liberties and ceaseless yet tranquil reforms of the present reign are the reward of the patience displayed under some of Queen Victoria's predecessors. It may be urged that, but for the *coup d'état* of 1868 Spain would not enjoy the comparative freedom of the actual *régime*. That is simply a question of probabilities. Had the necessary wisdom and tact been possessed and exercised by the reforming statesmen, it is quite as likely that all the good, without the mischief, of the revolution would have been accomplished. Knowing, as he so well knows, the evil consequences of Serrano's surprise, we cannot help wondering that Senor Castelar should express so much satisfaction at the banishment of Dom Pedro. Setting aside the anarchy and impotency that prevailed in Spain and Cuba during the republican interregnum and the abdication afterwards of the alien Amadeo, he surely has not forgotten that it was the vacant Spanish throne which caused the quarrel between France and Germany, the most sanguinary war of our time, and such a lasting and rancorous feud between the belligerent nations as has turned all Europe into a camping ground of armies ready to fly at each other's throats.

Senor Castelar bewails a system by which a few ambitious men thus arrogate to themselves the power of life and death over the millions of the nations. But that crime of wholesale murder is not confined to monarchies. On this continent, which is especially concerned in the Brazilian revolution, democratic government has proved but

a poor safeguard against military ambition and bloodshed. Since the Spanish colonies in America threw off the yoke, there has hardly been a year in which one or another, or several of the republics into which they were transformed, have not been devastated by war or insurrection. The only exception to the reign of terror thus initiated has been the Empire of Brazil, which, during the long reign of Dom Pedro, enjoyed an immunity from internal disturbance, which was remarkable. As for war, the Empire engaged in it only to defend itself from foreign aggression. It must be admitted, therefore, that Senor Castelar's felicitations of the republican triumph in Brazil are by no means justified by the course of events on this continent. As to the future, we know not what it may bring to pass. But what is established beyond the reach of doubt is that neither in Europe nor America has revolution, followed by republican administration, given any assurance of tranquillity at home or of peace with foreign states. On the contrary, the testimony of the last hundred years is clearly opposed to such a conclusion.

As to Senor Castelar's preference for democracy as more in accordance with the principles of justice and the claims of reason, the whole question thus opened was dealt with more than two thousand years ago in a treatise which may still be read with advantage in this age of progress. To just two points in Aristotle's treatise we would refer at present. The first is the stress that he lays upon an influential middle class as an element in a well organized and administered state, and the second is the admission that different forms of government are required for different communities, so that what might in theory be the best, might in practice, under certain conditions, prove the worst. Now it was to the growth of an enlightened, independent and powerful middle class that England owed the beginnings of her liberty, and it is to the same controlling influence that, under the name of monarchy, she is endowed to-day with the most highly prized privileges of democracy and the assured stability of a recognized succession. In Canada we enjoy the same nominally monarchical, but really democratic, *régime*, without (save in the provision for an Upper House) that traditional aristocracy which links the present with the past. There is certainly no republic in North, South, or Central America, continental or insular, that can boast of possessing the essential attributes of self-government and popular sovereignty in larger measure than we do.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

Opposite *Tête de Pont* barracks, the site of old Fort Frontenac, a low promontory juts into Lake Ontario. Between it and the side of the harbour on which the barracks are situated, flows the Catarqui river, debouching into the lake. This promontory was, during the war of 1812, a dockyard, where Sir James Yeo built his fleet. The sailors and marines occupied a three-storey stone building, constructed in its interior arrangements like a three-decker, and known by the *soubriquet* of the stone frigate.

After the dockyard, grown useless in the "piping times of peace" had been dismantled, the Government determined to utilize the buildings for a Military College. Col. Hewett, R.E., was appointed commandant, and in June, 1876, the college was opened, with three professors and eighteen cadets. The stone frigate was, however, quite inadequate to all the demands made upon it for class-rooms and dormitories, and a large and imposing educational building was erected. This was fully occupied by

the kitchen and hospital, mess room, reading rooms and offices, class rooms, professors' rooms and laboratories, and the frigate was henceforth devoted to dormitories. Year by year the number of cadets increased, so that it became necessary to enlarge the staff. The present College consists of the commandant, staff-adjutant, fifteen professors and instructors, and about eighty cadets. The members of the civil staff are Canadians, while those of the military staff are, on the contrary, with two exceptions, borrowed from the Imperial Army.

In establishing the Military College, the Government had in its mind, not only Woolwich and Sandhurst, the great military schools of the Mother Country, but also the American West Point. Little military employment could be offered to graduates, as our standing army is of the smallest dimensions. It was determined, therefore, to give the cadets an education that would fit them for civil as well as military life. The syllabus of instruction laid down for a four years' course embraces military drill, artillery, infantry and engineering; signalling, gymnastics, fencing, swimming and riding; tactics and strategy; military law and administration; fortification and civil engineering; military reconnaissance; drawing, both geometrical and free-hand; mathematics and mechanics; French and English, civil surveying, practical astronomy, civil engineering, physics and electricity, chemistry, geology and mineralogy.

Col. Hewett, who may be almost regarded as the founder of the College, resigned his position for a much better one in England, in the summer of 1886, and was succeeded by the Professor of Astronomy, Col., afterwards Major-General Oliver. He carried on the work most successfully, till the summer of 1888, when he was succeeded by the present commandant, Major-General Cameron, under whose able administration the college has not only maintained its efficiency, but gives promise of still greater development.

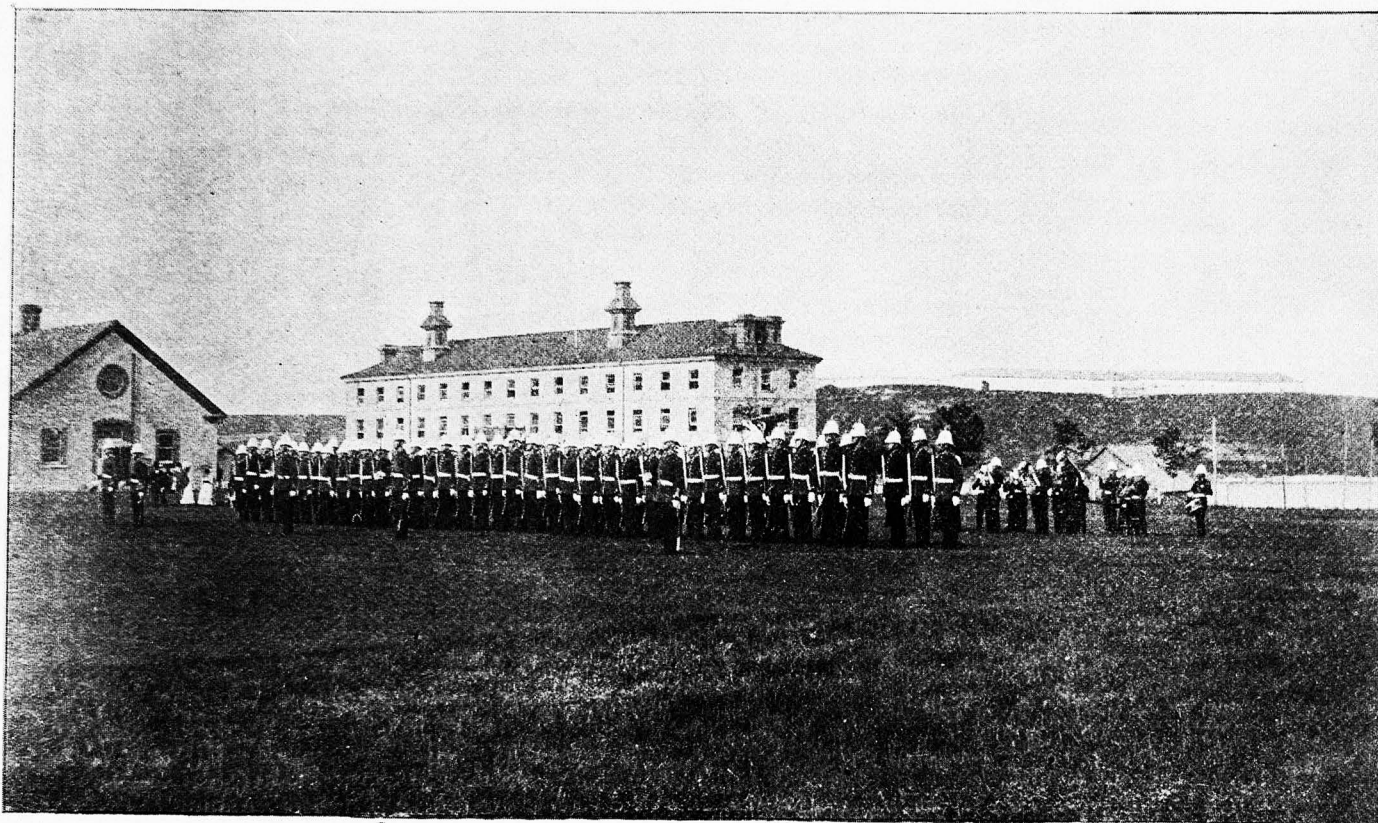
In any country a new institution is always, during the first years of its existence, on trial, and is subjected to severe criticism. If it passes the ordeal unscathed, it reaches the second stage of its existence, in which it is at least tolerated, and then speedily passes on to popularity. There are now indications that the Military College has reached this last stage. It has done such good work that it is most favourably known, both in Canada and in the Mother Country. Abroad, its graduates may be found in every branch of the Imperial Army where some of them have already made their mark; while at home they have been successful in civil as well as military service. Several hold commissions in the Regular Canadian Artillery, and some in the North-West Mounted Police.

The institution has been so highly commended by the military authorities in England, that Australia contemplates a similar establishment on the Canadian model. Another evidence of popularity is the increased number of candidates for matriculation. Every year very many more young men present themselves for examination than can possibly be accepted. They come from the best schools in the country, eager to shoulder the rifle and don the scarlet tunic of the cadet. There must, indeed, be a charm about a military life, for these cadets have no easy time. The college does not tolerate laziness. Their day is a long one—from seven in the morning till ten at night, parade and study, with not more than three hours for recreation. Notwithstanding this, nay, rather on account of this happy combination of mental and physical exercises, the typical cadet is a bright young fellow, full of animal spirits; and yet withal polite and deferential in his bearing towards his officers and instructors.

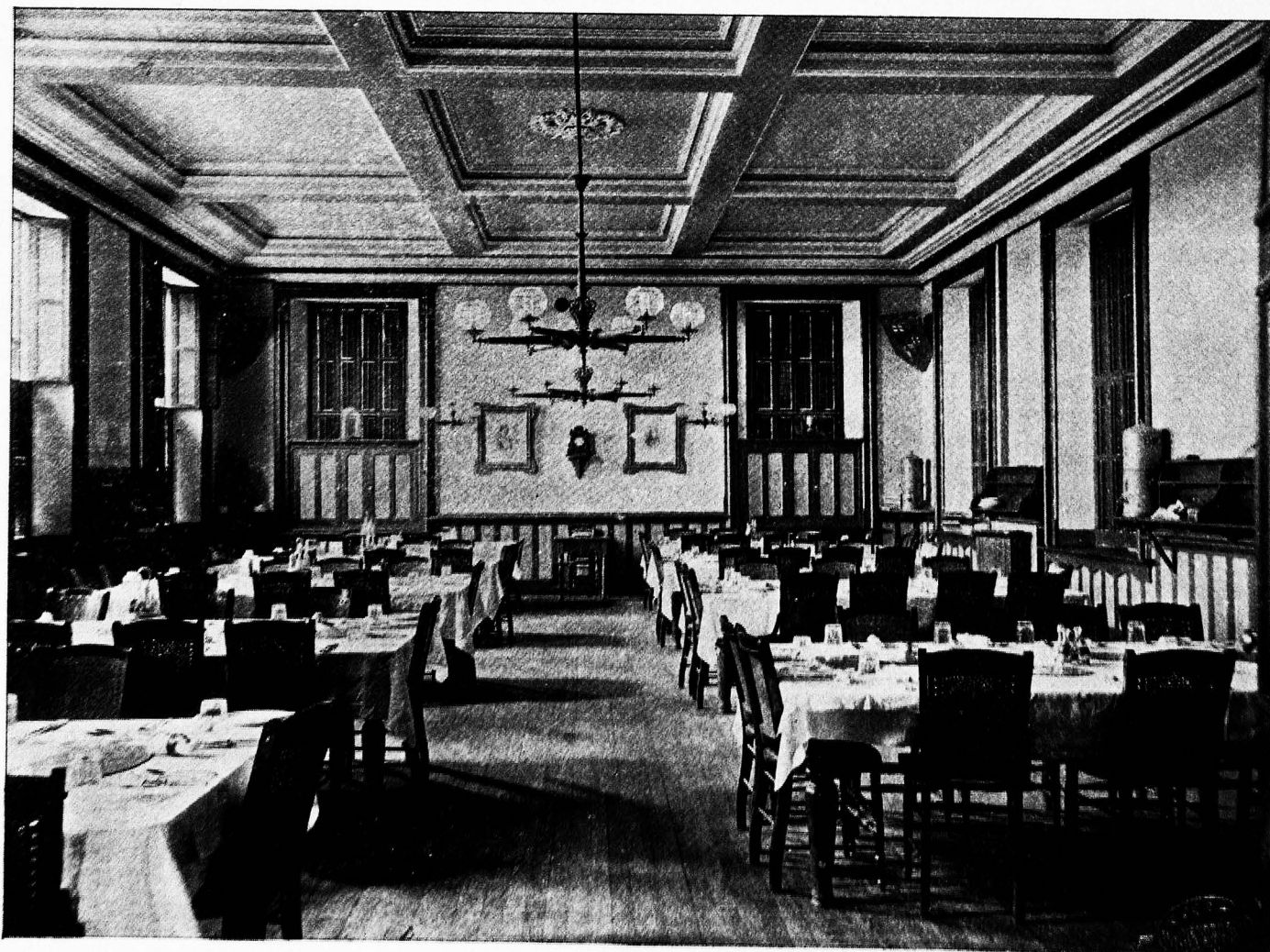
Graduates are found all over the world. The most prominent at present is Lieut. Starr, who is with Stanley in Africa, doing good service in the cause of civilization, and winning honours, not only for himself, but also for his country and his Alma Mater. It is, however, a small proportion of the young men whom the college educates that seek service abroad. Most of them enter civil professions and remain at home, holding rank in the active militia, and ready, when the country needs their services, to respond to the call of arms.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



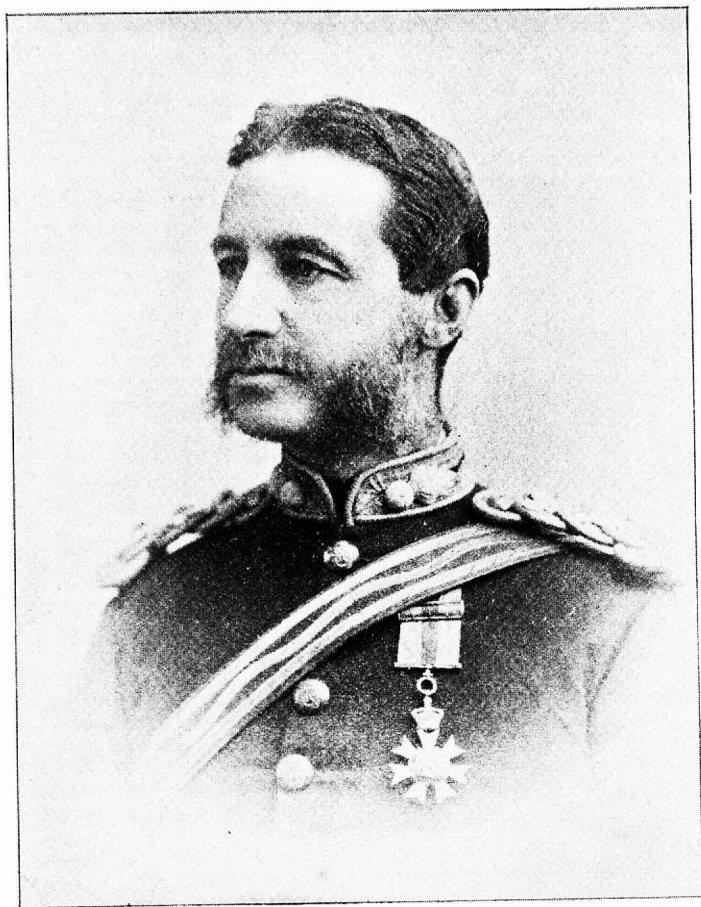
CADETS AT DRILL ON PARADE GROUND.



THE DINING HALL OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos, by H. Henderson.



LT.-COL. HEWETT, R.E.
FIRST COMMANDANT OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER,
SECOND COMMANDANT OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



BAYONET EXERCISE IN THE BARRACK YARD.

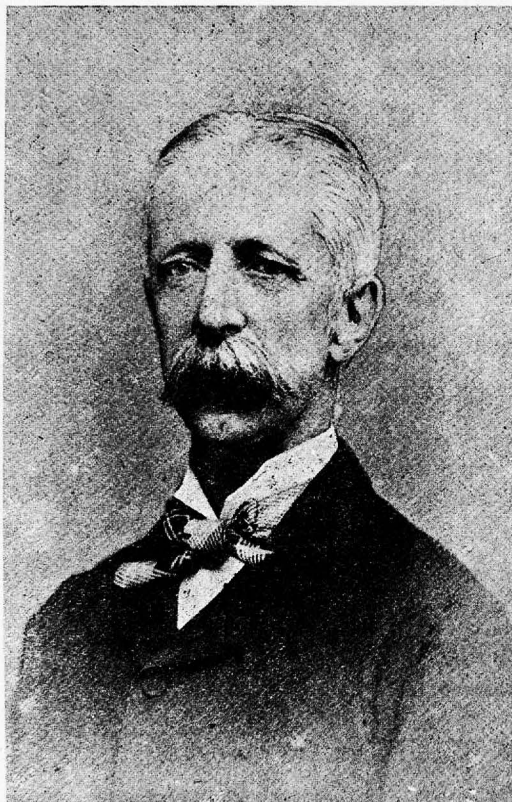
OUR ENGRAVINGS

COL. HEWETT, FIRST COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.—Colonel Edward Osborne Hewett, C.M.G., R.E., was born on the 25th of September, 1835. His father was Col. John Hewett, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Glamorgan. His mother was Frances, daughter of Thomas Thornevell, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Stafford, England. Col. Hewett's father obtained his commission in 1803, and saw prolonged and very distinguished active service in every quarter of the globe. He served in Canada in the war of 1812, and led the "forlorn hope" in the attack and capture of Oswego in 1814. The subject of the present sketch was educated at Cheltenham College, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and obtained his commission in the Royal Engineers, as lieutenant, 14th of August, 1854; captain, 1860; major, 1872; lieutenant-colonel, 1879; colonel, 1881; and was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 1883. He has served in the West Indies and in South America, and has been employed in the Home service, where his talent came into notice in the designing and construction of the famous iron forts of Dover and Portsmouth. In December, 1862, at the time of the anticipated war with the United States over the Trent affair, he was ordered to Canada, where he served in different parts of the country, till the establishment of the Royal Military College in 1875, when he was appointed commandant. It was he in fact who organized the College, and conducted it through many dangers to ultimate success. In July, 1886, having received an important appointment at Plymouth, he resigned his position as commandant and returned to England.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER, SECOND COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.—Major-General John Ryder Oliver, C.M.G., R.A., is the eldest son of the late John Dudley Oliver, J.P., of Cherrymount, in the Vale of Avoca, County Wicklow, Ireland, and his wife, Mary Susan, who was a daughter of the late Valentine Green, of Normanton Hall, Leicestershire. His father was the head of a younger branch of the Olivers, of Castle Oliver, County Limerick, a family descended from Capt. Robert Oliver, a distinguished army officer in the time of Cromwell, who received large grants of land in the southwest of Ireland in return for his services. General Oliver was born at Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, on Dec. 16, 1834, and completed his education at Caius College and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he obtained a mathematical scholarship. In September, 1855, he was gazetted to a lieutenancy in the Royal Artillery, having gained a direct commission by competitive examination, passing fifth among one hundred and fifty candidates. He served with distinction in India during the Mutiny, and was twice mentioned in despatches. He also gained distinction in the Bhootan Expedition in 1864-65. After much active service abroad he was recalled to England in 1869 to take the appointment of Brigade Major of Artillery at Aldershot. In September, 1877, he was appointed Professor of Surveying and Military Topography in the Royal Military College of Canada, which position he held till the summer of 1886, when he succeeded Col. Hewett as commandant.

MAJOR-GENERAL CAMERON, OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Major-General Donald Roderick Cameron, C.M.G., F.R.G.S., Mem. Soc. Artists, was born in 1834; entered the Royal Artillery in 1856; became captain in 1866; major, 1875; lieutenant-colonel, 1882; colonel, 1886; and major-general (retired), 1887. He served throughout the Bhootan Campaign, 1863-65, as adjutant, and as Staff Officer, R.A., Door Field Force, in which capacity he won a medal with clasp, and was three times mentioned in despatches. In 1869 he accompanied the Hon. Wm. McDougall, C.B., to Fort Garry as a M.E.C. He was awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society in 1871. In 1872-76 he rendered important service to the country as Her Majesty's Commissioner of the International Boundary Commission, and superintended the expedition which marked the International Boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. He was also secretary of the Canadian delegation at the International Conference at Paris in 1883 for the protection of sub-marine cables. In 1885 he declined the command of the local forces in South Australia; and in 1887-8 was secretary to the Canadian Commissioner of the Fisheries Conference, Washington, U.S. From the above record it will be easily seen that General Cameron has rendered important service to his country, both at home and abroad. Perhaps his most active military life was in India. He was there selected, on account of previous usefulness, by the late Lord Strathnairn, Commander-in-Chief in India, to organize, with another officer, an Armstrong Mountain Battery in the Ambeyla Campaign. On the close of this campaign he was appointed to conduct the battery from Peshawur, in the extreme northwest of India, to Dinapore, preparatory to the Bhootan Campaign. This entailed a three months' march across country, in the most unhealthy season of the year, with unbridged and swollen rivers to cross. Besides the battery, the train included a long line of waggons, with stores and ammunition, horses and camels. The only other Europeans

who accompanied the train were a sergeant and the officer of the cavalry escort. Not a single day's march was lost, and the only loss of life that occurred was from the breaking of a rope in lowering a store-cart on to a boat in crossing the Jumna at Allahabad. In the Bhootan Campaign he had detached command, by direction from Army Headquarters, of the right half Armstrong Battery, and on the death of Major Griffin and the invaliding of Capt. Oliver, succeeded to the command of the whole battery. During this campaign he was in many engagements, in all of which he acquitted himself with marked distinction. At the capture of Naggo he suggested, commanded, and led the party of native infantry employed to clear the heights when one column of attack was caught in a ravine and cut off in front and rear. On this occasion he cleared the height, taking six breast-works in succession. In the summer of 1888 General Cameron was appointed to succeed General Oliver as commandant of the Royal Military College. He is a strict disciplinarian, and the prevalence of a firm hand in the administration of the college is evident in its present high state of order and efficiency.



MAJOR-GENERAL CAMERON,
PRESENT COMMANDANT OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE FROM FORT HENRY.—The view from Fort Henry, shown in our engraving, is a very fine one, comprehending Navy Bay in the foreground, the College buildings and Kingston harbour in the middle distance, and the city with its domes and steeples beyond. The rectangular stone building at the water's edge is the "Stone Frigate" of the old dockyard, the headquarters of the sailors and marines during the war of 1812, when Navy Bay sheltered the Lake Ontario fleet. Navy Bay and the lake, as far as Wolfe Island, is a favourite boating ground. In summer the College yachts and canoes may be seen in the afternoons with their white wings flitting hither and thither over the blue waters. In winter it is often a beautiful sheet of clear ice, where the cadets play hockey and exhibit their skill in fancy skating. Advantage is taken of the glacia of Fort Henry, sloping to the eastern shore of Navy Bay, to form a toboggan slide, from a height of 100 feet.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE ON CLOSING DAY.—Closing Day is to the Royal Military College what Convocation is to Canadian universities, or Commencement to similar institutions across the border. As the day approaches, fathers and mothers and pretty sisters may be noticed in the trains running from various quarters into the city, gathering to see their red-coated darlings graduate. It is a grand day for them if their boy stands high in his class and comes out covered with glory. Of course it is a grand day for the cadets. In the first place it is the end of a long examination and the beginning of the holidays. Anyone who has been examined from two to three weeks, six hours a day, and has for two months afterwards done nothing but lie in a hammock, or flirt over a tennis net, or cruise in a yacht, or whip a well-stocked preserve for speckled trout, or roll in the surf at the sea shore, knows the meaning of and sets a proper value on Closing Day. There is a great crowd from the city, and there are usually persons of distinction from Ottawa. Last year Sir John Macdonald was present, and enlivened the proceedings by one of his characteristic humorous speeches. This year Sir Adolphe Caron stirred the vast audience with his eloquence. During the early part of the afternoon the cadets are put through various evolutions on the parade ground

and exhibit their skill in the gymnasium. The Engineers show their work in the model room and explode submarine mines in Navy Bay. Then, about 5 o'clock, there is a rush for the gymnasium, which is made to do duty for a Convocation Hall. The cadets are marched in and line the walls at either side of the platform. The platform is crowded with the staff and the distinguished visitors who may happen to be present. Plumes and gold lace abound; the clanking of swords and the jingling of spurs. The cadets are called up amid the cheers of their comrades to receive their prizes. Speeches are made. *Voilà!* It is all over. Out goes the crowd. Out march the cadets, form into a hollow square, sing "Auld Lang Syne," and chair the graduating class to their rooms. Four more names are added to the list of the Imperial Army, and from fifteen to twenty more go out into the various professions of civil life in this Canada of ours with commissions in the Militia, and ready to fight "for Home and Queen" whenever their services may be required. Of the fifteen cadets who graduated last June four received commissions in the Imperial Army, and three are, without special enquiry, known to have obtained employment on railway and canal surveys. It is quite likely that some, if not all of the rest, are already at work. Thus will be seen the confidence inspired by the College training. It is also likely that, in the near future, the Government will find employment in the Civil Service and elsewhere for the pupils it has been at so much pains and expense to educate.

THE CADETS AT DRILL IN THE BARRACK GROUND.—"Words, words, words," says Hamlet. "Drill, drill, drill," murmurs the cadet. And drill it is. Twice a day, morning and afternoon, he must shoulder his rifle and learn to march and countermarch, to deploy into line and break into column, or to go through the intricate movements of artillery practice. But what a wonderful effect it has. In six months the slouching and untidy recruit is drilled into a fine, active, and manly soldier. There is no untidiness about him now! He is sharp on parade, and moves with a quickness and elasticity he was before unconscious of. The physical training at the College is one of its best features. It counterbalances the severe mental strain of the studies, and, consequently, there are no weak and sickly cadets. They are a fine, manly set of fellows, deferential in their bearing toward their superiors, and generally possessed of plenty of that good humour which comes from perfect physical health.

THE DINING HALL.—To the cadet one of the most interesting rooms is the Dining Hall. Here is satisfied daily that healthy appetite which plenty of exercise in the open air is sure to create. After a long tramp over the country in surveying, topography, or reconnaissance, all thoughts are centred on the mess room. When the van, which has gathered up the class and brought it home, rolls into the enclosure, a burst of some popular chorus rises through the evening air, and very soon after knives and forks are as busy as strong arms can ply them. The dining hall is also used for examinations, and any one who has gone through the ordeal knows that three hours' writing produces a ravenous appetite. Cause and effect are, therefore, not far apart.

A SQUAD AT BAYONET EXERCISE.—The bayonet exercise, both with and without the word of command, is the prettiest exercise in the whole course of infantry drill. At the College it is done to perfection. There is no regiment of regulars in the service that can excel the cadets in this beautiful rhythmic movement.

A GROUP IN FENCING AND ATHLETIC COSTUME.—Sergt.-Major Morgan, the instructor in gymnastics, is well known throughout the Dominion. He is a skilled swordsman and boxer, and many proficient pupils pass from his hands. On a gala day the gymnasium is one of the chief attractions. Twice within a year Vice-Royalty has been entertained by exhibitions of skill in sparring, fencing, broadsword and single-stick, besides the usual contortions that athletes love to indulge in on the trapeze and horizontal bar. Sir John Macdonald, when he visited the College in 1888, enjoyed the various contests, as he does everything, when, at the same time, good humour and the combative faculties are called into play; while Sir Adolphe Caron on a similar occasion was delighted with the prospect of heroes to crush the next rebellion in the North-West, or anywhere else in this broad Dominion.

RECRUITS AT DRILL.—At the beginning of the term the recruits report at the College a week before the rest of the cadets. The week is spent, according to the parlance of the drill sergeant, in "knocking them into shape." At first they are very awkward. The engraving tells its own tale. In a short time they begin to assume a military bearing, and, by the end of the first year, have acquired the steadiness of veterans.

BOATING.—This engraving merely suggests the pleasure that is derived from boating. The stretch of water between Wolfe Island and the Kingston shore is one of the finest in Canada for regattas. It is sheltered by the island from the violence of storms, and it is at the same time so open as to afford a fine sweep for the wind. There are no dangerous shoals to disturb the yachtsman. It is also most favourable for rowing. Very often the water is as smooth as glass, and the most fragile skiff may venture out with perfect safety. Besides the College yaws and boats, many private skiffs and canoes are kept by the cadets, and, when the fleet is out in full force, the scene is very impressive.

SWIMMING.—The facilities for bathing are excellent, and there is a regular parade when the weather is warm enough

for that delightful exercise. The water is clear as crystal, and deep enough in places for the most daring diver. There are also shallows where those who have not learned to swim may venture in with caution, till they acquire the art which is the ambition of every boy, and which, once learned, can never be forgotten.

SAVED!—This picture is its own best interpreter. The figures tell the experience through which they have severally passed, and we can easily imagine the stirring drama that preceded this *dénouement*. Beauquesne, though not in the front rank of hodiernal painters, does not lag far behind. He has those qualities of sincerity, noble mindedness and honesty of detail which always tell in every branch of art.

R. M. COLLEGE SONG.

(Written for the Cadets by REV. PROF. K. L. JONES.)

Cadets, we throng the stately hall

That rises by the bay;

Obedient to the bugle call

We march the live-long day,

From when Reveillé breaks the air

With lusty note and strong,

Till slumber-wreath'd Tattoo is here,

The soldiers evensong.

Chorus.—And thus we learn to march along,

To do the right, undo the wrong,

And fight for home and Queen.

When summer suns are on the plain,

Or winter's ice and snow,

From mess to class, to class again,

Our ceaseless round we go;

We drill, and dig, and draw, and write,

In midst of war's alarms;

With single-sticks and foils we fight

At our assaults at arms.

Chorus.—And thus we learn, etc., etc.

Cadet days come! We sheathe our swords

And swell it off parade,

Our scarlet fronts set citywards,

In wealth of golden braid;

When music thrills the perfumed air

With fairy lights aglow,

We trip, with many a maiden fair,

The light fantastic toe.

Chorus.—And thus we learn, etc., etc.

And when the call to arms is heard,

From sea to sounding sea,

Each brave cadet will draw his sword,

Who'er the foe man be;

When battles' front, in stern array,

In smoke and blood is seen,

With loyal hearts we'll march away

To fight for home and Queen.

Chorus.—And then in truth, we'll march along,

To do the right, undo the wrong,

And die for home and Queen.

Kingston, Ont., 1889.

PERSONAL.

The Society of Canadian Literature has resumed its meetings in this city.

Dr. Crozier, of Belleville, has been made a member of the English Society of Arts.

The Montreal Press Club has invited Max O'Rell to lecture in Montreal in February next.

M. Hébert, the Canadian sculptor has been winning fresh laurels in Paris to the delight of his compatriots in that city.

Miss O'Reilly, daughter of Mr. O'Reilly, Inspector of Licenses, Ottawa, has been a student at the Milan Conservatory of Music since the beginning of the present year.

Miss Lena Olloqui, a New Brunswick lady of remarkable gifts, is studying at the Conservatory of Music, Madrid. She is a daughter of Dr. Olloqui, of Kingston, Kent County, N.B.

An interesting and timely letter on the subject of Canadian history and Canadian historians from the pen of Mr. S. E. Dawson, appears in a late number of the *Sherbrooke Examiner*. We hope to refer to it at greater length in our next issue.

Mr. Blackburn Harte is travelling leisurely to the Pacific Coast, gathering fresh materials for articles on Canadian subjects, for publication in different American periodicals. An article from his pen will appear in the *New England Magazine* for January. It will treat of the outdoor life, which has become a peculiar characteristic of Montreal, and will be profusely illustrated.

The members of the Montreal Natural History Society have been honouring themselves in showing their esteem and gratitude to their president, Sir William Dawson, who, during the thirty-four years of his connection with it, has done so much to promote the efficiency and advance the interests of the society. Their tribute took the form of a fine portrait of himself, painted in oils, by Mr. Harris, which was presented to Sir William on Monday evening last. The Hon. Senator Murphy, who made the presentation, read a suitable address, to which the distinguished Principal of McGill replied in fitting terms. Some of the most prominent citizens of Montreal were present on the occasion.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.

XV.

EXTENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY—ITS COAL MINES—GOLD AND SILVER MINES—DEPOSITS OF OTHER MINERALS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE—TIMBER AND AGRICULTURE—OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE SETTLER.

It is impossible fully to appreciate the importance of Vancouver as a coming city without some knowledge of the Province of British Columbia, of which its location must ever constitute it the commercial metropolis. The mainland of British Columbia alone contains an area of 321,305 square miles of territory, independent of the Island of Vancouver, lying 30 miles to the west, which is over 300 miles long, with an average width of 60 miles, and covers over 20,000 square miles of country. British Columbia proper extends from the Rocky Mountains in the east to the Pacific Ocean in the west, and reaches from the northern boundary of the United States, the 49th degree of north latitude in the south, to the 60th degree of north latitude in the north. Vancouver's Island projects below the 49th degree of north latitude, but is included in the possessions of Great Britain. The first entrance to the mainland, proceeding north along the coast line, is at the mouth of the Fraser, one of the largest rivers of the continent, which empties its waters into the Gulf of Georgia by two estuaries, and is navigable as far as Yale, 90 miles inland. A few miles above its mouth is the town of New Westminster, a place of considerable importance, and one of the oldest settlements on the mainland. Before the C.P.R. was built, the Fraser was the great highway to the interior, and Yale was rendered famous by the memorable Fraser River gold excitement early in the sixties; from thence communication was carried on with the upper country by means of the Cariboo road, built nearly 30 years ago. The primary object of its construction was to afford means of ingress and egress to and from the rich gold diggings of the Cariboo district. This road was about 400 miles long, and its execution was only second in magnitude to the building of a railroad down the Fraser canyon, opposite to which it runs, along the southern bank of the river from Spuzzum, eastward. In the delta of the Fraser is magnificent agricultural land, and its fisheries are the most extensive of any on the coast, excepting those of the renowned Columbia at its outlet in Washington Territory. The contour of the province is similar in most respects to that of Washington and Idaho, with the possible exception that the western portion is more mountainous than the coast district of the United States. The continuation of the Cascade Range divides British Columbia in a similar way to the territory of Washington. The resources of the province are gold, silver, and all the precious minerals; coal, iron, copper, lead, lumber, fish, fish oil, furs—the products of the soil. First and most important of all these industries to-day is that of coal mining.

COAL.

Wellington coal in San Francisco brings from \$3 to \$5 more per ton than any other Pacific Coast coal in the market. This coal is mined at Nanaimo and Wellington, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, almost opposite to Vancouver, on the other side of the Gulf of Georgia. Here are situated the most extensive coal mines on the Pacific. At Nanaimo the company, in working their coal properties, have drifted far out under the water, and the supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. The coal is bituminous of the very finest quality. During the year 1887 nearly half a million tons of coal were exported from Vancouver's Island alone. Coal of good quality is also found on Queen Charlotte's Island to the north, and on the mainland of British Columbia, both on the coast and on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, contiguous to the Fraser River. Small seams of coal can be plainly seen cropping out along the bluffs abutting on English Bay, Burrard's Inlet and False Creek,

thus proving conclusively the existence of the black diamond in those localities.

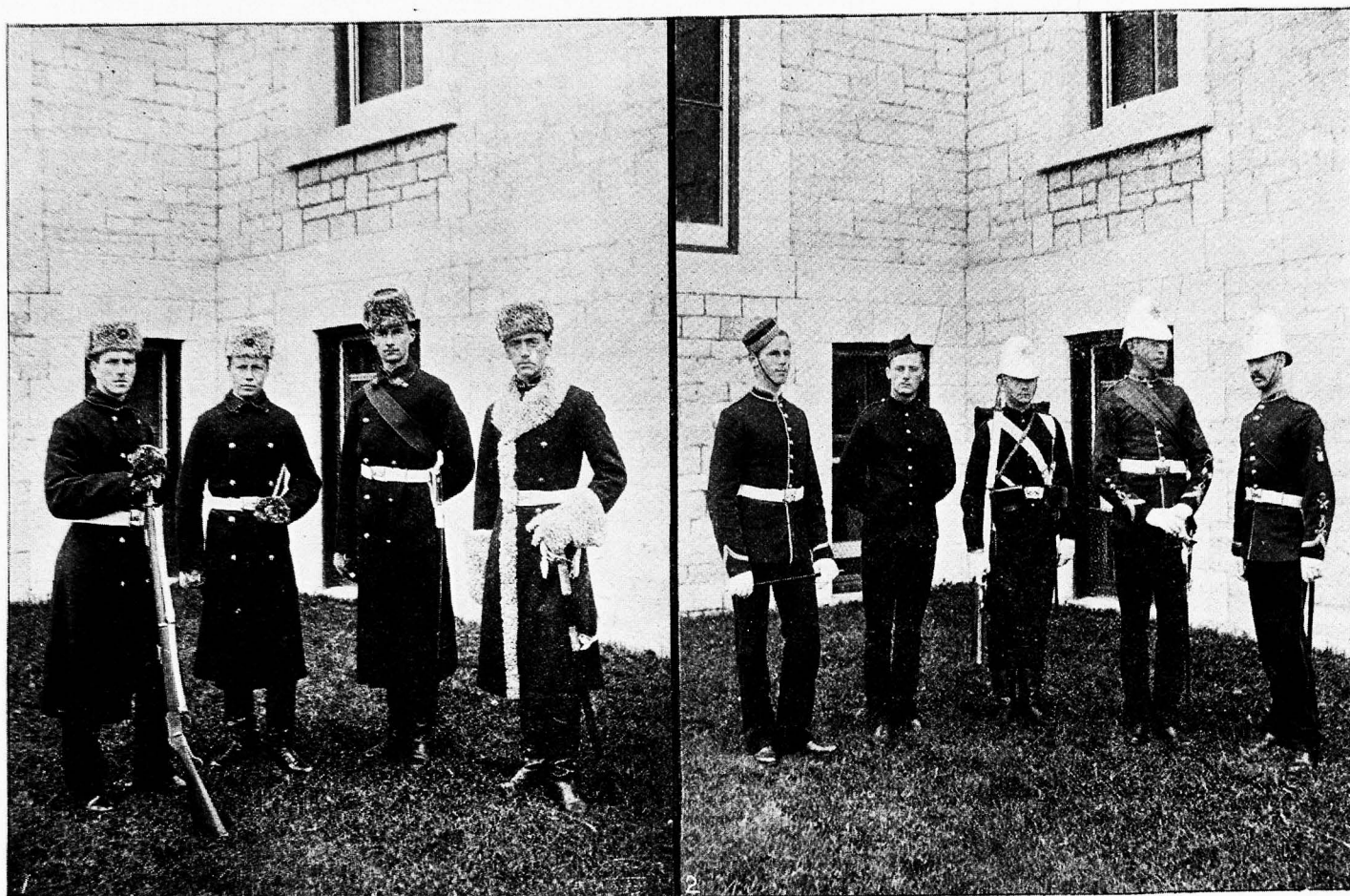
The most important and extensive discovery of coal yet made on the mainland has been near Banff, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, 564 miles east of Vancouver, on the C.P.R. This mine has recently been sold to an English company (which has made arrangements to ship 1,000 tons a day to Port Moody for a San Francisco firm) for \$2,500,000, through the enterprise and energy of Mr. McLeod Stewart, one of the owners. The coal it produces is true anthracite, and is not excelled in quality by even the famous Lehigh Valley anthracite of American renown. During the season of 1888 the "Crow's Nest Coal and Mineral Company" acquired very rich and extensive fields in the Crow's Nest Pass, on the eastern divide of the Rocky Mountains. The deposits of coal in this district are extraordinarily rich both in quality and quantity. The company has purchased about ten thousand acres of coal lands, upon which there are 35 seams of coal, several of them being over 30 feet thick. There are four different kinds of coal in this prolific region—a very rich cannel or gas coal, an excellent bituminous coking coal, which produces magnificent coke, also anthracite and semi-anthracite or smokeless coal. Parties of men have been at work during the present summer opening up the coal seams, and a charter has been obtained by the company to open these valuable coal fields to the Canadian and American markets.

GOLD AND SILVER.

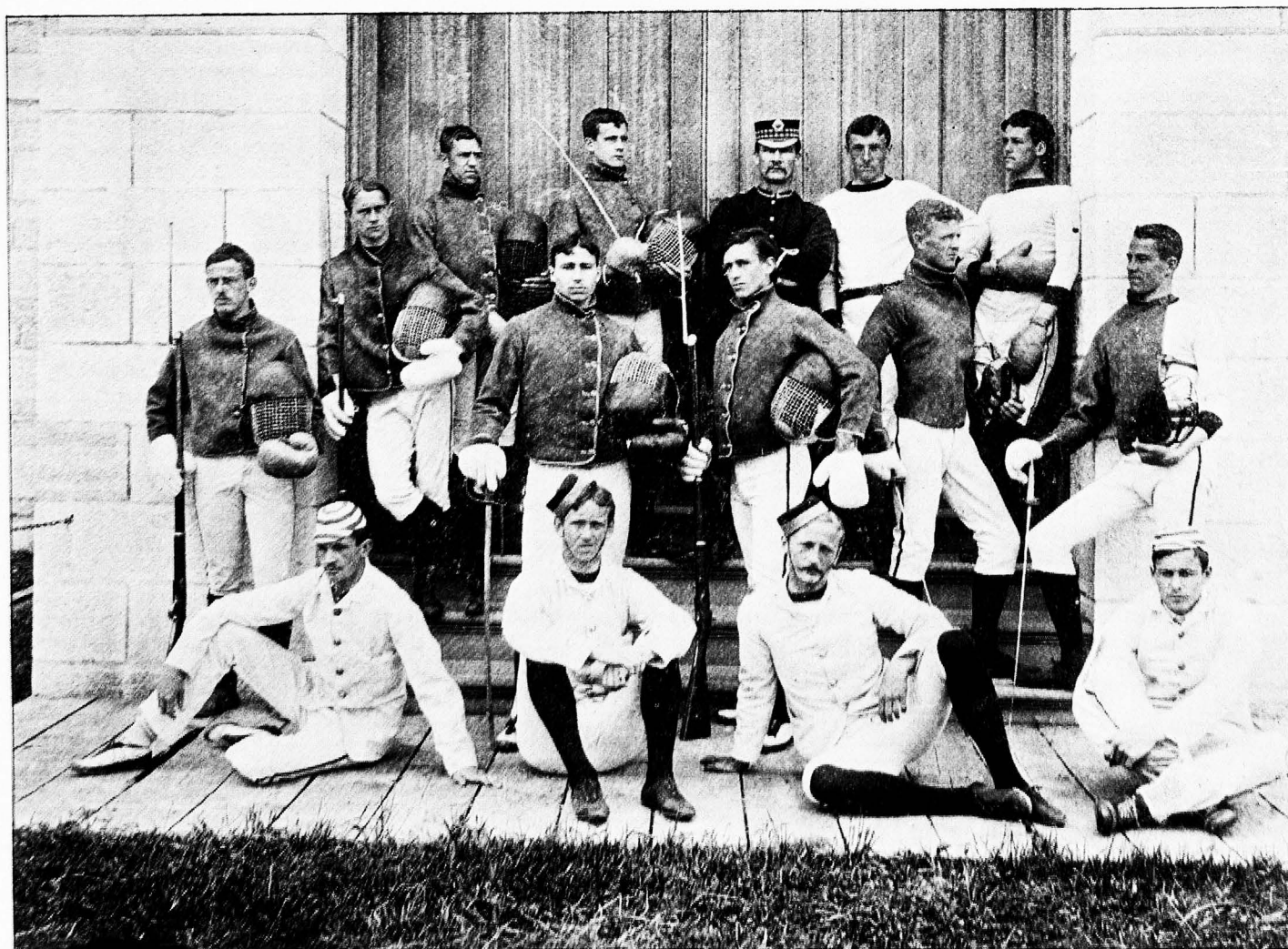
Next in importance to coal mining in British Columbia is the mining of precious metals. The existence of gold and silver throughout the entire province is now fully established. The Fraser River gold excitement of the early sixties, when thousands of dollars in gold dust were taken from the sand bars of the river, proved conclusively the existence inland of vast quantities of ore. The gold washed down by the river was in grains separated by the action of the water from the quartz, where it had long lain imbedded, and had its origin undoubtedly in the mountains of the interior; but these were insurmountable even to the most adventurous spirits, and had access been obtained to them, the difficulty of procuring supplies and the rigorous climate of these high altitudes precluded all efforts to make any extensive search for the hidden treasure, which was known to exist, or to extract it when found. The boldest of the early miners, who had succeeded in penetrating to the interior of the country, discovered rich veins of gold bearing quartz and immense deposits of galena ore, containing considerable quantities of silver; but their discoveries availed them naught. The whole attention of the first British Columbia gold seekers was, therefore, turned to placer mining. A few of the richest ledges of gold quartz were worked, the quartz being crushed in a hard mortar; but the great mass of auriferous rock was left undisturbed. It was only after the completion of the C.P.R. that quartz mining became feasible. Now machinery and supplies can be shipped to all mining centres, and the hitherto undeveloped lodes may be worked with every prospect of profitable returns. The mines that at present give promise of being the most important and extensive are located on Mount Stephen, in the vicinity of Field, a station on the C.P.R., 511 miles east of Vancouver. The ore in these mines, though of low grade in silver, yielding only from 7 to 10 ounces of the metal per ton, is very rich in lead, containing from 60 to 80 per cent of galena. The supply is apparently inexhaustible. There are also a number of galena mines at Illecillewaet, 350 miles from Vancouver. This galena ore is very rich in silver, giving returns of from 40 to 100 ounces per ton of the white metal. Great quantities of gray copper are also found in this vicinity, assaying from 500 to 2,000 ounces per ton in silver. Still another very rich district is both East and West Kootenay. Taking the former locality first, as it is the most easterly district of the Pacific Province, its length from the United States boundary being 400 miles by a width of 200 miles, it is a continuation of the great mineral bearing belt of the Rocky Mountains, from which the vast wealth of Montana and

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



THE CADETS IN WINTER AND SUMMER UNIFORMS.



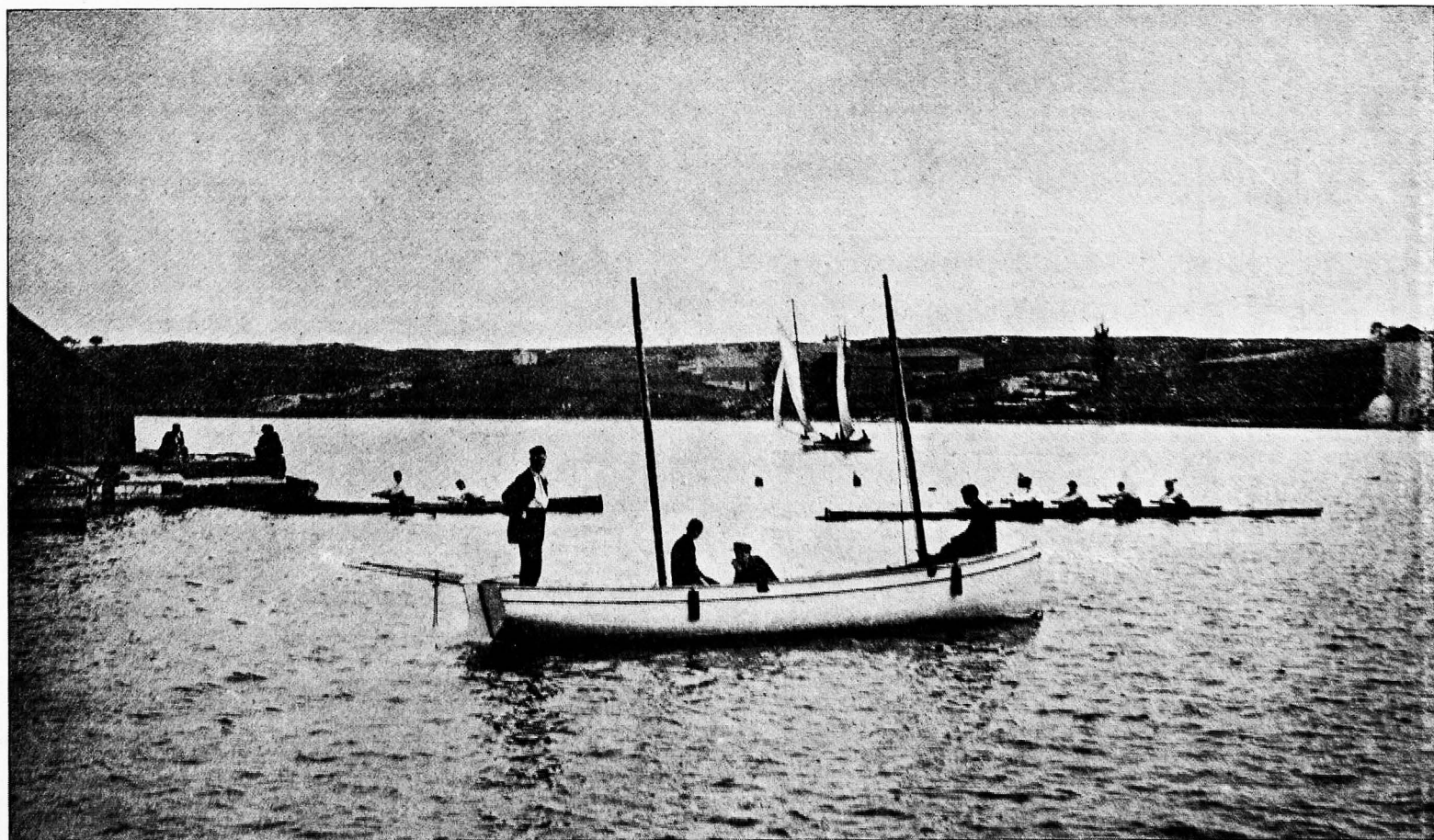
THE CADETS IN FENCING AND ATHLETIC COSTUMES.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



RECRUITS AT DRILL.



THE CADETS ROWING AND SAILING IN KINGSTON HARBOUR.

the adjoining States has been drawn, and contains within its vast extent enormous deposits of gold, silver, lead and copper ore.

Among its localities which have attracted especial interest are those of Spillamachene and Jubilee Mountains and Job's Creek on the Columbia River within easy reach (by water communication, maintained by two steamers) of Golden City on the C.P.R. A number of mines there have been bonded to capitalists, who are preparing to operate them in conjunction with the smelter now being erected at Revelstoke, 100 miles west of Golden City.

The Toad Mountain District in South-west Kootenay promises to be one of the richest mining centres in the province, ore giving results of from 300 ounces of silver to the ton to 2,700 has been found on a number of claims. The town of Nelson has sprung up in its midst, and when the projected railway from Revelstoke, in connection with the through line, is constructed, the produce of these valuable mines will be retained in Canadian territory, instead of being diverted as at present to the smelters of Montana, which is adjacent to the Toad Mountain country. Nor in the quest of quartz with its costly milling processes have the simpler modes of gold mining by placer and hydraulic means been neglected. Thirty-six new placer claims have been recorded in East Kootenay, while hydraulic mining, viz., placer mining with machinery, has been in active operation for some years, notably in Wild Horse Creek, which has four hydraulic companies at the present time. Though returns have not been made by all of these, some of them have reported a yield of \$1,000 to each man employed. Perry Creek, like Wild Horse in the interior of East Kootenay, is being operated by the Perry Creek Mining Company, which is running a tunnel to reach the old bed of the Creek. Although they have not yet attained this object, they are making excellent progress and encountering no difficulty. From the gravel removed from the tunnel, which is 7 feet by 6 feet, about \$300 a week is being washed out. Various other creeks in the East Kootenay district are being worked by parties of miners, among which may be mentioned Weaver Creek, Findlay, Bull, and Moyca Creeks, from which gold has been taken in paying quantities. The Big Bend of the Columbia River in West Kootenay has also shown some very satisfactory paying results, which have been obtained by some 40 men, who are mining in this locality. Some general idea may be formed of the amount of prospecting that has been done from the fact that 109 new mineral claims were entered in the Recorder's Office for East Kootenay at Donald during the year 1888, besides the odd claims which are on the books. In West Kootenay quite as much has been done.

DEPOSITS OF OTHER MINERALS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

British Columbia also gives promise of containing extensive deposits of copper, although no mines have yet been worked. Prospecting has, however, disclosed large quantities of copper in the country, especially on Texada Island, 20 miles north of Nanaimo, and also in Howe Sound, just north of Burrard's Inlet. Immense deposits of iron have also been found on Texada Island, which appears to be a veritable iron mountain. Iron is also met with in the mountainous districts of the interior on Vancouver's and Queen Charlotte's Islands, at the Douglas Portage on the Fraser River, and at the entrance to Sooke Sound, at the south end of Vancouver's Island. The iron on Texada Island is not only extensive in quantity, but the ore is of the very best quality, being magnetic, giving 80 per cent in iron. There is also in the same locality a large vein of hematite iron ore, going as high as 80 per cent in pure iron. All these deposits possess the advantage of being close to navigable water. With the proximity of coal and coke to these iron beds, with their inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel, large rolling mills and manufactories of pig iron will, there is every reason to hope, be shortly established in British Columbia. Mica and cinnabar also exist in the province. Large deposits of the latter metal have been discovered in the Wapta Pass of the Rocky Moun-

tains on the line of the railway, which are now being developed. A good quality of asbestos has recently been found, and also a number of veins of nickel; but no attempts have been yet made to mine these minerals.

TIMBER AND AGRICULTURE.

The question of the future lumber supply of America is one which has lately been attracting the attention of the whole eastern continent, on which the supply in each year is becoming smaller and more difficult of access. The vast prairie tract of the North-West Territories is almost treeless. It has no timber for its own needs and must look to the forests of the West for its future provision. A large portion of British Columbia is covered with the finest timber in the world. The principal varieties are the Douglas fir, which furnishes the most useful general purpose wood; hemlock, spruce, the great silver fir, often growing to a length of 150 feet and 15 feet diameter at the base; the yellow cypress, tamarac, maple, yew, crab apple, elder, birch, oak, dogwood, cottonwood, ash and juniper. The tree of most commercial value is undoubtedly the fir, of which there are two varieties—the red and the yellow. From the southern boundary of Oregon northward, almost to the Arctic circle, heavy forests skirt the entire coast. Following it for nearly 3,000 miles is an almost impenetrable belt of the largest timber in the world, which also extends inland for a distance ranging from 50 to 100 miles. It is probable that two-thirds of this western portion of the province is covered with timber. Centuries of inroads into these forests for legitimate purposes cannot exhaust the supply. British Columbia is now shipping lumber to Australia, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and other countries, which for general building purposes and for bridges cannot be excelled. Timber is often sawed out of these trees 100 to 120 feet in length.

There are large tracts of agricultural land still unoccupied in all the fertile valleys of the province, more especially in the delta of the Fraser and the south-eastern districts, to which the early settlers did not penetrate. Industrious, steady men will find in British Columbia few of the hardships experienced in the development of new homes which the pioneers of old Canada encountered. The surface of the country is park-like throughout Kootenay, where, as well as in the Thompson Valley, ranching is extensively practised. Water is abundant and excellent, and all stock thrives well on the native bunch grasses, requiring little care and attention during the winter, as the climate is tempered by the Chinook winds, and the cold, except in the higher altitudes, is but of short duration. Vegetables and fruit grow abundantly, the former attaining an abnormal size, testifying to the richness of the virgin soil. Ranching requires capital, and does not yield returns for three years; but a limited amount of money would be sufficient to equip a dairy farm or market garden, or both combined, near some of the growing towns on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is great and urgent demand from the Rocky Mountain to the Coast for milk, butter, eggs and poultry, which are at present in some places monopolies in the hands of a few, who make their own prices, and would be benefitted by a little wholesome competition; while in others there is absolutely no supply for the demand, with the exception of milk, which is distributed at 10 and 15 cents per quart. Butter and eggs are brought at present from the east and sell at 35 and 40 cents per lb. and 25 and 30 cents per dozen. Poultry is almost an unknown luxury.

The original owner of a chicken ranche at Donald was at one time making as much as \$2 a day by his eggs and chickens. I believe that at the Coast the Chinamen have monopolised the market garden business; but they do not attempt anything else. As the mining and lumbering interests are developed there must be an increased demand for all farm produce, stock, etc. Good markets create good prices. Railways are in contemplation, connecting the interior with the main line, while water communication is already established in all the agricultural districts, bringing the

buyer and seller within easy reach of each other. The British Columbia Government has been most liberal in granting and expending money in the construction of roads and the building of bridges. In the Kootenay district alone the expenditure for the year 1888 amounted to nearly \$20,000. I cannot do better in concluding this account of the present position and advantages of the country than to add a few figures from official returns showing the material advances British Columbia has made in general prosperity and increased trade:—

The population of British Columbia in 1871 was estimated at 36,000, exclusive of 30,000 Indians, and it is now placed at over 100,000.

In 1876 the value of the fish product, in round numbers, was \$100,000; it is now \$2,000,000.

The coasting trade in 1876, 125,000 tonnage; now 1,500,000 tonnage.

The exports in 1872 were \$160,000; now \$350,000. Imports, 1872, \$180,000; now \$3,600,000.

Duty collected in 1872, \$350,000; now \$900,000.

Tonnage of vessels in and out, 260,000; now 1,200,000.

Output of coal in 1874 was 81,000 tons; in 1888, 500,000 tons.

The above figures could be multiplied greatly in detail, but, as a general outline, will indicate pretty clearly the progress made.

ROSSETTI AS HE MIGHT HAVE CRITICISED.

Johnson—As to Rossetti, though I remember having read him, I found in him but little that pleased. Interviewer—He certainly had what you praise Tennyson for—precision in luxuriance. For romantic richness of colour I believe him to be without an equal, and along with this gorgeous affluence he has the strictest verbal compression. He valued himself upon his turn for condensation—rightly, I think. Here Dr. Johnson takes down from his shelves Rossetti's poems, opens at random, and reads aloud as follows:

Like labour-laden moonclouds faint to flee
From winds that sweep the Winter-bitten wold—
Like multiform circumference manifold
Of night's flood tide—like terror that agree
Of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea—
Even such, within some glass dimmed by our breath,
Our hearts discern wild images of death,
Shadows and shoals that edge eternity,
Howbeit athwart Death's imminent shade doth soar
One Power, than flow of stream or flight of dove
Sweeter to glide around, to brood above.
Tell me, my heart, what angel-greeted door
Or threshold of wing-winnowed thrashing floor
Hath guest fire-fledged as thine, whose lord is Love?"

Sir, I know not but you are in the right to claim for Rossetti's verse the merit of condensation. Here is truly a greater body of nonsense condensed within fourteen lines than I had believed fourteen lines to be capacious of. Now, Sir, I invite you to consider this sonnet, line by line. Let us begin at the beginning. Clouds are often spoken of as "labouring;" and clouds may also, with permissible looseness, be said to be "laden," as with rain; but how can they be "labour-laden"—that is, laden with labour? And what is a "mooncloud"? And what does "faint to flee" mean? "Circumfluence of night's flood-tide" is inoffensive, but "multiform" and "manifold" have here little if any meaning, and of use none whatever, save to swell out a line. In "terrors that agree of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea" I know not what agreement is to be understood. In line seven, the words "within some glass dimmed by our breath" can only be held to verge toward a possible meaning by being charitably supposed figurative; but figurative of what does not appear. "Shadows and shoals" are brought together for no better reason than their initial alliteration; a reason, however, which appears to have much weight with some of your modern poets. "Howbeit" is an odd and uncouth word by which good taste is revolted. Expletives like "doth" were in my time, by common consent of the judicious, rejected as awkward incumbrances, and I am sorry to see them come in after our diction had been supposed purged of them. In lines nine to eleven, a power sweeter to glide around and to brood above than either the flow of a stream or the flight of a dove is soars against the imminent shade of death. It were vain to discuss these lines in hope to come at their meaning. They have none. The three lines which follow, and in which we meet with the guest of the threshold of a thrashing floor, are equally vacant of import. Pope speaks of writers who "blunder round about a meaning." To blunder round about a meaning is bad enough, but it at least implies a meaning round about which the writer blunders; and when we see an author in manifest labour and travail with a thought, compassion for his pangs disposes us to assist at the delivery. We are willing to believe that the value of the thought may compensate its difficult bringing forth. But this is not Rossetti's plight. It is not that he is here painfully struggling to present us with a thought. He had no thought to present. Your contemporaries, I presume, called this poetry. Mine would have called it gibberish.—*The National Review*.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

Howis now joined the group with several others, and as they proceeded Stratiss gave Howis an angry account of what had passed between himself and Egan. Howis tried to soothe him, at the same time reprimanding Egan for impudence to a man of Captain Stratiss's standing.

"Standing, indeed," muttered Egan, who had grown very humble since Howis made his appearance, "if I had the old blackguard by himself a minute I'd make his standing considerable less," thus betraying an insubordination fatal to any cause.

The party now entered a dwelling of some sort, and Frank's blindfold was removed. The first glance through the single pane of glass that served as a window showed Frank where he was. They had brought him to old Todd's shanty, about four miles from the place where he was captured and on the opposite side of the lake. The spot was the least frequented of any for miles around; a road ran along the shore of the lake, but it was seldom travelled, and no one thought of calling at the shanty of little Todd, whose reputation was as forbidding as himself.

As Frank gazed at the man, though he was by no means nervous, he felt an uneasy thrill pass through his frame. He was one of the strangest and most weird-looking creatures the imagination could picture. His height might have been four feet, but a stoop in his shoulders made him look a foot shorter. But his face was the most peculiar part of his person, it was disproportionately small, withered and wrinkled to the last degree, and the nose was smaller still in proportion to the other features. What little of his hair remained was white and tangled, and his features, when not distorted by anger, wore a constant grimace, a sort of impudent and defiant aspect most disagreeable to witness.

Howis noticed the look of surprise with which Frank Arnley viewed the object before him, who stood quite unmoved and returned the gaze with interest.

"I beg pardon, Arnley," said Howis, "let me introduce you to our friend, who is apparently a stranger to you. This is Mr. Arnley, your prisoner, Todd. Mr. Arnley this is Shotto Todd, or 'Shotty,' as his friends call him, the owner and occupier of this dwelling and an acre of the surrounding land. It is our intention to leave you with him for a few days, and I hope you will enjoy his company. I beg you will give him no unnecessary trouble, however, for he's somewhat touchy, and not over particular what he does when put out."

"I would rather fight you and a whole regiment of your teachers than stay a night under the roof of that old sheep thief," said Frank defiantly, for though he was personally unacquainted with Todd, he knew the man's notorious character before the law very well.

"Who are you callin' sheep thief?" squealed the old man. "I give you to know that was a lie of old Leslie's, and he'll wish he never said it afore long. And I tell you I aint to be insulted in my own house, young man."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" cried Howis, "you needn't be so fierce, Shotty, let's have some lunch."

Still muttering, Todd went off to prepare a table.

"I have some private information for you, sir," continued Howis, turning to Frank, "in return for the trouble you and your friend Hewit gave us last night. We have you safely housed here, and before night we'll have your friend arrested for your murder. We have secured circumstantial evidence enough to lead to his imprisonment, and before a week has elapsed there will be work out of which you will both be well kept. You will be safer with old Shotty here than you would be outside at such a juncture."

Before Frank could reply old Todd reappeared with the news that breakfast was ready, and Frank was invited to partake of it. He cast a rueful

glance around the company as he sat down to table, and would gladly have declined, but a sharp appetite admonished him that it would not do to stand on trifles. There was a fine saddle of mutton on the table, evidently prepared in anticipation of company, but Frank was not in the least surprised, he had heard old Shotty's mutton spoken of before. But for the life of him he could not withstand the temptation to remark upon it, and turning to Captain Stratiss, whom he liked best of the company, he enquired:

"How does your friend Shotty find pasture for his flocks?"

"Oh," replied Stratiss, not heeding the wrathful glance that darted from old Shotty's eyes, "Shotty is a pretty knowing fellow, I believe; he lets his sheep out to his neighbours to double, and never gets his own complement back again. There are so many rogues around it makes it hard for poor Shotty. Leslie's flock has not increased much since he had you up for taking one of his ewes for a boat row, eh, Snotty?"

"I guess not," remarked Howis with a horse laugh.

With a curse Todd replied: "There's some at the old cove thinks a sight more on than his sheep'll take a boat ride one o' these days."

"What's that?" enquired Frank quietly.

With a wrathful glance at Todd, Egan replied: "He means he'll have one of the doctor's cows some pleasant evening."

On leaving the table the party broke up, but Frank's hands were again bound, and Todd was given particular instructions to guard him securely.

CHAPTER XIV.

EGAN'S DESIGNS.

It was with some uneasiness that Frank found Egan had been left to share Todd's responsibility as a guard upon himself, for that was the only explanation he could arrive at of Egan's return to the shanty after parting with his associates. Egan's presence rendered any plan of escape less feasible, or at any rate deferred its execution longer than had old Todd been his only keeper, and he was anxious to get back to his friends if only for Harry Hewit's sake.

That Howis had spoken truly when he told him of the intended arrest of Harry, Frank did not doubt, and that his imprisonment would last no longer than Frank's own incarceration, which he was determined should be short, he was aware; but then Shotty might knock him on the head, as Howis had hinted, if he found him attempting to escape, and though he discarded that thought as unmanly, he none the less realized that his absence would occasion his friends a great amount of anxiety and trouble, and place Harry in an awkward, if not threatening, predicament.

Moreover, "the work" out of which he and Harry were kept by these vile conspiracies, Frank rightly interpreted to mean the outbreak of the rebels against the Government, and this redoubled his anxiety to be free. This he thought he might easily have accomplished had he had none but Todd to deal with. But a coarse, rough, bold and powerful fellow like Egan was a different matter. His thoughts thus busily engaged, he succumbed at length to the quiet of the place and the fatigue and excitement he had undergone during the past forty-eight hours, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. But he was not suffered long to remain nodding; with a rough shake Egan aroused him, and pointing to an opening behind the rude chimney, bade him enter. The opening or door was but about four feet high and was closed with a single log; it admitted to a room about four feet wide, which extended the full length of the shanty by a partition of logs, and was apparently intended for purposes of concealment. It was without light except where a hole in the chimney admitted a few rays. A comfortable couch of sheepskins had been prepared for him and Frank was soon fast asleep.

Late in the afternoon he awoke, and after realizing where he was, he searched for a crack through which he might reconnoitre the outside of his prison, and finding one perceived that he was in full view of the little lake that has been so often

mentioned before, and across it, though not in a direct line, he saw Dr. Leslie's house.

How many thoughts the view awakened, and how earnestly he longed to be able to assure the fair Alice of Harry Hewit's innocence by news of his own safety! Could he have witnessed the grief of Miss Leslie at that moment it would have redoubled his anxiety to be free.

Tired at length of following a prospect which awoke bitter thoughts, he returned to his bed and remained there until nearly dark, when old Todd brought him some dinner, consisting of the same excellent mutton he had before tasted, some cabbage, potatoes and fine beans.

"Heigho!" exclaimed Frank, "you have a professed cook somewhere at hand by the look of this."

"I done it myself," returned the old man. "I thought if I done it nice the young gentleman 'ud gi' me something for my trouble."

"Loose my hands so that I can get my purse," said Frank, as a thought of escape flashed through his mind, "and I will pay you well."

"Will you? Will you?" said the old man rapidly; then checking himself he continued, "I can get the purse for you, and you can eat well enough without making the cord longer."

"I would advise you," said Frank sternly, "not to lay a finger on me, for, bound as I am, I could soon send you whither you would never return, old man. Set me free, however, and I will give you a handsome reward and say nothing of the past."

"I can't do it," said the old man, and he went out of the cell muttering maledictions on the head of his prisoner and mankind in general.

Late that night Frank heard Egan come in. He had been drinking and talked in a loud and boisterous manner. He was heaping curses on the head of Dr. Leslie and Harry Hewit, and Frank learned with joy of the termination of the examination.

From conversation between the two, after a meal had been partaken of, Frank heard, with what feelings may be imagined, of a plot on Egan's part to abduct Alice Leslie.

The fellow had been in the employ of Dr. Leslie, thus having frequent opportunities of seeing the fair Alice, and he became as deeply enamoured of her as one of his nature was capable. One evening he attempted some advances intended to show his admiration, but was received with such indignant surprise and anger, that bold and impudent as he was, he cowered beneath Miss Leslie's glance of withering scorn, and slunk away mortified and enraged. The next day he was discharged. He then entered into a covert partnership with Todd for more purposes than one. Brooding over his wrongs, as he was pleased to call them, he had meditated a deep and startling revenge.

"Yes," he exclaimed as he unfolded his plans more fully to Todd, "Yes! I'll have her in spite of her dainty airs; in spite of her proud father and of this precious Hewit." And a series of bitter curses again fell on Dr. Leslie's head for enabling Harry to retain his freedom.

"You must mind my part of the business," squeaked Todd, "you get the girl, but I rob the house and no division afterwards."

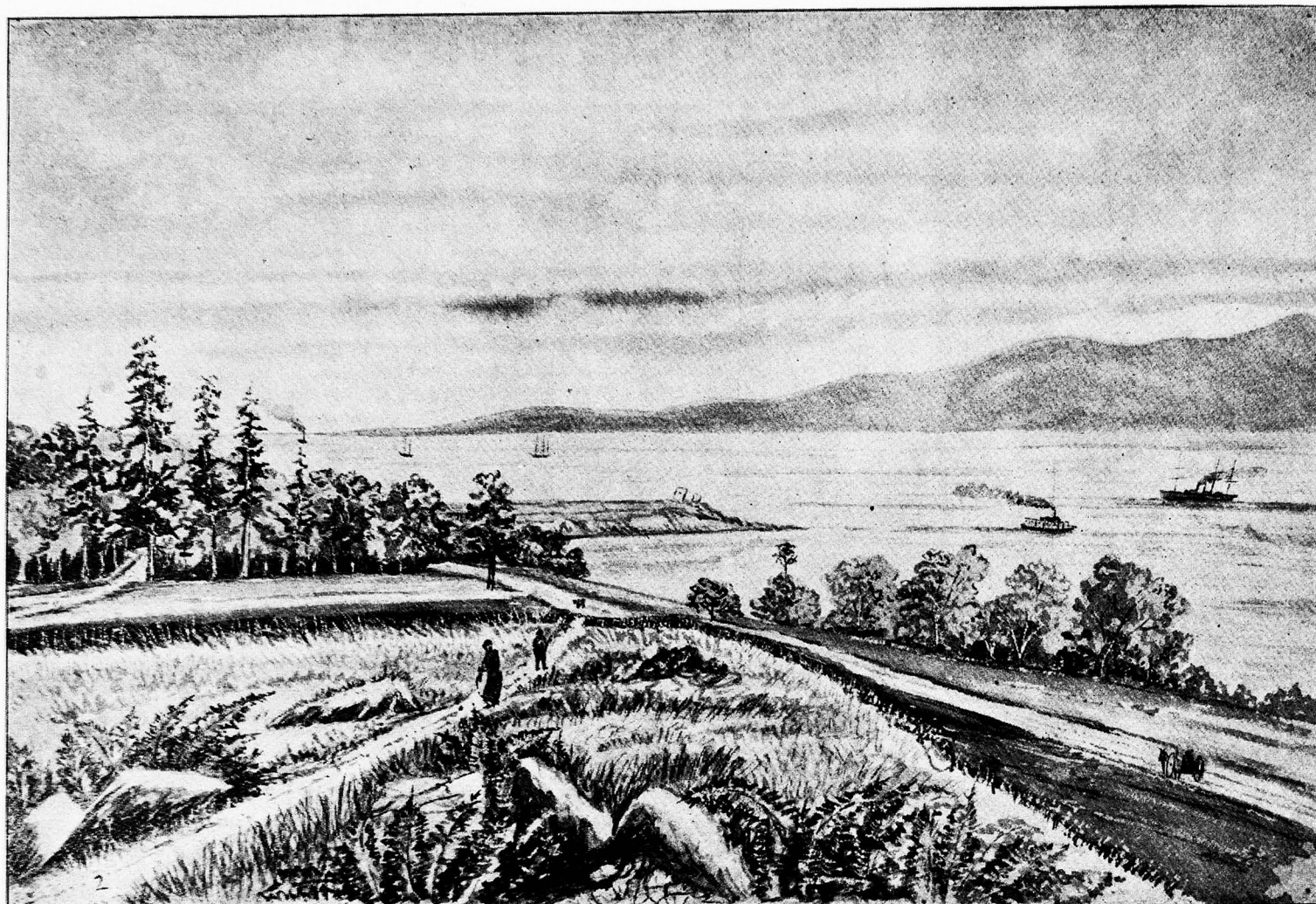
"Yes, and be careful you keep your part of the bargain and prevent the father from interfering with me."

"I'll see to that, I warrant you," returned Todd, "I don't owe the old man much good will, and if he attempts to cross you or me his days are numbered. You won't attempt it till the risin' is up, and then if the old fellow's popped over no one will have time to look after it, and you and the girl can take possession and live like kings; no matter to you, then, which way this Mackenzie business goes."

"I don't care, any way," said Egan, with an oath, "provided I make this business work, it's all I care for."

Frank listened with eagerness to the ruffianly plot, and his heart sickened to think of his own helplessness. He learned from further conversation between his keepers, that the insurrectionary attempt was to be made within a week at most.

(To be continued.)



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series XV.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Entrance to Victoria and Esquimalt Harbours; from Beacon Hill Park, Victoria. 2. View Across the Straits of Juan de Fuca, towards Washington Territory; from Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.



SAVED!

From the painting by W. Beaquesne.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



USEFUL HINTS.

A firmer and more delicate grain is secured in cake by stirring the dough only in one direction.

If the outer skin is cut from the leg of mutton before cooking, there will be no occasion to complain of the strong flavour.

It is a saving of time and temper to cool eggs when the whites are to be whipped. A little salt expedites the frothing.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom, so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling, and thus carry out the effect.

A useful paste can be made of gum tragacanth and water, or of gum arabic and water. It may be agreeably scented and can be kept from souring by adding a little ground cloves.

Never wash a jelly bag, strainer cloth, pudding bag or dumpling nets with soap. The next thing that is put into or passed through these things will surely taste of the flavouring of alkali.

To cure felons mix one ounce Venice turpentine with one ounce of water, and with a smooth stick mix and spread a thick coating of it around the finger; bind on with a cloth and renew daily.

If the feet are painful after long standing or walking great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

CARE OF UMBRELLAS.—After coming in out of the rain let the umbrella down, and stand it on the handle, that it may dry in this position. The water will thus drip from the edges of the frame, and the cover dry uniformly. When placed with the handle upwards, as is frequently done, the water runs to the top of the umbrella, and the moisture is there retained by the lining underneath the ring for some length of time, causing the silk or fabric with which the frame is covered to become tender and soon rot. Ordinarily the top of an umbrella wears out sooner than any part of it, and in the majority of cases may be thus accounted for. A silk umbrella is much injured by being left open to dry; the silk becomes stretched and stiff, and will sooner split thus cared for. When not in use let the folds hang loose, not fastened down. The creases are less apt to split from such usage. When carried in the hand, in anticipation of rainy weather, the folds may be strapped down, as it adds to the neatness of its appearance.

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

FANCY WORK.—At this season many ladies will perhaps find a few hints as to holiday presents useful. Besides, such things are much more appreciated when you make them yourself than if they were bought.

A PRETTY TABLE SCARF.—A pretty table scarf, made of fine linen, twenty by twenty-four inches wide, may have above the wide hem a border of drawn work in intricately woven designs. The centre should be embroidered in white, in heavy satin stitch, and the veins and outlines of the flowers traced with dead gold threads, intermixed with a silken web of golden brown silk. The design may be in a running pattern of flowers, with a flight of birds and circling butterflies. In discs outlined with twisted golden threads are cupids in grotesque attitudes—one is riding astride a gigantic butterfly, while another conducts his aerial steeds with slender threads of brown and gold.

A USEFUL WORK TABLE.—Altogether new and taking is a design for a little work-table of white enameled wood. The top is composed of two flaps that open outwards and disclose a firm, square work bag with compartments for scissors, thimble, needlebook, and so on. The outside of the bag is draped with Indian silk finished off with pompons. When the flaps are closed it makes a convenient occasional table, and the top is to be tastefully painted with groups of flowers.

NEEDLE NOTES.—Leaves may be couched with veining in stem stitch. Some of the larger leaves may be slightly worked out from the centre. Buds may be done in long and short stitches from the outer edge, and the calyx couched with a few stitches introduced to show the bend of the leaf. Some flowers in embroidery may be couched around the edge with different shades, with the centres worked out in long and short, artistically shaded, with hearts of knots of soft yellow-brown with touches of dull red. A kind of bold embroidery which answers very effectively in place of solid work is a combination of fine couching and long and short work, from the outside to the centre in some forms, and the reverse in others. Stem work may all be done in fine couching in natural colouring, that is, in two shades of green, and in some cases in wood-browns. Stems may also be done in one or two rows of stem stitch with sketchy stitches here and there through it. In carrying out a cut-

work design suitable for tray-cloths, centre-table mats, or for a cake-basket square, select fine linen. Run the forms of the design closely with the linen thread and the cross threads should be caught from the edge of the already-run pattern until the next crossing thread is reached. Button-hole the rim patterns closely. Small circles may be made in wheel form as in lace work. After the whole work is button holed, cut carefully along the button-holed edge under the crossing lines, leaving the whole in an open, lace-like effect.

FASHION NOTES.

A graceful garment, quite new in style, to be worn over an accordion-pleated house dress, is made of velvet, lined with either a contrasting or harmonizing colour. It has Zouave front, and is sleeveless, and is finished with long Directoire coat-tails at the back. It is called the "Directoire slip," and, put on over a dainty gown, a rich effect is given at moderate expense, for the slip can be made of five yards of velvet.

A simple but attractive gown worn at a five-o'clock tea recently was copied from a Paris-made dress, but of a different colour and quality. The gown was of a lovely tint of heliotrope silk. Hanging straight all round, the skirt was, as fashion directs, excessively full, though there were no visible aids to the fulness at the back. At the hem was a deep border of heliotrope velvet considerably darker than the dress in shade. The perfect-fitting corsage had Empire fronts of velvet on either side. The sleeves were fashioned with a long, loose puff to the elbow, meeting a close coat-sleeve of the velvet, which buttoned up the arm on the outside. The very simplicity of the style lent a charm to the gown.

Some of the new autumn wraps have wide sleeves, in order to go on comfortably over the puffed sleeves of the gown. Many of the mantles are themselves made with puffed sleeves gathered into a deep Cromwellian cut of fur or velvet. A great deal of beaver and astrakhan is used in trimming cloaks and short coats for the winter. Many of the new sealskin wraps are fancifully trimmed with various kinds of fur bands, capes, hoods and deep collars. The elegant effect, however, is lowered, and the garment has invariably a made-over look. Trimming a seal coat is like painting a lily. The less trimming such a garment has the richer it looks.

CHIT-CHAT.—The dress of the mistress of the house has a bearing on her influence. Injunctions as to care and precision in the household work come with greater emphasis from one who is habitually neat in attire, than from one whose slovenly looks are a perpetual example of untidiness everywhere.

Kingalo is a new English out-of-doors game for ladies. It is played with grace hoops and sticks and two nets eight feet high and ten feet wide. It is proposed to make it rival and rule out tennis, if possible, as it exercises both arms, both shoulders, both hands and the whole body in the running and turning necessary to catch the hoops before they reach the goals or nets.

LINES

written after looking at some views in the suburbs of St. John, N.B., in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

I know how fair the sunny mornings rise

O'er those dear distant hills—

I know how deeply blue the arching skies,

What peace the landscape fills,

When evening's beauteous lights their tints unveil,

And softly shines afar,

In tender radiance, o'er hill and dale

The lovers' twilight star!

I know how fresh and free the strong airs blow

Up from th' encircling sea!

Ah me! ah me! the years that come and go,

They bring no more to me

The dreams that nestled round my heart the while

I walked those pleasant ways,

And looked, while wrapped in youth's gay morning smile,

Through her transporting haze!

These all have flown—but does it look the same

To other eyes than mine?

Do others mark the well known glories flame

At morn and vesper time?

Do feet that bound to the heart's music still

Frequent each lovely spot?

Then, then—my star, shine on o'er dale and hill,

Shine on, and miss me not!

Toronto.

MARIAN J. WILLS.

OTTO HEGNER.—This young genius, whose appearance at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday last, was greeted with enthusiasm by an appreciative audience, will appear in a matinée at the same place on Saturday next. His touch and execution fulfil all the expectations entertained regarding him on the basis of previous successes. He comes to this city under the direction of Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau. He is accompanied by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, and Mrs. Pemberton Hincks. The programme of the matinée comprises choice pieces from Brahms, Ardit, Liszt (Rhapsody No. 2), Schubert, Beethoven (Sonata Opus 53) and other masters. There ought to be a large attendance from music-loving circles.

THOMAS HOOD.

(Concluded.)

Hood's time in Germany was principally devoted to preparing "Hood's Annual" and "Up the Rhine," and his leisure hours were devoted to correspondence.

Five months after his arrival at Rotterdam his wife and family joined him at Coblenz. They found him in a sad state of health, he never having fully recovered the terrible suffering he experienced while on board the Lord Melville. Besides, he was so thoroughly disgusted with the German system of medicine that he absolutely refused to call in a doctor. In spite of his strong will, however, his wife was obliged to obtain the services of a physician shortly after her arrival in the new country.

But she soon found that Hood's dislike for anything German was fully shared by herself.

In a letter written to their dearest friends, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Stratford, she said: "The only one thing about Germany is the coffee, and that is really a sort of Evening Brown Stout. It is roasted, or as they say here, burned, at home; and is so different from the coffee obtained in England that Hood says THAT coffee is made from horse beans. Tea is bad and dear.

I have heard of German cousins, but I am sure we are no relations or we should be more upon speaking terms.

We are only on talking terms with the butcher and the doctor (both in the killing line), but Hood manages to get along with a little bad French.

All our dinners are ordered per dictionary, but we still get onions for turnips and radishes for carrots.

It sounds farcical, but it is quite true that I sent for a fowl the other day for Hood's dinner, and the servant returned with two bundles of goose quills."

One great surprise to Mrs. Hood was that they were able to get sweet milk, the Germans had such a craze for everything sour. Their wine was sour. They pickled plums in vinegar. The very spring water was acid, and was called sour water.

The vinegar made from Moselle, however, was superb and pickled cucumber Hood said was *superlative*.

Although Hood was such a great sufferer, he never lost spirits. One has only to read his letters to his friends to realize this.

In one of these letters he concluded with his experience at Coblenz as follows: While his wife was ill in bed, smothered by pillows and blankets, suffering from a terribly inflamed eye, in rushed their maid, and without any warning, suddenly enveloped Mrs. Hood's head in a baker's meal-sack just hot from the oven; prescribed as a sudorific and the best thing in the world for an inflamed eye, by the bake wife. That between the suddenness of the attack and her sense of the fun of the thing, Mas. Hood lay helplessly laughing, while Graddle, the servant, partly in German, partly in English, called the children out of the room.

Hood's idea of happiness was centred in the happiness of others. He cared not for clubs, dinners, society, or any other life in which his wife did not join. His children were regarded as part of himself, and though young, were allowed to have their little say at the end of their father's letters written to persons whom they knew. Here is one of them: Tommy has grown and is very fat; he has two sharp teeth, and he bites my fingers when I put them in his mouth; I can say how many months make a year and how many weeks make a month; and, oh, I have a great house for my dolls and three rooms in it and I can't say any more for my head aches and I have a great many teapots and mugs, and I have got a cold and a kitten. To this Hood added:

All of this stuff is Fanny's, every line,

For God's sake, reader, take them not for mine.

In 1836 Hood commenced a tour through Germany, making special drawings of what he saw and considered would be of value for publication in "Up the Rhine." During this tour he made many friends, but the one who stuck closest to him was a young Prussian officer named Tranch. This gen-

tleman was most kind and attentive to Hood, teaching him the peculiarities of the language when well, and acting as his attendant during the severe attacks of hemorrhage and spasms from which Hood was a constant sufferer. Time will not permit me to make any quotations from his letters to his wife during this tour (he travelled alone). Let me, therefore, pass on to the time when he once more settles down in England.

He had gained an immense store of information while away, and his knowledge of engraving and drawing saved him a deal of anxiety and not a little cash, besides he was able to give his publishers technical instructions regarding the preparation of the plates for the new volume. "Up the Rhine."

He was especially anxious to make this book as perfect as possible, and in his letters to his publishers he was most careful to ask them to reproduce his drawings exactly, adding that they were fac-similes of what he had seen, and consequently any alteration would spoil them.

What a treat, after an absence of nearly five years, to find himself once more at home!

Shortly after landing he visited his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, at Stratford, and it is remarkable how providential that visit turned out to be. Dr. Elliott was a specialist on diseases of the lungs, and had already had some experience of Mr. Hood's attacks of hemorrhage. The poor fellow had not been very long at Stratford when a most terrible attack of his old disease laid him so near to death's door that, to use his own favorite expression, he could hear the hinges creaking. Had it not been for Dr. Elliott, he certainly must have died, but the doctor never left him day or night until he was comparatively out of danger. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be removed he took a house at Canterwell, where his wife shortly afterwards joined him. It was a long time before he was able to get out again, and his wife had to act as his nurse, his amanuensis, and his commercial agent. When he had recovered he paid a visit to his publisher.

It will be remembered that in 1835 Hood sold all his belongings, and obtaining an advance on his future earnings, set out to Rotterdam for the purpose of writing to pay his debts. He had spent five years away, and now, for the first time he is seen at his publishers asking for a statement of his account.

What was his surprise and disappointment, however, to find that his account was in a regular muddle, that his books had been pirated, and that his publisher, in whom he had placed the utmost confidence, had been reaping the proceeds of this piracy.

Hood entered an action for the recovery of his books and the establishment of his name as an author, but to do this he spent all he had, and he was once more penniless. However, as he said, he started again with a clear name and a clearer pocket.

In 1841, his deepest, and, to my mind, most beautiful poem, *The Dream of Eugene Aram* (originally published in the *Gem* in the year 1829), was translated into German.

It is too long to reprint here, too beautiful to permit of an omission of a single line. Let me then suggest to any who have not yet read it that an evening with Eugene Aram would have a lasting effect upon them for good.

Another run of better luck offered itself during the year 1841, through the death of Theodore Hook, editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The proprietor had learned to appreciate Hood's talent, and at once asked him to accept the vacant post. This was the second time Hood had been asked to step into a dead man's shoes. He was only too glad to accept anything which would bring him in a regular income, and accepted the honourable position at a salary of £300 per annum.

We may be sure he was not long before he let Dr. and Mrs. Elliot know of his sudden wealth—for it was wealth to him.

In his letter he said: "The prospect of a certainty makes me feel passing rich, for poverty has come so very near of late, that hope grew sick as the witch grew near."

Soon after he was installed editor of the *New*

Monthly he removed from the sombre district of Camberwell to the more aristocratic neighbourhood of St. John's Wood.

Here he used to invite his select friends to an occasional dinner, and though the champagne did not sparkle, sides used to ache from the time the dinner began until the guests left the house in the small hours of the morning. During his residence at St. John's Wood he formed a fast friendship with Charles Dickens, at whose request, on the death of Elton, the celebrated actor, at sea, Hood wrote the following beautiful address which, after a performance of "Hamlet" at the Haymarket Theatre for the benefit of Elton's widow and children, was spoken by the late Mrs. Warner:

Hush! Not a sound! No whisper! No demur!
No restless motion—No intrusive stir!
But with staid presence, and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to Death

For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek;
No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,
No Royal Sire washed from the mimic deck
And dirged by sea nymphs to his briny grave;
Alas! deep, deep, beneath the sullen wave
His heart once warm and throbbing as your own
Now, cold and senseless as the shingle stone;
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand;
The bright eye glazed, and the impressive hand,
Idly entangled with the ocean weed,
Full fathoms five, a Father lies indeed.

Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while
Around the rocky Farne and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the drama's cause,
Blind to the honours that appal the bold,
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved of old;
To love—and love's deep agony, acold;
He, who could move the passions moved by none,
Drifts, an unconscious corse; poor Elton's race is run.

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep;
Mourn for the dead! Yet not alone for him,
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim,
But like Grace Darling in her little boat,
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float;
The orphan seven, so prematurely hurled
Upon the billows of the stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity, take their part,
With breakers huge enough to break the heart.

In the Christmas number of *Punch*, 1843, appeared Hood's most popular, and many consider, his greatest work, "The Song of the Shirt." It was, of course, written anonymously, but it ran through the country like wildfire. Paper after paper quoted it and it became the talk of the day. It was translated into French, German and Italian. It was printed on cotton pocket handkerchiefs, and in this way sold in the streets, the poor wretches who sold, singing the verses to an adaptation of their own, as though the words were actually their own. This gave Hood the greatest satisfaction, for he felt that at least one of his poems had touched the heart of that class of the community, among whom his poverty had compelled him to live, and for whom his sympathy and tenderness taught him to write.

Puns have been styled the lowest form of wit, and the critics have fallen foul of them from time immemorial to the present day. In the hands of such men as Hook and Hood, however, puns have a special charm. Vulgarities disappear. The following is one of Hood's many poems, showing his peculiar ability to play upon the double-meaning of words having a similar sound:

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarm,
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the forty-second foot.

The army surgeon made him limbs,
Said he: They're only pegs,
But there's as wooden members, quite,
As represent my legs.

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray,
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nellie Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

Oh, Nellie Gray! Oh, Nellie Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform.

Said she I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave,
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now.

I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
But now—a long farewell,
For you will be my death—alas,
You will not be my Nell.

Now when he went from Nellie Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So, round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And for the second time in life
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town,
For though distress had cut him up,
It couldn't cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,
And they buried him in four cross roads
With a stake in his inside.

I now pass on to the last scene of this great man's life.

In a room, surrounded by his friends, poor Hood lies, or rather, propped up with pillows, waiting the last summons.

He knows, everyone knows he is dying. But what a death-bed. Everything which his poor suffering body requires is sent to him by those whom he would not naturally have counted among his friends: grapes, wine, beef tea, jellies; nothing was wanting.

Hood had spent his life writing for the amusement and instruction of others, he had made himself great by means of his pen. In the midst of his severe attacks of spasms, etc., he had dictated to his wife pictures from real life, which would touch the hearts of all who read them, and in the same breath, although dangerously ill, he had given out such splitting jokes as would elicit involuntary bursts of laughter. And now, when the great man is dying, he is comforted by the realization of the fact that his writings have been appreciated. Among the many tokens of sympathy which he received, the most touching was an anonymous letter as follows: A Shirt, with best wishes from a sincere friend. This letter contained a Bank of England note for twenty pounds.

How much easier would Hood's life have been had his admirers only sought out the man in his poverty. His life would probably have been prolonged, he would have been saved many days and nights of anxiety, and the literature of England would have been further enriched with the productions of his immortal pen. As it was, however, on the 4th of May, 1845, at noon, his wife heard him say faintly: "O, Lord, say, 'Arise take up thy cross and follow me.'" So saying, he sank back and died. A public subscription was raised and a monument erected to his memory, in Kensal Green Cemetery, with the simple, but most touching inscription:

He sang the Song of the Shirt.

ERNEST SMITH.

Conscience is like the murmur of a delicate sea-shell.
We cannot hear it while our passions are tossing and beating on the shores of life

HUMOUROUS.

HIS PEDIGREE.—Englishman (to stranger): Excuse me, sir, but aren't you a foreigner? Stranger: Foreigner? No, sir, I'm an American pure and simple. Englishman: Ah! and what tribe do you belong to, please?

MISS SLYMME: How do you like my new gown, dear? Miss Plompe: Well, it isn't so bad. But it has a rather odd-looking figure in it, I think. About thirty minutes later—I wonder if that hateful thing was referring to me? These goods are perfectly plain.

JIMMY FRESHMAN (stopping in front of the new neighbour, and gazing intently at her): Ain't I a brave boy Mrs. Spinks? Mrs. Spinks: Why? Jimmy: 'Cause mamma said you were a perfect fright, but you don't scare me a bit. The Freshleys and Spinkses are not on speaking terms.

NURSE (rocking the crib and singing): Oh, go to sleep my baby. Voice from within: I think you might as well understand first as last nurse, that I detest those old, vulgar songs. If you care to sing a nice classical cradle song from some opera I don't mind, but I can't stand those cheap things.

WHAT ADAM WORE.—She was a gushing young thing, given to springing curious queries on unsuspecting people. He was a plain, blunt man, who hated gush and gushers. She suddenly flashed her thoughtful eyes upon him, and said:—"Don't you think poor Adam must have had a great deal on his mind when he wandered alone in the Garden of Eden?" He callously replied:—"Well, from the accounts I've read of the party you mention, I should say that whatever he did have on must have been on his mind. That's the naked truth for you." The bare idea was horrible, and she was going to faint when she thought of her new dress, and saw him clutch the pitcher of water. They speak no more.

A GIPSY AND A POLISH JEW HORSE-TRADING.—A gentleman seeing the two sharpers, and wishing to know who made the best bargain, called the gipsy: How much did you sell the horse for, Sam? Five dollars, sir. Oh, Sam, how could you do that? Oh, the horse is lame, sir. The gentleman called Pantronowsky: How could you buy that horse, it is lame and incurable. Never you mind, it is only the bad shoeing that makes it lame, the gentleman called Sam again: Sam, the horse is not lame, only badly shod. No sir, I only had it badly shod to deceive the buyer. The gentleman spoke to Pantronowsky again: Say, the shoe was badly put on to deceive you. You never mind, sir,—hesitating—I paid him with a counterfeit bill.



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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situated at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1889.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.